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A. L. Greenwood
from the author

WHITEHALL;

OR,

THE DAYS OF CHARLES I.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
GEORGE WOODFALL AND SON,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

WHITEHALL;

OR,

THE DAYS OF CHARLES I.,

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF WHITEFRIARS.

"And why may I not then be idle with others? speak my mind freely? If you deny me this liberty, upon these presumptions I will take it: I say again, I will take it. If any man take exceptions, let him turn the buckle of his girdle, I care not. I owe thee nothing, Reader, I look for no favour at thy hands, I am independent, I fear not."

BURTON'S ANATOMIE.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET.

1845.

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WHITEHALL.

CHAPTER I.

WALLER'S PLOT.

THE supper was served, and with a splendid elegance of which Ingulph had seen few examples, even in the Court. It was an Italian fashion, which had as yet made few converts among the northern nations, that of nocturnal repast; but which afterwards reached its height of glory under Louis Quatorze.

The conversation was animated, though partaking somewhat too deeply of the license of the times; and Ingulph, kindled by the smiles of a beautiful woman, and the wit of the choice spirits about him, blazed up with a splendour of imagination which surprised and delighted even them. He was treated with the most marked attention; but it was not until the cloth was removed, and the lackeys gone, that he began to perceive a drift in this distinction.

The conversation, which had at first been remarkably guarded on political subjects, began to take another turn, guided, indeed, by De la Pole, whose royalism excused the rashness of his observations. But the general tone adopted by the company seemed to chime in with singular harmony, considering that they were all supposed to be partisans of the parliament.

"Why, there are not two of ye that I can find of the same mind," said De la Pole; "and for more moderate men, my Lord Northumberland is aweary to be ruled by fellows whose names are as new as their pretensions; and Master Waller here will certify how ill the citizens like these constant drainings of their once fat purses."

"I have some little familiarity with the city, through my brother Tomkins, my lord," said Waller, timidly. "But to speak so wide a word as that, you shall pardon me; only it is certain, the city cannot but grieve to lose its chief customers for taffetas, silks, and gewgaws; for, Heaven knows, men go about as if it were plague-time, and every second man on his way to a funeral. As far as a petition or humble remonstrance might go, I think the city may be depended upon, especially if Essex could be brought to sanction it."

"For my lord Essex, I can witness how ill he takes the slights and indignities he hath of late suffered from his masters," said Holland, eagerly; "but he is of cast iron where he deems his honour concerned: Bedford has resigned their horse in disgust; Clare loves the king next to his own estates,

longo intervallo, true; but Portland, Lovelace, and Conway, are of unbounded devotion to their majesties."

"And yourself, my lord," said De la Pole with a smile. "As indeed which of the peers is resolved on treason but Manchester, crafty old Saye, and mayhap Fairfax? Of the commons, who but sixty or seventy, whose insolence has made them desperate? Of the city, who but the rabble and the fanatics? Why, were we prisoners but loose, that are cribbed in the Tower, Ely House, Whitehall, the ships in the river, and other confinements, there were a stout army of cavaliers ready to hand."

"I beseech you, my lord, do not talk thus, though it be but in jest, and over our wine," said Waller, glancing at Ingulph with anxiety.

"Tut, it is no treason; we can do it all in their own words," replied De la Pole impatiently. "St. John cannot conjure treason out of this list, for example, which I have made of the citizens, under the heads of right men, averse men, and moderate men. Master Tomkins and Chaloner assisted me, who are surely familiar with the muster-rolls; and I am assured of at least three-fourths of the citizens remaining neutral in case a peace were proposed."

"My lord, I would exhort you to respect names," said Waller, very warmly.

"Wherefore? I plot no treason, again I tell you," said De la Pole. "And if I did, for opposition, I know not where to look for it. Their armies are at a distance, and watched by the king's, who could be at London walls as soon as any that could come against us."

"Truly, my lord, you speak as if you had this city in your grasp," said Waller.

"If those who wish well to the king had only some shelter under which they might declare themselves, it would soon be seen in whose hands it would be," said De la Pole, glancing at Ingulph.

"For myself, I must needs confess I owe the king much through my gracious mistress, the queen, whose favours I always thankfully acknowledge," said Holland dubiously, as if groping his way in the dark. "But I love my country. In short, if men were well assured of one another, I see not why—at least the insolency of the tumults might be suppressed, and his majesty might return in safety to a personal treaty with his parliament."

"It is all any man shall pretend to that joins with me," said the wily young politician; "I have a marquisate to lose, and a head which I cannot do without."

"And I have ten thousand a year, and my Lady Carlisle's smiles," said Waller, dismally.

"Nay, for we are all embarked in the same boat," said Lady Carlisle. "Moreover, the lightnings themselves spare the laurel."

"The lightnings might, but not the sectaries," said Holland. "They are more likely to send the Muses to Bridewell for disorderly wenches than to honour their train-bearers. But let us know your project distinctly, Lord De la Pole, since such I take to be the purpose of our meeting."

"Remembering always that you speak in the presence of a sworn soldier of the parliament," said In-

gulph, who had been listening for some time with uneasiness.

"And for that very reason the destined restorer of the monarchy!" said De la Pole eagerly. "I have brought you here, brother, that both sides may know what they have to depend upon, and that you may see that I do not jest when I tell you that, if you will lend the support of your soldiery to a humble petition for peace which we mean to present to the parliament, you will be nobly backed, and win for yourself not only the king's pardon for all past offence, but whatever else your own ambition can assign as your reward."

"Are you assured of that my lord?" returned Ingulph, after the pause of astonishment with which he listened to this communication, to which all present assented by their looks. "The king's pardon! Let him keep it for his criminals; he has enow of them. And were I inclined to play the traitor, are you assured, my Lord De la Pole, that my conditions would not be irksome to yourself?"

"Can there be treason *for* the king?" exclaimed Lady Carlisle. "I do beseech you, sir, throw not away the noblest prize that ever fortune offered in her lottery; for were your noble talents as worthily set, to what distinctions might you not aspire?"

"You shall learn what my conditions are, then, tomorrow," said Ingulph, rising suddenly; and the whole company followed his example in consternation.

"You shall have a blank signed by the king!—Can you ask more?" said De la Pole, darkening in every

feature with disappointment. "The king will deny you nothing which it is possible to grant for such a service."

"Can the king restore me to my right of blood, and my mother's memory to honour?" said Ingulph, with sudden fierceness.

"Certes, that were impossible!" said De la Pole, staring with much amazement from Ingulph to the countess.

"Will he?" exclaimed Ingulph with increased vehemence. "You rave, Dethewarre," returned the young noble, drawing himself up in a scornful attitude of defiance.

"The parliament can—the parliament will!" said Ingulph, checking his passion with difficulty. "But enough of these matters, which are not for private discussion."

"You have only then to betray me, for the project is mine only, and you will have one obstacle out of the way," said De la Pole.

"If I had desired your blood," began Ingulph, but he interrupted himself, and turning to the countess, said, "Lady, rest assured that whatever I have heard under this roof is for ever a secret in my heart," and bending deeply to her, and more slightly to the rest of the company, he left them in a state of indescribable bewilderment. He had, however, scarcely reached the gates when he was overtaken by Lord De la Pole.

"We are brothers, let us not part foes," he exclaimed as he came up with him. "Dethewarre, you saved my life, and if my gratitude has driven me on

too fast and far in measures to restore you to the king's favour, methinks it merited not this severe rebuff."

Ingulph paused, for the appeal was subtly adapted to touch the fine chords of his generous nature.

"Your father never deigned to call me his son; I know not why you should call me brother," he replied. "But I need no gratitude, or if any, it shall be amply satisfied if in future you confine your rambles in Whitehall Gardens to parts at a distance from the old palace."

"What! are you jealous of me?" said De la Pole, resuming his usual sarcastic levity.

"Yes, I am jealous of you, and by this light of heaven, if you dare to breathe an unhallowed thought on aught that I love, Lord De la Pole, you shall learn so!" replied Ingulph.

"My good lad, you are far more likely to put such folly into my head than to put it out," said the cavalier, disdainfully. "But you have your security in your own hands. Give me my liberty, and I will return to Oxford, marry, and settle down into those calm domestic habits for which I am naturally so well fitted."

"The parliament is your keeper, not I; win their manumission and you have mine," said Ingulph, with a keen pang. "And so good night, my lord; let us part, while we can, in peace."

CHAPTER II.

"Men of your large profession that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law."

SEWELL.

IF Stonehenge had in reality imbibed any suspicion of his nephew, it did not appear in his manner on the following day, when they went together to the consultation of lawyers at Selden's chambers in the Temple.

They found the great jurisconsult in a chamber overlooking the gardens of the Temple, a fountain playing beneath the window amidst a profusion of foliage, which its showering waters kept perpetually green and fresh. He fixed his deep sunk but bright and good-humoured eyes on Ingulph, shading his grey hair back from his temples so as to reveal his long, thin, and acutely intellectual countenance, instinct all over with expression.

St. John was there, and two other lawyers, principally known in the courts as advocates of the extremest measures of the parliament, whenever they needed a legal gloss. The first of these Selden introduced as Master Bradshaw, a commissioner of the parliament's great seal, a man of a remarkably mild and pleasing countenance, with a smiling ex-

pression diffused over its handsome and well-cut features, and with a somewhat amorous moisture of eye and lip. The other was Aske.

"I expect Dorislaus every instant," said Selden, glancing up at a huge dial. "He is likely to please you better with his answer, Master Stonehenge, than I can, for he refers his judgments to universals, whereas I am ever dabbling in particulars. Now the law of England demands that, to make a marriage, a man and a woman must be linked together by a certain formula of words, pronounced by a priest; consequently the lady of your story, marrying another under the notion that she was marrying Lord Montacute, did nevertheless not marry him. But Dorislaus will tell you a great deal about the essential nature of contracts in general, and demonstrate that justice is the supreme spring and intent of all law: and so he will bring us to the point which I have all along affirmed, that the law of England has no remedy for your wrong, and that consequently you must appeal to its justice; i. e. you must present your grievance to the notice of parliament, which is very well inclined to notice every thing of the sort."

"It is not that we hope for redress from written law, Master Selden," replied Stonehenge. "But we would have the declared opinion of its oracle, first, that we have a wrong, and next that the law has provided no remedy for it: on this basis we will proceed."

A tap was now heard at the door; it opened, and admitted a fat-faced, pale, and studious-looking man, in the costume of a jurisconsult, and with something

of a foreign aspect. This was Dr. Dorislaus. He bowed with profound gravity to the assemblage, seated himself, and without any further delay pulled out a thickly written bundle of papers, and began to read.

It was a long recapitulation of the facts of the case, with which the reader is already acquainted, the names of all the parties in it being carefully withheld; but, as Selden had anticipated, the doctor took little notice of them, but began immediately to discuss the abstract principles. Upon these he brought to bear so vast a mass of learning that, in a short time, profoundly interested as Ingulph was in the question, he lost any connexion which might exist between the subject and the commentary. But the clear and practical intellect of Selden speedily deduced light from the chaos.

"You mean then to say, as I do, brother Dorislaus, that in law these parties were not married, and in equity they were," said he, with a smile. "The bad faith of one of the contracting parties does not annul the agreement. If I buy a pottle of strawberries (as I did yesterday of a black-eyed huckstress, shame to her) on the credit of some half dozen fresh ones on the top, and find them all mouldy and crushed below, 'tis true my dessert is spoiled, but no man can doubt I am the wronged party."

Bradshaw delivered his opinion verbally, and it was very different from that of the profound Dorislaus; for he clung to the facts with pertinacity, and vehemently inveighed against the oppression and cruelty of the perpetrators.

"Declamation is not argument, but every stick

helps to make the bundle," said Selden. "But, master solicitor, you do not speak; we are waiting for an oracle."

St. John had been silent for some time, and his usually saturnine visage was shadowed still more darkly than its wont, perhaps because the discussion reminded him of his own illegitimate descent from the noble family whose name he bore.

"I would take up quite another ground," he said hastily. "Set aside all consideration of the marriage; let the plaintiff simply prove that there was an agreement between the parties to accept one another as man and wife, and it was a valid marriage, since only the decrees of the Council of Trent rendered the intervention of a priest obligatory; and no Protestant will pretend that those decrees are binding in this realm."

"But there is the common and customary law which you overlook, brother," said Selden. "You cannot name a time in England in which the aid of a priest has not been considered essential to the fastening of the conjugal fetter."

"But, thank God, we are out of those popish trammels of ancient superstition now," said Bradshaw vehemently.

"But do you deny that marriage by a priest is legal?" returned Selden.

"Certes, no," replied Bradshaw.

"And this unhappy lady was married, by a priest, to the menial of the man whom she supposed she was marrying?" said Selden, turning to Stonehenge, who became ashy pale, but nodded assent.

"Then your argument would make her to be married to two husbands at once, which is bigamy," said Selden.

Bradshaw replied with great warmth, and the discussion became animated with some degree of personal feeling, for this singular case was of a kind well calculated to bring into concussion the elements of two opposing orders of ideas. But the question was finally determined by Stonehenge declaring that his nephew should acknowledge that law and equity were in his case opposed, as the basis of his demand for the interference of the supreme law of justice which the Parliament had it in its power to interpose.

The meeting separated after Selden had delivered his written opinion; but in the concoction of the petition, Stonehenge used the services of a lawyer whom Ingulph had afterwards occasion to remember. He was in very little practice, but keen-witted, eloquent on occasion, bold, unscrupulous, and a vehement fanatic, and his name was Cook.

The petition itself was a somewhat singular document; for again the names of all the parties concerned, excepting that of Ingulph and the Marquis of Montacute, were omitted. It was presented, received with favour, and an order was made for the marquis to appear and answer the charge. No one of course expected that the marquis would obey, and it was probably considered as a good means of getting rid of a troublesome subject. Stonehenge himself seemed to rest contentedly on his oars, for although he had much influence with the parlia-

mentary chiefs, he seemed satisfied with the general curiosity and inquiry directed to the subject, as if to excite such had been his main view.

Ingulph's estrangement from De la Pole was of course now complete; they very rarely met, and when they did by accident encounter, passed one another in silence.

After this seemingly abortive effort, Ingulph's thoughts reverted with the more force to his own ideas of the means of obtaining redress, and his republican visions took entire possession of his mind. The solitude in which he spent his time, when not engaged in disciplining his raw levy, fed his phantasies; for after the scene with Ramona, and the evident suspicions excited in Stonehenge, prudence counselled him not to seek her society.

It was not that Ingulph imagined that Ramona had in reality imbibed an affection for him too warm for the relationship in which they must stand towards each other. The very exuberance with which she owned her delight in his presence, and the unrestrained manner in which she expressed it, convinced him to the contrary; for passion makes its votaries, and especially women, regard its object with a species of fear. But, with his poetical intuition of feeling, he comprehended that Ramona, with all her reverence and affection for Stonehenge, and unconsciously to herself, felt vaguely the cravings of more powerful sympathies, which needed, perhaps, but an object to warm and concentrate into passion.

It was, therefore, wisely and virtuously done to

deprive himself even of the pure pleasure which he had derived from contemplating so much beauty and innocence; and had not a perturbing influence occurred, the result might have answered his expectation.

CHAPTER III.

"And passion, like the gradual blush of dawn,
Spreads o'er the white serene of innocence."

LASCELLES.

It would, perhaps, have been better if Ingulph had discontinued his visits more gradually; Stonehenge frequently expressed surprise and dissatisfaction at the neglect, and listened with a species of incredulity to his apologies, and in a manner in which Ingulph felt there was an increasing fusion of suspicion. To obviate this inconvenience, he went into the contrary extreme, and returned to his habit of visiting at the old palace almost every evening. But a change had now come over Ramona. She was as reserved and uncommunicative as ever she had been the contrary; and he observed with pain, that a deep shadow of melancholy had fallen on her sunny nature, like the gloom of a storm over an Italian vintage.

But there was another change which puzzled the young observer much more; Ramona seemed suddenly to have awakened to the power which her beauty and youth gave her over her husband, and displayed it in a thousand caprices. She began to complain of the seclusion in which she lived, as if

she had but just discovered it; and Stonehenge, whose heart was naturally tender and confiding, suffered her to assume a liberty which, considering her foreign education and ignorance of the world, was not very advisable.

Time passed in these fluctuations, and meanwhile Ingulph's attention, after the experience which he had acquired of the party volant, was frequently directed to the singular proceedings of De la Pole. Whether sincerely, or to serve his political purposes, the cavalier had assumed a great strictness of life, frequented the conventicles, and spent many hours daily in conversation with the chief religious leaders. Blinded by the hope of so great a convert, fanatic and presbyter alike received him with open arms. But Ingulph suspected some hidden aim under this fair show.

It happened one day that, hearing there was to be a meeting of the godly in the chapel of Whitehall, which had been laboriously despoiled of its splendours to render it sufficiently holy for the purpose, Ingulph had the curiosity to attend. He found the chapel crowded with devotees of both sexes, huddled together, and discoursing in low mysterious tones, while from time to time deep sighs were audible, which wanted little to merit the appellation of groans.

Considerably to his amusement, he discerned De la Pole leaning against the carved work of the royal pew, almost the only one which had not been more or less defaced, and listening with an air of profound respect to a tall, raw-boned, wild-eyed fanatic, in a

leather-seller's garb, who seemed to be expounding the law to him. But Ingulph's feeling altered when he saw Tribulation enter with her young charge, and De la Pole advance, and, as if it were one of the most usual things possible, hand them into the pew, and take his place next to Ramona. He then noticed that the cavalier wore a plain black garb, and a high conical hat with a plain band, according to the puritan fashion.

Ingulph remarked with little satisfaction the attention which the cavalier continued to pay Ramona during the proceedings, and was struck with her pale and timid look, so unlike her usual joyous expression. It is true that De la Pole seemed to pay as much or even more deference to Tribulation; but Ingulph, himself unseen, watched divers little bits of bye-play which escaped the zealous matron's observation.

For some time no preparation was made for any kind of worship; the buzzing, sighing, and groaning continued, but nothing was heard distinctly. At last Tribulation, who was famous for her gifts, raised her voice in a shrill tone approaching to a scream, and proposed that all present should join brother Praise-God Barebone in thanksgiving for the subject of their meeting. The brother rejoicing in this melodious name, and who was the man in the leather apron, began by making great professions of unworthiness, but universal murmurs of assent drowned the effusion of modesty.

Barebone then began a prayer, or rather rhapsody, aloud, which his auditors followed in a Babel of

sounds, which, however, were only innumerable echoes to his discourse. Taking occasion from the ruins of the ancient superstition visible around, Barebone announced in prophetic furor the approaching downfall of antichrist throughout the world. But his discourse, however profitable to the initiated, seemed to Ingulph of intolerable length and tediousness. It concluded, however, at last with a prayer, or rather imprecation, for the conversion of all papists, prelatists, and malignants, haters and worriers of the truth, and a denunciation of all the woes which the most hideous dreams of madness ever shaped, if they declined the offer.

On the conclusion of this prayer, De la Pole arose, and in a sanctimonious tone, which, at least in Ingulph's ear, scarcely concealed the contemptuous ridicule of what it affected, he besought the prayers of the godly to bless the labours of that virtuous and zealous gentlewoman, Tribulation Grizzle, in the kindling of his lantern, if he had wandered, as he began to fear he had, in serving the king and prelates, without due consideration of the merits of the cause.

A general hum of satisfaction arose; some sobbed aloud, especially Tribulation's maid-servant, when the zealous matron herself returned thanks for this experience of grace. Modestly did she disavow her share in the work, imputing it all to a direct Providence; but her exultation and triumph shone but the more apparently for the spiritual humility of her phrase. The more zealous enthusiasts gathered around the convertite, and all eagerly proffered him

their experiences, their advice, their various and often contradictory reasons for the faith which was in them.

The young cavalier thankfully declined having the floodgates opened upon him, by declaring that as yet he had met with no difficulty which Mistress Grizzle's gifts had not resolved. The triumph of the latter was now complete, and she burst into an hysteric paroxysm of tears, laughter, prayers, thanksgivings, and ejaculations which speedily became general. Groans and fervent outpourings resounded on all sides, and people wrung hands, wept, and congratulated each other as if on some public rejoicing. The convert himself, overcome by emotion, clasped his next neighbour to his bosom, which happened to be Ramona, and kissed her in such a transport of enthusiasm that he seemed to forget it was in a public presence. Ingulph darted forward, but at the same moment Ramona fainted.

Make what haste he could to the spot, recklessly elbowing his way, De la Pole had the start of him, lifted her from the shrieking women, and bore her to the chapel door. Ten smelling-bottles instantly rushed to the rescue, twice as many remedies were propounded, applied, denounced, before Ingulph arrived. But the cold air did better than them all, and Ramona revived in the arms of the young nobleman.

The cavalier resigned all care of her to the women the moment he discerned Ingulph, and Ramona herself seemed confused and unresisting as a lamb stunned at the sacrifice.

"She reviveth, Mistress Tribulation, even as the

lily after a shower; but oh! this is a gracious day for me," said De la Pole, with unshaken coolness. "This is the first time I have taken any real and living interest in my soul's weal, limiting my desires and necessities altogether to carnal things; yet I know not clearly whether it be the weakness of my flesh, or the strength of your spirit that wrestles thus within me."

"Verily this is indeed manna in the wilderness," exclaimed Tribulation in an ecstacy. "Oh! if I could but rescue a sheep from the Romish wolf, as I have the lamb before us."

"But there are doubts within me which methinks your reason only dispels, as the sun dries up the gossamers on the grass," said De la Pole, with such an inveterate seriousness that even Ingulph was puzzled.

"Nay, but I fear you have not patience for so long a work, young lord," said Tribulation, with some degree of doubt.

"What is time to eternity?" returned De la Pole; and glancing at Ramona to point the meaning of his words, he continued, "and, on my life, never until now did I feel a passion like this, which fills my whole soul with a divine and holy fire."

"There have been sudden calls, but yours, my lord, is most remarkably so," said Ingulph, with inexpressible bitterness.

"And will you, a worm of the earth, presume to dictate the how, the when, and the where?" said Tribulation vehemently.

"Would all could shake off the old man as I have

done," continued the invincible De la Pole. "Ah, Mistress Grizzle, you will hear many a sad tale about me, if you listen to them; yet how was I to obtain any knowledge of the truth, listening to dumb dogs, or at best to court-chaplains? But my enemies do infinitely exaggerate me."

"Disburthen your soul of the weight of its iniquity, even by a full confession before the people," said Mistress Tribulation.

"Alas, my sins are mostly of a sort which I would not have known to that pure loveliness which has reclaimed me from all," replied the cavalier, with a deep sigh.

"Let the vain woman, Strafford's daughter, be humbled then in your humbling," returned Tribulation.

"Alas! I do rather worship than love!" said De la Pole, gazing at Ramona, who coloured deeply and shrunk back from the tremulous attitude in which she was listening to the conversation.

"Come, Mistress Stonehenge, I will see you into the palace; my uncle will marvel at your absence," said Ingulph, clutching her hand with some rudeness, and drawing her away without allowing her time even to return the cavalier's courtly bend.

Ingulph drew her rapidly along, and she seemed to obey with implicitness, as if aware of something wrong in her late conduct. He felt the necessity of opening her eyes to the real character of the cavalier and his purposes, and yet it seemed like desecration to put such ideas into her mind.

Ramona lacked almost all the data in possession

of which the civilized mind needs but a few words to understand any new form of turpitude. To explain the motives of such a man as De la Pole, that mass of corrupt opinion from which the false glories of gallantry have risen like phosphor from a marsh, made Ingulph feel as if he were playing the serpent's part in Eden, and bestowing death in the guise of knowledge.

He was therefore silent for some minutes, and he was inwardly touched with the childish awe and submission in which Ramona seemed to await his reproofs. But she too had something of a woman's tact, and at last broke the silence by admiring an orange scarf which Ingulph wore as an officer of the parliament.

"But you will go to battle in it!" she exclaimed tenderly, "and you may be killed."

"War cannot choose its victims, Ramona," replied Ingulph, with a severity which restored the marble hue to her complexion; "but women need not pray that the lot should fall on me, as ye all might on yonder cavalier, who is of those who glory in betraying them to guilt, and then abandoning them to sorrow."

"Can devils look like angels then?" said Ramona, with a sudden passion which took Ingulph by surprise. "And can any thing love another and yet harm it? Do I not love my bird, and would I give it to my dueña's lean black cat to tear?"

Ingulph felt it impossible to explain the difference between the power of love, as she understood it, and as it was understood by the profligate noble. His

reply was therefore so confused, that even Ramona, to whom the bitter smile of ridicule was unknown, laughed merrily, as if she had confuted all those gloomy fancies. She began playfully gambolling among the trees in the moonlight, and sometimes hid herself among them, while Ingulph pretended to be alarmed, and looked about for her until she came laughing out of her concealment.

Wrapped as he was in thought and sadness, Ingulph indulged her sportive gaiety; and on one occasion, when she bounded out like a young faun, he affected to pursue her. As she ran nimbly before him, both of them suddenly perceived Stonehenge and Master Lilly advancing towards them, and both stopped short with a consciousness of impropriety in their play, which until then neither had felt.

Ramona stood fixed, and with an expression of great timidity, before her lord; while Ingulph thought it necessary to advance boldly. He was somewhat startled with the stern look with which Stonehenge returned his greeting, and Lilly had the satisfaction of increasing his emotion, by the pathetic and compassionate glance he bestowed upon him.

"You are in the gardens late to-night, Ramona," said Stonehenge, fixing his eye upon her with profound and gloomy consideration, while Ramona, instinctively, as the flower folds herself up against a storm, crept back to Ingulph's side.

"Mistress Stonehenge has been attending a meeting of the elect in the chapel," he said, with forced composure. "But I grieve to observe that wolves are allowed to graze with the sheep, for my

Lord De la Pole was there, and in Mistress Dethewarre's pew."

"Ay, indeed," said Stonehenge, glancing at his wife, who made no reply, unless the look of terror which she cast at Ingulph was one.

"Are you turned king's evidence, Master Dethewarre?" said the astrologer, with a humorous look of intelligence. "But we who read the stars are seldom so much in the dark as folks suppose; Mercury winked at me the other night."

"What mean you, Master Lilly?" said Ingulph, turning very sharply.

"Nay, nay, he doth but jest; my Ramona loves me too well that I should fear any of these court butterflies," said Stonehenge, and his countenance lighted up with a beam of tenderness which seemed to irradiate its expression. Ramona instantly ran smiling to him with all the trustfulness and vivacity of her nature; and at the same time Tribulation appeared in the distance.

This apparition appeared to satisfy Stonehenge, for after glancing at the clear twilight sky, he murmured to Lilly, that the night was very favourable to observations; and with a look of confidence, desired Ingulph to proceed on his way with Ramona. The astrologer and his patron then dived into a woody path which led to the river.

Ramona seemed now quite happy, and she gave vent to her satisfaction in a rapturous melody, full to overflowing of the vague gaiety and pleasurableness of youth, which formed a singular contrast to her late dejection.

But Grizzle's look and manner, on her approach, were so frosty and severe, that Ingulph readily perceived she had been listening to some unfavourable statements about himself.

Ingulph's first observation on her joining them was not likely to remove this impression. "What is this folly of conversion you have taken into your head, aunt?" he said. "You are but deceived; this cavalier makes a jest of you."

"A jest of me, forsooth!—folly of conversion!—what word is that for a Christian mouth?" exclaimed Tribulation. "Deceive me! marry, I should like to see the woman's son can do it! But you have a spite against this poor young gentleman, your brother, which extends even to his soul!"

"And doth he frequent your society, and that of Mistress Stonehenge, on this great business of conversion?" said Ingulph, tartly.

"Nephew, nephew, the sour leaven of hypocrisy ferments in your bread," replied Tribulation, ominously shaking her head. "What, if he gladly and pleasedly attends to my exhortations, do I therefore take unto myself any vain-glory? I pretend not to mere man-learning and traditions, and musty councils and fathers, wherein the blind lead the blind; but as far as a poor bat flitting in the shadow of death can discern the light of scripture, according to the faithful presbyterian witnessing, I may truly say I have not buried my talent in the earth, as Mistress Stonehenge can witness, whom I have turned from her idolatries."

"Yes, you have taken away everything my father gave me," said poor Ramona, very innocently.

"Her beads and crosses and relics and gilded trumperies," said Tribulation; "though she whined for them as a weaned babe for the breast."

"But we do not give weaned babes sour green grapes to suck instead," said Ingulph, warmly. "Temper the wind to the shorn lamb, you know, aunt; but for this cavalier, he is a very wolf in the fold."

"You have your own reasons, doubtless to turn our hearts against him!" said Tribulation, bitterly.

"You deal too much of late in these mystic scoffs," said Ingulph, impatiently. "But if you cannot understand the danger to which you are exposing your innocent charge, I must perforce put Master Stonehenge on his guard."

"I have not accused you, and I know not why your conscience suggests to you a defence," said Tribulation, calmly. "But Master Stonehenge will attend little to your accusations of one whose body, he knows, is condemned, and whose soul I would save."

The sudden and vivid interest which this announcement, enigmatical as it was, excited in Ramona, evidently troubled Mistress Grizzle.

"Ay, whether he puts forth fruit or not, he is a fig-tree destined to be cut down," she said with solemnity. "A doom hangs over him, which no human effort can baffle!"

"In heaven's name, what do you mean?" said

Ingulph, vehemently, remarking the ghastly look of Ramona.

"Let it be a word not spoken," said the old lady, with oracular gloom. "Mistress Stonehenge knows that her husband is a man whose determinations are law, and yet, I say not that he shall move a finger in this youth's destruction; and yet in a short time he shall fill a deserved and bloody grave. I have no cause to love him nor his race, and yet in Christian charity I would not have his soul perish with the tabernacle of clay."

Ingulph saw at a glance the fatal mischief which this announcement was likely to create, unfounded too as he supposed it to be, by adding the strong interest of terror to the image of the handsome young cavalier.

"You speak in parables, which may be wise to the wise, but to me are folly," he said, passionately. "And do you think it wise to enlist such sympathies as glow in all young hearts on behalf of this cavalier?"

"Will ye murder him? will ye murder him?" said Ramona, wildly.

"Youth is rash, and Tyburn swings," replied Tribulation, jocosely; and although Ramona absolutely raved in her attempt to gather the why and wherefore of the dismal intimation, she obtained no other answer.

"Keep yourself easy, child," she said at last, herself somewhat alarmed at the passionate interest expressed in behalf of the cavalier by her young

charge. "Unless he be jealous of thee, Stonehenge will move no hand in the matter, nor need he."

"But how can I hinder him from being jealous of me, dearest aunt?" said Ramona, earnestly.

"Learn to do as other wives do, that can wile their husbands' heads off their shoulders with sweet words," replied Tribulation, whose expressions concerning the married state were sometimes excusably bitter, considering the little for which she had to thank it.

But Ingulph's anger was excited at the mingled folly and falsehood, as he believed it, of the statement.

"Rest assured, Mistress Grizzle," he said with vehemence, "heaven will demand an account of the charge in your hands with infinitely more rigour than these shallow pedantries of theology; and you are now duly warned."

"Keep your breath to cool your pottage," replied the dame, tartly. "But if it be any comfort to you, and I trow not, Ramona shall never be out of my sight unless she be in her husband's."

Ingulph could scarcely forbear shuddering at the prospect of Ramona's coming enjoyments, and the plaintive look which she cast at him seemed to reproach him more emphatically than words.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DESERTED PALACE.

The words of Tribulation were enigmatical enough, but on reflection Ingulph began to suspect some deeper meaning in them than he had at first imagined. He thought it possible, remembering the intrigues of the party volant, and De la Pole's late extraordinary conduct, that he was engaged in some rash plans which his daring and subtlety might yet make dangerous. The dread too of his designs on Ramona, all seemed to point out what was proper for him to do at this juncture; and then indeed began the tempest of his soul, for the only safe course which circumstances allowed was that he should procure the cavalier's liberation. The next news which, in the irritated state of the court, he might then expect to hear from Oxford, would be the marriage, willing or unwilling, of Marie with her betrothed.

Some little time was, however, afforded him for hesitation, for he heard from the mulatto who attended the cavalier as a sort of guard, that he was ill and kept his chamber. But after awaiting in a tossed state of mind for two whole days, a suspi-

cion suddenly occurred to him that his illness was feigned.

To satisfy himself on this point, Ingulph hastened to De la Pole's apartment, and in the antechamber encountered the mulatto, who was gliding about dark and soft and silent as an eel.

The mulatto was obviously startled with his abrupt inquiry for the young lord, and he replied so confusedly that he was still confined to his chamber by a slight fever, that Ingulph immediately proceeded to ascertain the truth by personal inspection. It was as it might almost be said he feared. De la Pole was not in his apartments, but the window of one of them, in which he usually sat, was open, and showed that by an easy drop it was possible to reach the tilt-yard.

Ingulph turned to the mulatto, who had followed him in, for an explanation; and the fellow very confusedly answered, that he had Master Stonehenge's orders to wink at all the prisoner's proceedings, and only to take notice of whither he went.

"To what purpose?" said Ingulph, much startled.

"Is it for a slave to question his master?" returned the spy, with more than oriental abjectness.

"And whither has he gone now?" continued Ingulph.

"To the city, Master Chaloner tells me, who has just brought home this portrait," replied the mulatto, in broken English; and he produced one from a side table, in a little casket, which he opened and displayed to Ingulph before he could forbid him.

It was the portrait of Lady Marie, richly set in

precious stones; and as Ingulph gazed on the well-remembered loveliness, a quick succession of pangs crossed his heart. He closed the miniature with sudden pettishness, and left the chamber.

Absorbed in unpleasing thought, his steps took the usual direction almost without an effort of volition, and he found himself in the old palace, and in the apartment usually occupied by the family, ere Tribulation, who was the only person in it, and busied in poring over a massive theological work, perceived him.

After some general observations, Ingulph inquired for Mistress Stonehenge.

"What manner of unclean knowledge is this you have been pouring into the pearly vessel of her mind?" said Tribulation, without replying directly. "But you began by making love to your father's wife, and no marvel you go on with it."

"To my father's wife!" exclaimed Ingulph.

"Yea, verily, for the king is called the father of the people," replied Tribulation hastily, and screwing her mouth up to a kind of purse, she seemed to await what further he had to say, in no very conciliatory mood.

"Methinks you should not be too ready at believing in slanderous reports, aunt," said Ingulph, much irritated.

"Ah, well-a-day! ah, well-a-day! these are the locusts that alight on the green corn, and devour the husbandman's hopes in the bud," she exclaimed. "And well, ah, well, did that zealous though silenced brother, Brand-the-Fox Ingledoo, call me in the way

of the saints Tribulation, for Tribulation have I been from my cradle upward, and Tribulation shall I descend into my grave."

"Your lamentations are without cause," said Ingulph, more mildly. "I have a word to say to Mistress Stonehenge, and you will not answer me to tell when I may see her."

"You have spoken too many words to her, Master Ingulph!" said Tribulation, passionately. "You would spill the ambergris from that precious lamp, which I have filled so full, that now of the clear harvest evenings she spends all her time in the orchard, digesting the tidings, and chewing the precious cud of truth till she oft forgets, thinking of eternity, how time goes; and we are fain to seek her in again, for there is nothing more consumptive than your long wet grass in summer."

"And do you suffer her to wander in the gardens alone, by night?" said Ingulph, vehemently. "Good heaven! I thought you had at least common sense."

"And who has told you to the contrary, my fine master?" said Grizzle, her grey eyes flashing fire.

"After the warning which I gave concerning Lord De la Pole!" exclaimed Ingulph.

"Rave on, rave on," said Tribulation, pinching her eyes up as if to endure some martyrdom.

"'Tis ever the way with you saints; you complain of the heat of the fire in which you burn your victims!" retorted Ingulph.

"I heed you no more than the young cedars of Lebanon the clamour of the winds!" said Grizzle.

"You live too much in Palestine to take proper care of your duties in England," exclaimed Ingulph. "Why, it is dark night now, I will seek her in myself."

"You shall do no such thing," said Tribulation, doggedly, and setting herself in his way; "I will suffer no youngster to wander by moonlight with any girl under my charge."

"Mayhap you remember some such scene, where ill followed," said Ingulph, exasperated at once with the insinuation and his secret fears. But he repented when he observed what effect his speech had produced. Tribulation turned ghastly pale, as if struck with sudden death, and leaned staggeringly against her chair, and yet continued to gaze at Ingulph with the glare of a famished she-wolf from a thicket.

"Look at home, look at home, bastard, I say, look at home!" she yelled. "And throw you the past in my teeth?"

"You are mistaken, I spake but at random," said Ingulph. "But I beseech you suffer me to pass; and believe me, De la Pole but deceives you."

"Go on your way, I obstruct you not," said Tribulation, calming herself with a strong effort. "But I will no longer screen your faults, to my own eternal chastisement."

Ingulph attempted not to wrangle out the meaning of this mystic speech, and fearful of a deluge to follow, he hastened out. But as he went, the thought struck him that under the circumstances he had better not be seen with Ramona, and he

determined to return to the cavalier's apartment, and announce his novel resolution that he should accept liberty whether he would or not, and leave London.

There was a fatality in this change of resolution which Ingulph was far from suspecting. Arriving abruptly in the chamber which we have formerly mentioned as intervening between the towers of Holbein's Gate, to his great surprise, he perceived the mulatto kneeling against the old tapestry of the inner wall, with his ear to the ground as if listening, and with a shaded lamp burning beside him. Ingulph had, why he knew not, taken a dislike to this swarthy personage; and this attitude of his was so suspicious and strange, that he made bold to tread softly up to him, touched him gently with his foot, and inquired what he did there.

The mulatto started like a toad disturbed at a strawberry; and began muttering something apologetical in Spanish, which Ingulph cut short by desiring him to use his English. Finding no better could be done, he replied that he was waiting for the Lord De la Pole, and had fallen asleep.

"Your eyes are soon awake then," replied Ingulph; and observing the tapestry stir as if with the wind, he exclaimed—"What, is he in the wall?"

He raised the tapestry and perceived a panel door so artificially contrived that, if it had not been partially open, it could not have been distinguished from the wainscot.

"His grace has the king's keys, and walks all over the palace when he pleases," said the mulatto,

staring with his large white eyes wide open, and trembling in every limb.

"Indeed!—give me the lamp," said Ingulph, attempting to thrust the door open, but he discovered immediately that it slided backward on grooves. He pushed it open, and perceived an exceedingly narrow and dusty corridor.

With a throb of extreme anxiety, Ingulph stepped past the mulatto into this passage, which was so narrow as scarcely to allow him room to turn, but so high that he could scarcely discern the ceiling, and which wound off in a circular bend. He concluded, and no doubt with justice, that this passage was one of those so frequent in ancient architecture, contrived to facilitate escapes or sudden sallies. Whither it led, and in what purpose De la Pole was engaged, naturally excited his curiosity, and perhaps a more powerful feeling. He took the lamp from the mulatto, commanded him to wait his return, and entered, holding it above his head, to throw the beam as far forward as possible.

Ingulph wended along for some time, observing with surprise that the passage neither widened, nor abated its constant though slight tendency to the circular form. The walls were massive, but of smoothly-set stone, and Ingulph's curiosity increased at the evidently secret and subtle contrivance of the passage. It must not be denied that he experienced some unusual sensations, for there is something inexpressibly disagreeable to the human mind in narrowness and seclusion; but Ingulph was incited by a stronger motive than curiosity;

and it was not to be imagined that so much trouble would have been taken by an ancient architect for the sake of a childish puzzle.

The corridor soon began to widen, and in a very tortuous manner, as if traversing the walls of the vast palace. Once or twice the thought occurred to Ingulph, that if the mulatto were cognizant of the passage-windings, and had any peculiar reason to conceal it, he might meditate some treachery—might possibly lurk in some ambush whence he could dart out and overpower his victim by surprise.

But the absurdity of this suspicion reassured Ingulph, and moreover his lamp, which burned brilliantly in the dry air, seemed to secure him against surprise. But he went on with considerably more caution, until he perceived the termination of his travels in what at first appeared to be a wall blocking the exit of the corridor. But examining more nearly, he discerned the outline of a door similar in construction to that in the Gate House.

Pushing it aslant in its grooves in his eagerness, but wide enough to admit his person, Ingulph perceived the grotesque reverse of tapestry figures, raising which cautiously, he stepped out; and considerably to his surprise, after the darkness he had traversed, found himself in shadowy daylight. He was in a large gallery, lighted by lofty windows, which, judging from the innumerable paintings in carved frames, and statues covered with dust, he concluded to be the famous collection of Charles the First.

Silence and desolation reigned throughout the

extent of the gallery, but the sepulchral silence encouraged Ingulph; and carefully registering in his mind that his place of entrance was covered by arras representing the Flight into Egypt, he slowly wended up the gallery, viewing by the dim and dying light the treasures of art which the monarch's taste had collected.

In common with the majority of his contemporaries, Ingulph was disposed to regard as effeminate, and Italian, the fondness for painting, sculpture, and splendid articles of virtu, which Charles laboured to introduce among his subjects. But the beauty of many of these works, some of them masterpieces of famous artists, the funeral silence of this once favourite haunt of a great and magnificent court, somewhat affected him. The portraits of the monarchs, statesmen, warriors, and high-born dames, seemed to frown darkly down upon the republican intruder; and with such force, in the grim limnings of Holbein, or the colours of Rubens, that Ingulph's eye almost transferred them from the canvass into the darkness which filled the remoter parts of the gallery.

Leaving his lamp on one of the pedestals, from which a bust had by some accident fallen, Ingulph walked to the end of the gallery, passing several richly carved doors, which he found all locked, but which doubtless conducted to the vast ranges of apartments once occupied by the court. All was silence—utter, as in the chamber of death.

Glancing as he went, almost fearfully, even at the most voluptuous visions of the Italian masters,

luxuriating in the beauteous mythology of Greece, Ingulph observed a lofty portal in front, which he concluded to be the great entrance to the gallery. He essayed to open it, and the door swung easily back at his pressure; but so sudden a richness of light saluted him, that he actually started. He found himself on the summit of a staircase of great width, the steps of curiously inlaid ebony and marble, balustraded with massive gilded bronze. This descended to a grand landing-place, lighted by a lofty Gothic window, emblazoned in every pane with arms and scriptural figures, whose scarlet and golden hues produced an indescribably rich effect. How many gorgeous processions of royal pomp and pleasure, or, as was likely, since it was a part of the palace built by Wolsey, how many superb exhibitions of priestly grandeur had traversed this now silent way!

Led on by a vague feeling of curiosity, Ingulph descended the staircase, and perceived on either hand two lofty portals, the door of one of which was slightly ajar. Ingulph was naturally directed in his choice by that circumstance, and pushing the door open he found himself in a vast and exceedingly gloomy apartment, principally of black oak very elaborately carved, which he conjectured to have been the presence chamber, from two rich chairs of crimson velvet, surmounted by royal crowns, which stood on a dais at the extremity. Banners and shields, whose blazonry was lost in dust, hung at intervals along the walls, and formed a singular contrast with the ecclesiastical character of

the chief ornaments of the woodwork, which were carved crosiers and fantastic mitres, while the innumerable chairs of cedar wood and tarnished velvet, ranged in solemn order along the walls, closely resembled the canons' stalls in cathedrals.

Ingulph advanced a few steps into this chamber, but its immensity and gloom struck him with so chilly and melancholy a feeling, that he paused irresolutely. It seemed as if the vast and desolate chamber was still haunted by phantoms of its once possessors; and so strong was the influence of his imagination, that Ingulph almost expected to behold the figure of the great cardinal glide past, or that of the royal ruffian who had despoiled his favourite of a residence on which he had lavished a magnificence more kingly than his master's. The unwonted air which Ingulph's entrance admitted, aided the vagaries of his fancy by stirring the banners with a faint and spectral movement.

While Ingulph stood gazing down the chamber, he heard, with a sudden beating of the heart, which the bravest could scarcely have suppressed under such circumstances, a sound like the sliding of a foot on the stairs outside. He returned to the door, and glanced with wild eagerness up the staircase. The shadows were now much deepened, so that the summit of the flight of stairs was very indistinct and dark; or surely fancy played him one of her tricks, but it seemed to him as if he caught a distant view of a piece of floating black drapery, like the robe of a Dominican monk, which instantly vanished.

The absurdity of the vision simultaneously occurred to him, and he resolved it into a caprice of his excited imagination. The sound he had heard resembled the flapping of a naked foot on such materials as composed the staircase; and was it possible that the movement of a spirit, even though walking in the person of a barefooted friar, could give so fleshly an echo?

And yet the thought was so full of dread, that Ingulph paused for some minutes in a flood of hurried, and truth to say, wild conjectures, until he suddenly lighted on one which reconciled all so efficaciously, that he wondered it had not immediately occurred to him. The mulatto had followed in search of him, but unwilling to give offence, had retired abruptly on being observed. He wore a dress which was sufficiently dark to become black in so deep a gloom. To be sure, it was neither long nor waving, but that might be fancy. Satisfied with this explanation, Ingulph crossed to the opposite door, to ascertain whither it led, but he found that, like nearly all the others, it was locked.

Smiling at his own superstition, he returned to the presence chamber, and continued his explorations in that direction, musing on what De la Pole could have to do in these lonely and deserted chambers, but imagining he had some secret commission from the court. He crossed several corridors, and came to some long intricate suites of apartments, which from their ruinous and unfurnished condition, he concluded to be a very ancient part of the palace, and probably that which, but for the intervention of the troubles,

Charles intended to have pulled down and rebuilt on the magnificent plan of Inigo Jones.

Ingulph was confirmed in this opinion by observing that the windows overlooked the gardens of the old palace, and his curiosity to know what had become of De la Pole was much quickened by the discovery. But he found no means of exit, for although there were several doors, all were securely locked, and the keys gone.

Further progress was at length prohibited, for Ingulph reached a flight of stairs, after ascending some windings of which, he perceived that he was in the interior of a tower which was little better than a mass of ruins, the chambers and galleries being frequently separated by deep black gulfs from the staircase. These gaps being very large and dark presented many fearful precipices, down which it was very easy to slip, the steps being full of interstices, loose, and without balustrades. But across some of these dilapidations planks were laid as if to allow a passage, and Ingulph thought he discerned a huge round outline, somewhat resembling that of the ancient keep in which Stonehenge pursued his astrologic labours.

The increasing darkness, however, made it dangerous to attempt satisfying this doubt, and Ingulph returned the way he came. Occupying himself in vain conjectures as to how he could have missed Lord De la Pole, he had re-entered the presence chamber, when suddenly he heard a murmur of voices speaking fast and eagerly at the opposite extremity of the chamber. Surprised at the circumstance, and ashamed of being detected in what might

almost be considered an espial, and which might also prove a dangerous position, Ingulph rapidly ensconced himself behind an oaken carved beaufet in one of the deep embrasures of the windows. The next instant, four or five of the interlocutors appeared traversing the hall rapidly, and talking sometimes altogether in their eagerness. De la Pole was foremost, and dark as it was, Ingulph discerned that he had a great bunch of keys, which he shook occasionally in the vehemence of his discourse. Lord Holland, Waller, Tomkins, and two other cavaliers unknown to Ingulph, were his companions.

Ingulph could not ascertain, during their rapid progress up the hall, what the subject of the conversation might be, but it was with some alarm and more curiosity that he heard his own name pronounced once or twice, with divers inflections, some of them not expressive of very kindly feeling. But De la Pole seemed in a hurry to be rid of his company, for once or twice, when Lord Holland paused, he hurried him on, and finally, the whole group rattled out of the chamber.

Ingulph paused not to conjecture the meaning of this apparently secret meeting, for he foresaw the inconveniences of suffering De la Pole to know that he had been a listener to however small a part of it. No doubt he had some rash plans in view, which the dread of discovery might precipitate into still rasher action. Relieved of his worst suspicion, Ingulph therefore resolved to return quietly, and by his own decisive measure of liberating the cavalier, render his schemes abortive.

CHAPTER V.

"Love various minds does variously inspire;
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade."

DRYDEN.

RETURNING to the grand staircase, Ingulph found how he had missed encountering De la Pole; the opposite door was now partly open, for he saw a bluish light at the chinks easily distinguished from the colours of the emblazoned windows above, which showed as if it were not quite closed, although he had formerly found it locked.

Ingulph made no delay beyond slightly pushing at the door, which confirmed his suspicion by yielding as if to open, and then re-ascended the staircase. The gallery was darker than the apartments below, owing to the great height of the windows. A faint moon glimmered in the sky, but its ashy tints only deepened the gloom, and threw shadows of strange forms around. Under the circumstances, Ingulph was not sorry to perceive the mulatto, peering forward with his lamp in hand, and apparently in a state of very great anxiety.

"Where is my lord?" he said, starting and gazing tremblingly at the young man, as if he expected to discern traces of some terrible tragedy.

"Are you sure he is still within?" replied Ingulph, with justifiable evasion. "I have traversed a range of deserted and ruinous chambers, where he was not; but I would have you seek him, and come to inform me in my chamber when he returns to his own. I have business with him."

The mulatto grinned with an expression of infinite pleasure at the announcement, and muttering something that he feared his lordship had lost his way in the dark, waited respectfully until Ingulph resumed his way up the gallery. He even watched him until he raised the tapestry which covered the secret entry, and then, as if afraid to be observed, went on his own course down the staircase.

It was in truth Ingulph's intention to have returned instantly to the gate, but as he raised the arras a singular phenomenon arrested his notice. This portion of the gallery was lighted by a lofty bull's-eye, chased to represent a beaming sun; and a sudden ray of moonlight shot through it, and illumined a deep recess in the gallery, directly opposite. Ingulph's eye was caught by perceiving, or imagining he perceived, a female figure, clothed in white drapery, and with a countenance which, although very beautiful, was full of mournful expression, and which raised its hand and beckoned to him.

It was but an instant, but Ingulph's heart stood still as if with death, and a cold dew burst in streams

to his temples. But in that short period he had concluded that what he beheld was a statue in white marble, to which his fancy had given movement. The moon almost immediately shadowed over, and the form disappeared; but determined to ascertain the truth, he groped into the recess in the darkness; but when he reached the spot where he thought to find it, the moon again brightening up, showed him that there was no statue there. But looking back he perceived, hung high above the tapestry over the secret door, the portrait of a lady exactly resembling that which his imagination had raised in the darkness.

He now thought that, when he was noting the way by which he entered the gallery, he had unconsciously fixed this portrait, which was sufficiently remarkable, in his mind, and that by the chance association of the white moonbeams, his fancy had transferred it visually before him. Yet with all this philosophical explanation, he breathed pantingly for some instants, as he gazed at the portrait. So exquisitely had the painter played his part, that Ingulph almost believed that the eyes looked down upon him with a mixture of tenderness and melancholy, which was the predominant expression of the very lovely countenance.

Ingulph's feeling on this subject was heightened by observing the name of the lady of the portrait, cut in gilt letters on the ebony frame; it was Editha De la Pole. He concluded hastily that it was some ancestress of that noble name, and with a mixture of feeling and superstition for which he himself could

not account, resolved to hasten from the gallery; and he had advanced a step or two, to re-cross it, when a red flash of light along the ground made him halt.

The little incident we have described had occupied but a few moments, and Ingulph, from the recess which concealed him, beheld the mulatto return on tiptoe, raise the arras pryingly, and listen for some time with evident anxiety. As if satisfied with the result, he closed the panel, and pushed a piece of wood in the grooves, which would make it difficult if not impossible to open, on the exterior. He then returned to the opposite end of the gallery with the haste of one who imagines he has done his work cleverly.

Ingulph liked not these precautions, although he imagined that the mulatto thought he was bolting him out, not in. And still less did he relish the proceedings, when, peeping from his recess down the gallery, which he could safely do in the darkness, he saw De la Pole come forward and meet the mulatto, exchange a whispered conversation, in which he gave one or two slight derisive laughs, and then hand a bunch of keys to him, with apparently some instructions, for the mulatto nodded intelligently, and disappeared down the staircase.

These appearances struck Ingulph with very strong though indefinite suspicions, that all was not right; and observing that the cavalier almost immediately followed his emissary, and left the portal open behind him, he glided down the gallery after him. On reaching the summit of the staircase, he

distinctly saw the two figures standing below, in another muttered conversation, and then the mulatto entered the presence chamber, jingling his keys, while the cavalier retired through the opposite door.

Ingulph's curiosity, or rather apprehensions, were now so strongly excited, that he determined to follow De la Pole; and unless he had more visitors with him, ascertain the meaning of his singular conduct. But again, it struck him that his best chance of ascertaining it with any certainty was to observe him, if possible, unobserved.

He therefore allowed an interval to elapse, and then descended to the landing-place. The door by which De la Pole had disappeared was left partially open, and revealed an ante-chamber fitted up with a light splendour which formed a complete contrast to the rest of the palace. Beyond was a long vista of apartments running one into another, all so clearly lighted, that Ingulph wondered how it was that the more ancient buildings were apparently dark with night.

The cavalier was nowhere in sight, but Ingulph continued his exploration of this brilliant suite very cautiously. The thought soon occurred to him, that it was the part inhabited by the sovereigns before their abrupt departure. The architecture was more modern than the rest of the pile, the velvet hangings and gilding were fresh, the furniture lighter and very magnificent. The superior brightness of these chambers was explained by the fact, that the windows all opened upon the river, and so caught the full

reflection of what remained of light, in the skies, from the water.

Ingulph's conjectures were confirmed by arriving at a peculiarly rich suite of chambers, furnished with all possible luxury and magnificence of decoration, which from the numerous feminine appurtenances, and the fleur-de-lis and crowns ornamenting it, appeared to have been the queen's private suite. Love and taste had lavished all the refinement and splendour of Italian luxury on these chambers; and all doubt as to their destination was removed from Ingulph's mind, when he discovered an oratory, fitted up with elaborate Catholic decorations, and with a colossal crucifix on the altar, of black marble, evidently the work of some noble sculptor.

So hurried was the royal departure, or so unexpectedly protracted the return, that scarcely any arrangement had been made to protect all this splendour from the consequences of neglect. In one superb saloon, probably the queen's drawing-room, the immense Venetian mirrors which covered the walls were so obscured by dust, that at first he thought they were hung with a kind of muslin. The chairs and couches of silver damask were uncovered, embers still remained on the marble hearths, and a chess-table was still covered with its combatants, as they had been left at the close of a drawn game.

Ingulph was about to enter this sanctum, continuing his pursuit, when he suddenly discerned the cavalier lolling at his ease on one of the couches, and seeming to indulge in a gay vision, for he was

humming a merry air to himself. It was now so dusky that the chamber was but partially illumined, and that in which Ingulph stood was quite dark, the windows being closed. Tormented with a suspicion which momentarily increased in force, Ingulph determined to await the event from the position which he occupied. But suddenly observing the remote gleam of a lamp on his rear, he had no resource but to step into the saloon, and ensconce himself in the dark corner of the open door.

Luckily, De la Pole was too much occupied with his own thoughts to heed any sound which might have accompanied this evolution; and with a heart beating wildly with expectation, Ingulph awaited the result. In a few moments his most direful anticipations were verified—the mulatto appeared lighting in, and leading—Ramona.

She came with a timid, hesitating step, and he seemed to be encouraging her, but he spoke in Spanish, and Ingulph could not recognize what he said. To know the worst was now his object, sinking from thought to thought into an abyss of anguish, which only those who have discovered the turpitude of some one beloved and near can conceive.

"My love, my soul, are you here!" exclaimed De la Pole, rushing forward and attempting to seize Ramona's hand, but she started back like a frighted bird.

"No, no, señor," she exclaimed, with a strange mixture of childish simplicity and womanly pettishness. "I know not why Lolo should bring me

here; for I only wanted to speak a few words to you; and how long the moon has been shining and you did not come!"

"I was detained by persons of whom I could not rid me; but my heart has never been a moment from you since I first saw you, loveliest!" said the cavalier, with all the tenderness which he knew how to infuse into his manner, and which was indeed natural to him when speaking to women.

"And I never forget you," said Ramona, with an innocent sigh; "especially since they told me that you were to be killed; but my dueña does not know I am here, and if Don Ambrosio did, he would kill me."

"Don Ambrosio! who is that?" said De la Pole, taking her hand, and pressing it to his bosom with a smile.

"What—do you call in English—mi señor? my husband, yes!" said the young girl, with a glance of surprise at the cavalier.

"No man breathing, were he ten times your husband, should dare but to dream of harming you in my presence!" said De la Pole, vehemently.

"Ay, but you could not prevent, señor; I am his wife," said Ramona, as if it were the most natural event possible to be killed by a husband. "But I am more afraid, I fear more, O Dios! if he should kill *you*."

"Kill me for but admiring your beauty, lady; he must make a general slaughter of humanity then!" said De la Pole, with his characteristic gallantry. "But tell me how it is, and what you mean, for I do assure you, sweet one, while you live in it, I shall

take it very unkind of any one that shall take it into his head to remove me from this world, even were it to Heaven."

Touched with the thought of his imagined doom, Ramona suffered herself to be led to the couch; and seating herself with great simplicity and good faith beside De la Pole, she told him the mysterious threats of Tribulation, which it seemed had taken a strong hold of her imagination.

Ingulph, who was without arms, for he had thought it best to go without any to his projected interview with De la Pole, had yet resolved to interfere the moment he discerned how matters stood. But the effect which this revelation had on the cavalier, and the dread of compromising Ramona, now he perceived her innocence of any wrongful intent, kept him in his concealment.

De la Pole arose and walked in an agitated manner up and down the chamber; he then paused, and inquired of Ramona if she understood any of the particulars of the plan for his destruction, which it seemed was entertained. But she knew nothing beyond the mystic announcement of Tribulation.

"They have perchance some inklings of a plan I have formed, to refute the insolent calumnies of Dethewarre," he said at last. "But they may perhaps find themselves caught in their own springes; but what would you have me do, sweet Mistress Stonehenge? I am a prisoner, in their hands."

"Can you not go to your king, and leave this cruel city?" she said mournfully.

"And leave you? No, I will rather stay here and

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die," said De la Pole, passionately. "For love alone is life, love alone is thee, Ramona!—but above all, love is respect and adoration!" he concluded, observing the alarm which Ramona took at his vehemence.

"Lolo! where is Lolo?" she said, starting up, but he had gone; then colouring deeply, she added, "I have told you all, and I must go now, or they will miss me; and you are, I fear, one of those cruel men of whom my husband has oft told me, that they lure young wives with music to devour them."

"The jealous old curmudgeon!" muttered the cavalier. "Do I look like an ogre of so horrid a species, lady? But love him! Love a frosty old conjuror, who can think any stars worth gazing at in preference to your eyes! No, fair mistress, love is a liquid flame that flies through the veins of youth, not a winter stream lagging bluely through snow in those of age!"

"What you mean?—what for you tell me this?" said Ramona, blushing to a ruby tint, and with an electric glance of her dark eyes, which she instantly shaded with their long lashes.

"I mean that I would be your cavalier, your knight," said De la Pole. "I would I were even that screeching bird who fancies he has found his native paradise again in your bosom! Yet in all Spanish countries that I wot of, a cavalier servente is as allowable to a lady as her fan, and even here the custom gains! I pray you, let me serve you."

"Stonehenge would kill you, and me too, if he knew that you spoke to me thus, for he loves none

of the customs of my country," said the young Mexican, tears gushing from her downcast lids.

"But a woman should never think of consulting a husband in such matters, more than in the choice of a head-tire or of a curious lap-dog," said De la Pole, laughing. "The fashion varies every month, and what a plague were it for an astrologer to be teazed into a lunacy of ribands."

"But Don Ambrosio knows every thing! The stars tell him all," said Ramona, gravely.

"What a statue formed by nature art thou for the spark of love to animate!" said the cavalier. "Believe it not, lady; they impose upon your credulous innocence, that because he is old, crusty, and joyless himself, he may keep you from sharing the delights which youth and beauty and love should make all your own!"

"Do not speak to me in this way; I must not hear you," said Ramona, with a sigh. "But if you love me as you say so oft you do, when our good dueña is telling us the way to Heaven, for my sake, do not let them harm you, for I should never, never, never be happy again!"

"You love me then, my sweetest innocence?" said De la Pole, seizing her hand and detaining her. "Do but tell me so, but I can never tell you how I love your beauty and pure tenderness, which knows not its own name, except in deeds; and when I have restored the king, which I trust in heaven shortly to do, when I have made some of these overgrown traitors shorter by the head, I will prove it,

for I will never rest content until you are mine, and mine only."

"It cannot be, I am Stonehenge's wife; it is wicked of you to say these things to me," said Ramona, with an unwonted dignity and anger.

"But Stonehenge is a traitor; and so is the insolent bastard, Ingulph, who has even dared to pretend to the love of my betrothed wife," said De la Pole.

"He is no traitor—he is my kind and dear brother, and loves me well," returned Ramona, with warmth.

"But he loves another infinitely better, whereas I love you better than myself," said De la Pole; and observing the effect which this produced, he continued, "I swear to you, he is in love with my betrothed Marie; but I love you far more than I do her, and when the king's reign is restored, he will not suffer your beauty to be bound to this old traitor's age; you shall be divorced from him, and I will wed you, and Ingulph may marry my betrothed, if he pleases."

"How can that be, when I am married to Stonehenge? No, no, it is impossible," replied Ramona, mournfully.

"You are not married in England until you are married by the English Church," said De la Pole, with bitterness. "But he has kept you in ignorance of all that is worth knowing in life. If he were so wise as you imagine, would he suffer you to be so long with one who loves you indeed as purely, as passionately, without some prodigy?"

"Dios! what is that?" exclaimed Ramona, start-

ing and turning pale, for Ingulph's impatience began now to get the mastery of his prudence, and he made a slight movement from his concealment. But the dread of an open rupture, and perhaps some idea that the mulatto was not far behind, and usually carried a poniard, restrained him.

The artful cavalier took advantage of Ramona's panic, for affecting to share it, he stepped towards her, clasped her with one arm and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword with the other, as if to defend her.

The attitude of terror and the extreme beauty of Ramona, cowering fearfully in the grasp of the young cavalier, whose countenance expressed at once delight and derision, composed a picture which Ingulph was far from admiring. But fearful of heightening the fears of the superstitious girl to some outburst which might attract notice, he stood perfectly still.

After a few moments' fearful attention, Ramona's alarm subsided, and she turned smilingly and trustfully to De la Pole.

"It is nothing," she said, rejoicingly. "Bid Lolo come and guide me back again, for I dare not go alone; but now I have warned you, you will not stay any longer among these stern men, will you?"

"And do you leave me for ever—do we part for ever, and without one token that you do not hate me?" said the cavalier, and Ramona, gushing with tears, turned relentingly towards the cavalier. The action brought her lips so closely to De la Pole's, that it was scarcely possible to avoid it, and her words were stifled in the long passionate pressure

with which he met them. But the next instant, and Ramona sprang from his arms with a shriek of despair, for there stood Ingulph before them.

De la Pole stood for a moment like a statue, and then starting back drew his sword, which gleamed sharply in the moonlight, not immediately recognizing the intruder; but he dropped it as soon as he perceived who it was, meeting the wrathful glare of Ingulph's eye, and exclaimed, "What! brother Dethewarre, eaves-dropping?" as if it were an unfraternal act of which he had reason to complain.

"Villain!—but we now understand each other," said Ingulph, furiously. "Come with me, Ramona, or, unarmed as I am, I will do you right on this perfidious wretch, who would betray your credulous folly to perdition."

"In heaven's name, in mercy's name, Ingulph, do not give me to the slaughter," shrieked Ramona, sinking at his feet. "Oh, indeed, if my husband knows of this, he will never believe that I did it only that the poor cavalier might not be killed—and he will tear me to pieces."

"Come with me, and no one shall harm you; this man whom you trust is more to be dreaded than a wild beast," said Ingulph, vehemently, and seizing her violently, he dragged rather than led her away. But she made no resistance, and the cavalier himself made no movement to prevent their departure, although he continued to gaze after them with a look of inexpressible malice.

CHAPTER VI.

"By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not.
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not."
SHAKSPERE.

INGULPH led his pale and panic-struck companion to the great staircase, before he precisely resolved on whither he was taking her. But he paused there in perplexity, for he remembered that the way by which he came, would lead them out in his own apartments, at a distance from Ramona's abode in the old palace, and consequently liable to a thousand misconstructions, not to mention the difficulty and length of the way.

He turned to the trembling girl, and sternly inquired by what means she had entered the royal apartments, to which she replied tearfully, that Lolo had brought her, but that they descended no stairs.

It was now dark night, and Ingulph's agitation increased, for he began to imagine that Ramona's absence must now have excited attention. He called Lolo's name in a loud voice, and Ramona timidly joined in; but although innumerable echoes answered, the treacherous mulatto did not. Irritated

to the highest degree, he rushed up the stairs, leaving Ramona weeping at the base, and strove to open the portal of the gallery, hoping to find him there. But it was barred within. Ingulph instantly concluded that the wretch had retired, probably to mount guard upon him; but he therefore concluded that the way by which poor Ramona was inveigled in from the gardens was still open.

He returned, and taking her now very willing hand, for she was much terrified, they crossed the presence chamber together in almost total darkness. Luckily, as Ingulph had explored the corridor which led to the ruinous chambers formerly described, he knew that it was useless to take that way, and was thus saved an irresolution which might have been fatal. He took a passage in a contrary direction, which after some windings, to his incredible joy, suddenly terminated in a small postern into the gardens, in which Lolo had left the key.

It may be imagined with what satisfaction Ingulph found himself and his rescued companion in the free air. It was in the old palace grounds, but at some distance from the part inhabited by Stonehenge, at a spot usually known by the name of the Hermitage, from a caprice of Wolsey's, who had formed himself an image of the solitude and religious retirement of the ancient eremites. On the brow of an artificial acclivity, covered with flowers and trees of drooping foliage, was a cell formed of interleaved branches and thick moss. A flight of grassy steps ascended to it, and all around were woody steeps artificially raised, covered with flowers and weeds, from a cleft

in which descended a little cascade into a marble bason below, once peopled with golden carp.

With what vehemence Ingulph reproached Mistress Stonehenge with her folly, not to say culpability, may be imagined; but she besought him with such ardent supplications not to reveal what had happened, that he could not long refuse to promise her that he would not. But it was on her solemn promise that she would never willingly see the cavalier again, under any pretext, that he consented. Yet compassion for her was not his sole motive, but for Stonehenge himself; for he instinctively felt that the love of his young wife was the oil which lay on the surface of his troubled soul, without which it must needs break in tempests.

Resolving at the same time that the cavalier should not remain in London, he quieted his conscience, and they walked along in silence together for some minutes, when suddenly the sound of Ramona's name, in the distance, met their ears. It was the voice of Stonehenge, and soon the shriller cry of Tribulation echoed it; lights gleamed remotely, and Ingulph immediately guessed that an alarm was raised, and that they were in search of his charge. Ramona clung to him in excessive terror, and he himself was for a moment very seriously alarmed.

But taking courage from the consciousness of innocence, he desired her not to fear, or at least not to show any signs of emotion, which would be taken as a confession of some consciousness of wrong. He then answered the calls in a loud cheerful tone; the

lights glanced nearer, and in a few instants Tribulation came running towards them at a most unwonted pace, followed by several servants, venting a torrent of reproaches as she came.

Ingulph was surprised and somewhat vexed at the dexterity with which Ramona took her cue. She told her enraged dueña, laughing merrily, that they had been playing at hide and seek with her for a long time, and ran bounding forward to meet Stonehenge, who followed at a sober pace. Her excuses seemed to be sufficient in this quarter, for when Ingulph reached his uncle, he only inquired where they had hidden themselves—but he looked exceedingly pale. Unluckily, Ramona answered, that they were in the hermit's cell; and his countenance became for a moment strangely agitated.

Tribulation came up, and resumed her scolding, without, however, making any definite charge; and Ingulph lagged behind, that he might not seem to avoid a private dialogue with his uncle, which he saw he was inclined to have.

Stonehenge began with a question which was not probably uppermost in his mind, by inquiring when he would be ready to join the army of the Earl of Manchester, which was shortly expected to take the field.

Ingulph readily replied, that he awaited only orders, and Stonehenge's usual benignancy returned.

"We have done all that can at present be done in the parliament, until I can collect the proofs which are necessary to substantiate your claims," said he. "But Montacute foils us with silence.

Nevertheless, the hour of bitter anguish and retaliation is approaching for us, without our moving a hand, or stirring a muscle, in the terrible but necessary work."

"You have then detected some conspiracy in which De la Pole is engaged, which may bring him and others into peril?" said Ingulph, with great anxiety.

"Be innocent of the knowledge; and since you cannot prevent the irresistible decrees of fate, be ignorant of them," returned Stonehenge, with solemnity. "Of a serpent brood he comes, and serpentine are all his movements; but I have other and surer intelligencers than even my faithful mulatto, whom he thinks he has bought over to his service."

"Is the mulatto your espial?" said Ingulph, with a start which was not unnoticed by his mystical relative. "'Tis a work which asks a treacherous spirit, and how know you but that he may play false two ways, and carry his treason with a double edge?"

"Fear you that he speaks ill of you," replied Stonehenge, with a somewhat tart smile; "that you would destroy his credit? What can he gain by betraying me? And he owes me all—life itself!—for I rescued him from a cruel death, being for some heavy offence smeared with honey and hung in the burning sun of Mexico, to be stung to death by wasps and hornets. But I hold intelligence with spies which the foulness of the earth may obscure for a few passing moments, but cannot corrupt nor change."

"Yet the interpreters of these bright oracles may

dim or reverse them, passing through the medium of their fancies and prejudices, as the light of the stars may be passing through the depraved and foggy air," returned Ingulph.

"Wherefore do you reason so earnestly against the science and its expounders?" said Stonehenge, with a glance so full of suspicion and anxiety that Ingulph shrunk under its scrutiny.

"If Master Lilly has warned you against the intriguing qualities of Lord De la Pole—in other than political respects—I shall honour it more," he replied, after a pause.

"I am not the guardian of Tribulation's maids—nor methinks do they need any," said Stonehenge, with a sportiveness very unusual to him.

"But there is one in this palace whose beauty might well invite the artifices which her innocence cannot—to which at least it would be dangerous to expose her!" said Ingulph, with hesitation, although he felt the necessity of putting Stonehenge on his guard.

"So then you are jealous—for me?" replied Stonehenge, with asperity. "The old man hath no security in his young wife's love!—Age is not loveable; only the frosty mistletoe bestows her fruit on the hoar oak of winter?—But pray you, what cause is there for fear, and what would you have me do?"

"De la Pole is the very gerfalcon of beauty, and stoops at all game, and I do oft see him hovering over your gardens here," replied Ingulph. "I would not suffer Ramona to wander about as she now doth at her own fantastic will, but keep her within doors, unless when attended abroad by Mis-

tress Tribulation, or some other watchful friend, whose experience may supply the want in hers."

"Such as yourself, nephew?" replied Stonehenge, abruptly. "And who I pray you is to profit by my withdrawing my confidence and love from her, mewing her up from the free air, and becoming a jealous old jailer, and no longer a husband such as my sweet snowdrop hath hitherto contentedly bloomed beside, wintry as you deem mine age."

"Not so, Master Stonehenge!" exclaimed Ingulph, much irritated by the insinuations contained in this speech. "Nay, I refer you to Mistress Stonehenge herself, whether Lord De la Pole has not found occasion to reveal his liking so warmly, that—but for my interference—he had perchance carried his insolence beyond words!"

"I do beseech you, say not so, Dethewarre, say not so!" said Stonehenge, with a dark flush. "I have struggled hard with the demon in my soul, but this would give the casting throw; she is my last hold on humanity; without her I should become a raging beast, a madman, but yet not of the sort which men chain from harm. Let us not think of it; the bare imagination lets me loose into—I know not what—but I discern the crimson splash of a sea of blood!—Do you shudder?—Let us in, I will question her, and the fool Tribulation."

"Nay, do not so—I promised to conceal the circumstance—which, after all, perchance my fancy exaggerated?" said Ingulph eagerly, for he had already repented of the rash statement he had made.

"Do you trifle with me on such a point as this, Ingulph!" exclaimed Stonehenge. "Or do you hope with inventions to kindle my hatred against mine enemy's blood, to its extirpation, that he may gladly seek you as his heir? Boy, it is impossible! he regards you as worse than alien to his blood,—perchance you are so! But let us in; I will know the truth of this matter."

It was too late to retract, and Ingulph, cursing his own rashness, and foreseeing the worst consequences from the event, followed Master Stonehenge into the palace, whither his wife and her scolding dueña had for some time preceded them.

Ingulph felt that, however unintentionally, he had broken his agreement with Ramona, and he would have given anything for the opportunity to put her on her guard not to reveal too much in reply to the question which he knew would be addressed to her. But this was of course impossible for him to attempt; but unhappily, while he was lagging at a distance after Stonehenge, the mulatto came crawling up to him, and in the most abject terms implored him not to reveal his villany to his master, declaring that he did not know it was Ramona whom he was guiding to the presence of the Lord De la Pole.

Loathing the treacherous wretch as he did, still Ingulph felt that he had only the choice between revealing his villany to the full, or affecting to believe his apology for it. But he severely reprimanded him, and desired him, if possible, to communicate to Ramona in secret, that he had been obliged to inform her husband of De la Pole's caprice for her,

but not at all of the circumstances of her late interview. She was therefore to confess only so much as supported his statement, that he had interrupted the cavalier in some foolish declaration of his liking in the gardens. The mulatto performed his commission but too well.

Entering the palace, Ingulph found Stonehenge in anxious conversation with Tribulation, and he soon found that she was strenuously denying the possibility of the accusation which he had made against the cavalier. This was of course necessary, or her own character for sagacity and penetration was gone; and Ingulph was now pressed for particulars. This again puzzled him, as he knew not what to say so as not to clash with Ramona's subsequent statements, and his confusion and hesitation were triumphantly pointed out by Tribulation, when luckily Ramona herself entered.

She had removed her hood and mantle, and had taken unusual pains with her toilette; and Ingulph had never seen her display so much fascination and cajolery before, in her demeanour to Stonehenge.

But the explanation could not long be deferred, when all present, whatever they might affect, were overflowing with it. Stonehenge, pleased with his young bride's lavish display of tenderness, happened to call her his good little wife.

"The qualities of a good wife," said Tribulation, in a catechetical manner, and closing her eyes as if delivering an oracle, "are simply these—she must be humble, pious, chaste, submissive, helpful, loving, manna-seeking; thirsting after salvation as a hart

for the brooks; with neither will, nor way, nor purpose, nor delight, nor interest in existence, but through and by and with her lawful husband, for is she not flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,—"

"And what of these things am I not?" interrupted Ramona, with a vehemence which it is probable she had never used before, for Tribulation started as if a pistol had gone off in her ear.

"Thou wert not altogether in my interest, Ramona," said Stonehenge, gently. "For whereas they tell me that the Lord De la Pole has had the insolence to speak to you words which should only issue from my mouth, and you have not told me, that I might do you right upon so impudent a villain."

"It is all Master Dethewarre's imagining—he loves me too well, and is too anxious for me," said Ramona, colouring deeply. "At times I have spoken to my Lord De la Pole, nor could I less in civility, being Dethewarre's brother, and my dueña's favourite convert. But our talk was ever of a lady whom he loves, and to whom he is betrothed; and when Ingulph chanced to find us in discourse this evening, it was upon this portrait, and I did but jest with his kind jealousy when I said otherwise."

And so saying, she produced the portrait of the Lady Marie, which Ingulph had seen in the Gatehouse.

The skill and deception of this manœuvre struck him absolutely dumb, at the same time he felt that it was impossible, without exposing his own share in the deceit, to confute it. Stonehenge seemed satisfied with the explanation, so far as regarded his

wife and De la Pole, but he turned angrily upon Tribulation.

"Was this the care I expected from you?" he said, bitterly. "Had it been that this young lord's imagination had not been turned another way, to gratify your foolish fancy of conversion, you would have exposed my wife to temptations the force of which no one knows better than yourself."

This sarcasm seemed to produce its full effect upon Tribulation.

"Master Stonehenge," she said, arising with a countenance resolved, but very pale; "mayhap you can manage your own affairs better—I have given you light enough to steer by if you are not resolved to be blind; but after this I will not sleep another night under your roof for all the wealth, for all the revenge, which is much more, that you can yield to induce me. So fare you well, I wish you joy of your confidence, and hope you will not find it misplaced as long as your wife's story is so well concerted with your nephew's."

Having thus offended all round so poignantly that no one offered the least remonstrance to her departure, Tribulation stalked out of the apartment; and in a short time they heard that she had returned, bag and baggage, to her brother-in-law Bulstocke's house.

CHAPTER VII.

> "Can Love then walk in the black company
> Of this gore-dabbled fiend, insane Revenge?"
>
> LASCELLES.

THE circumstances narrated in the preceding chapter were all in the highest degree disagreeable to Ingulph, especially the removal of Tribulation, who, with all her faults and follies, was a great check upon any sinister proceedings of the cavalier. But Ingulph fondly imagined he had a panacea for all; he sent De la Pole a notification that he released him from imprisonment, and desired him to name a day when he would receive his passport and depart. Under the circumstances, he considered that De la Pole would understand this civil message as a command, but so it did not seem. The cavalier returned word that he required not his pass or permission, as he expected both from the parliament; and the disdainful tone of the response taught Ingulph that he was considered to be as much implicated in preserving the late event secret as its most guilty participators.

Still Ingulph thought it not probable that, with the suspicions which De la Pole knew were awakened

to his intrigues, political and amatory, he would find it advisable to stay much longer in London. But while waiting the upshot, his apprehensions for Ramona increased hourly; and to supply as much as possible the absence of Tribulation, whom no indirect overtures could induce to return, he spent as much time as possible in the old palace, keeping a continual and zealous watch on her movements. In vain did he observe with sorrow the increasing coldness and suspicion of Stonehenge's manner; he was too well aware of the treachery which surrounded him to venture to relax his precautions.

On the contrary, De la Pole was seldom or never observed in the gardens of the palace, nor, in fact, in the palace itself; for he spent nearly all his time abroad. His projects continued to be an everlasting subject of uneasiness and doubt with Ingulph, though he could discern nothing tangible; but he still feigned the most earnest zeal as a convert, frequented all the chief fanatic meetings, and scarcely a day passed but he visited Tribulation in her disgrace. To use her own words, "his pitcher was seldom far from her fountains of experience."

But Ingulph had the satisfaction to think that, if he had formed any serious projects upon poor Ramona, he felt that they were foiled, and had abandoned them. He had not the heart to make her return the portrait of Marie, for he feasted his own eyes daily with viewing it; and how was it possible to imagine that the portrait of a rival could be presented to any woman as a mark of devotion from one who aspired to her affections?

But Ingulph's honest nature could not fathom that of his rival, which, with all its daring and extravagance, was infinitely subtle. Ambition was perhaps the master passion in De la Pole, quickened by a royalist enthusiasm amounting to a passion; but it was now heightened by love and revenge to a species of mania. The dread of Ingulph's pretensions, so powerfully supported as they seemed; the dishonour his accusation had thrown upon his father, which that nobleman seemed unable to refute; an old and deeply-rooted jealousy of his favour with Marie, all now combined in urging him on in the extraordinary projects he had formed.

The very innocence and artlessness of Ramona, which should have been her protection, were chief allurements to the passions of the young debauchee, exhausted, even at that early age, by excesses. The influence of the astrologer, Lilly, and the use which might be made of him, had early attracted his attention. Lilly was, on the whole, a well-meaning man, and it was with an equal desire to preserve his patron from a great misfortune, and to exalt his own mystic skill, that he continued infusing into Stonehenge's mind the poisoned insinuations which he himself received from De la Pole, in the form of prophecies and mysterious warnings.

It was long before the noble nature of Stonehenge could disbelieve in that of his nephew; but long years of sorrow, and bitter experience of the treachery of mankind, had not rolled over his head in vain. It is marvellous how readily even the most contradictory circumstances adapt themselves to the

hues and forms of any dominant suspicion in the mind. The affair of the Hermitage struck Stonehenge for the first time with any feeling stronger than vague surmise; and De la Pole immediately perceived and unscrupulously seized his advantage.

Meanwhile, Ingulph did not fail to remark the change in Stonehenge's manner; and to counteract the thought which he feared gained ground in his imagination, he told him, as if by chance, and in the presence of Ramona, the story of his expulsion from Oxford, taking care to insinuate the reality and continued fervour of his love for Marie. Stonehenge listened with eagerness, and yet with a mixture of incredulity.

But the most singular mutations came over Ramona; for some time she seemed to have taken a real aversion to Ingulph, and spent much of her time in melancholy musings. Ingulph imputed something of this pettishness to the seclusion in which she was now obliged to live, as well at Stonehenge's desire, as in policy, well knowing that Ingulph's eye was upon her in perpetual watchfulness. She might also feel that he had in some measure betrayed her secret; nor did he take any pains to alter her opinion, for the evident coldness and estrangement between them were he thought likely to baffle Stonehenge's suspicions.

CHAPTER VIII.

"O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?—Seek for none;
Hide it in smiles and affability."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

MATTERS continued thus for some time, and although Ingulph felt in his conscience that he ought to take some more active steps to remove the dangerous cavalier, the portrait of Marie acted upon him like a spell All, too, seemed lulled and quiet, for De la Pole threw up but little earth in his operations. Yet Ingulph remarked with some surprise, that while the cavalier was a general favourite in the city, he himself was slighted and neglected, who had so much better claims on their kindness.

Even Bulstocke was found among the faithless; and after Tribulation's return, neither invited nor came to see him. Ingulph ascribed this at first to resentment at his share in her discomfiture; but as Stonehenge had now relieved him a good deal of his task of safeguard to Ramona, he determined one

afternoon to ascertain how matters really stood. Leaving Stonehenge stretched listlessly on a couch with Ramona singing merry airs to him, half in tears, he accordingly made his appearance in Ludgate.

He found the rich armourer and his family sitting in the kitchen, which was so clean, warm, and comfortable, that, excepting on great occasions, it was their usual sitting room. The presses and dressers of massive oak were polished to the brightness of mirrors, and garnished with brilliant lines of pewter and gleaming pans. A fire-place large enough for the Cyclops to have cooked at, roared with a huge fire in all weathers, the only distinction of season being, that in summer the doors, opening on a pleasant garden, were ajar.

On one side of this blaze sat Bulstocke, fast asleep, with an open Bible on his knees. Opposite to him, superintending the baking of some cheesecakes on a girdle, and occasionally nodding too, was his spouse. The servant girls were all busy around at their wheels, the drowsy hum of which mingled with the still more drowsy voice of Tribulation, who was reading aloud, probably some polemical tract of the time.

Ingulph's presence created an immediate sensation. Dame Bulstocke jogged her husband, who started up, and let the Bible fall in his haste.

"What's up! what has happened, Master Dethewarre?" exclaimed Bulstocke, staring aghast.

"Nothing very terrible that I wot of, Master Bulstocke," replied Ingulph, much surprised. The

citizen glanced at him, and then at Tribulation, with a look so full of meaning, that Ingulph involuntarily stared. But imagining that he was to deprecate her wrath, he turned to her, and made a somewhat laboured apology for his unwitting share in her quarrel with Stonehenge.

Tribulation listened with a starched and strangely malignant expression of countenance.

"All will be known at the latter day," she said, sternly. "Meanwhile, Master Stonehenge is of man's estate, and if his wife is not of woman's, more shame for him that wedded her."

"Well, come, all will be right enough at last, Sister Grizzle," said Bulstocke, stirring the fire with a chuckling laugh, and winking most knowingly at Ingulph. The good dame, his wife, immediately laughed with infinite enjoyment of her husband's wit, for wit it evidently was.

"But your proselyte still needs your light to go before him in the wilderness of theology," said Ingulph.

"You have taken the seat of the scorner, and you fill it well," replied Tribulation, sourly. "But there are others groping and stretching in the dark that wot as little as he what lean arms are stretched out to clutch him!"

"Ay, ay, my lord comes here so often, that methinks he is either making love to my wife or Mistress Grizzle!" said Bulstocke, laughing till the tears ran over his eyes.

"Beshrew me now, John Bulstocke, if he is not

much oftener at Mistress Chaloner's!" said the good old dame, somewhat testily. "And Master Tomkins' lady, that holds up her head as high as Paul's, vows he visits none but her; and yet he is full oft at Pennington's, too, at the Tower, and his wife is a gay bit younger than either of us."

"I'll warrant, by a score years," said Bulstocke. "Though I say not, 'tis to be noted when ye are apart, Bessy!—but, eh, woman! the cheesecakes are burning."

All attention was immediately directed to this important point, and it served to change the conversation. Ingulph was easily induced to share the little feast, and during its progress, he was remarkably struck with the air of mysterious intelligence which Bulstocke persisted in keeping up with him.

Once or twice he thought to ask an explanation of this peculiarity, but whenever he threw out a feeler in that direction, he was met with so many nods and emphatic glances at Tribulation that he was deterred, until the time of his departure came. Bulstocke and he had crushed several pottles of wine, and the former waxed more communicative; so that Ingulph took the opportunity of Tribulation's retirement for a few minutes, to inquire why he stood in such apparent dread of her.

"Why, she is as rigid as a presbyter, and as great an enemy to the king as Jacky Pym himself," said Bulstocke. "And when I saw you bounce in so suddenly, my heart jumped in my mouth; for I thought they had caught scent of our petition."

"Of what petition?" exclaimed Ingulph.

"Ay, truly, you must keep it up—yet I think she is not listening anywhere!" said Bulstocke, looking around in some consternation. "Truly, if the king does not make a belted earl of you, he is a worse fellow than I take him to be, for the half of us would never have signed, but that we knew you would stand by us tooth and nail."

Ingulph stared in great amazement, but considering for a moment, he refrained from any open display of his feelings.

"De la Pole is very active—but his promises far outrun his authorities," he said, hastily. "You speak doubtless of a petition to parliament for a personal treaty with the king?"

"Marry, Master Dethewarre, speak not so loud; walls have ears as well as jugs!" said Bulstocke.

"But let him not engage you in any open demonstration without my sanction by word of mouth, or he will betray your neck into a rope," said Ingulph, much perturbed; but unwilling to alarm Bulstocke unto the full power of his dextrous rival. Whatever he might have added, was cut short by the return of Tribulation, and shortly afterwards he took his departure, leaving the worthy alderman in his error. Neither would it have been easy to convince him of it, for De la Pole had subtly given out that the caution of Dethewarre's nature would not allow him to acknowledge his share in the plan, even to his most trusted friends.

De la Pole had availed himself with great skill of

the general weariness of the war, by throwing out this bait of forcing the parliament to consent to the equitable conditions which he declared the king was ready to grant. His high rank, favour at court, and acquired popularity, made all his statements plausible, and accounted for the extraordinary influence he had obtained.

But Dethewarre, knowing well the notions entertained at court, the intrigues of the party volant, and the reckless daring of De la Pole, was convinced that he had some deeper and more dangerous designs in formation. That these were in some manner betrayed to Stonehenge, and that thence he expected his vengeance, occurred to him with the force of conviction. The motives which would have swayed most men, were all arrayed to prevent any interference on Ingulph's part in averting the catastrophe. But the humanity and generosity of his temper, the fineness of his conscience, which represented his consenting to the destruction even of so unbrotherly a brother as a fratricide—doubt of the magnitude of the danger to be feared, and regard for those who had so foolishly involved themselves in what would necessarily be regarded by the parliament as a conspiracy—made him resolve on a middle step.

Without divulging all that he knew or feared, and certainly without revealing the parties concerned, he determined to let the committee of government understand what a dangerous inmate they had in De la Pole, and procure his dismissal from the

scene of his intrigues. As the business of this body was carried on with the secrecy and dispatch of a Venetian tribunal, and Ingulph's claims to their attention were indisputable, this might easily be accomplished without alarming the guilty parties to their own betrayal.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARLIAMENT CHIEFS.

The Committee of Safety, as it was called, which performed all the functions of a supreme council of state, sat in the Painted Chamber, Westminster, and thither Ingulph proceeded, as early as it was at all probable they had met.

Crossing Westminster Hall, Ingulph met Waller coming from the committee, smiling, and evidently in the highest spirits, as if perfectly content with his reception. He looked, however, somewhat surprised at perceiving Ingulph; and saluting him with his usual florid elegance, hoped he was going to ask some favour of the committee, for he had never seen them in a better humour.

"I had more important matters to chaffer with them," he continued, observing that Ingulph returned a very vague answer to this question; "but Harry Marten must needs have me recite my last Impromptu, on the Rose, wherein I fable that 'tis the only flower of paradise which grows on the earth; and that we should not have even that but for Eve's cunning, who so dearly loved the flower, that when

she was driven out of Eden she secreted it; where, is not much to the story, 'tis sufficient we have it, however obtained."

"That was but lax morality, for heaven," said Ingulph, gloomily.

"But it won me a kingdom in my Lady Carlisle's smiles," returned the courtly poet; "and made even St. John give that gloomy scowl which he holds to be a laugh. It began thus:—but you seem yourself somewhat out of the sunshine!"

"I own I care little for either Phyllis or Amoret, to-day," replied Ingulph, striving to look cheerful; for with all his forced vivacity, Waller evidently regarded him with anxiety.

"It hath so neat a catastrophe in my imperial Carlisle's praise, that methinks you will like it well enough," returned Waller; "for she is a lady who hath a marvellous esteem for you. In fact, there are few great matches, were you better backed by fortune, to which you might not pretend, with your good wit and valorous reputation. I have heard some say it, with a sigh; and, of a truth, being a woman, Fortune hath seldom offered herself more barefacedly than she hath done of late to you. But to the epigram:—

"'When the rude angel's flaming sword
Drove weeping Eve out, with her lord,—'"

"You shall pardon me, Sir, I am hurried," interrupted Ingulph.

"Shall I accompany you before the committee? Knowing them all I may be of service," returned the poet.

"I need no man's countenance, and my business is of a secret nature," interrupted Ingulph, still more impatiently; and with the usual courtesies of leave-taking he passed on his way.

There was little difficulty in obtaining access to the committee; two halberdiers at the door, and as many ushers within, were the only guards of this potent body, whose acts have influenced the subsequent history of all mankind.

Seated on benches at a table covered with crimson cloth, with pen, ink, and paper before them, the committee dispatched the vast business of their office with as little parade and as much punctuality as any private merchant his petty concerns of trade. Pym sat in a raised chair, as president, with an air indeed of exhaustion in his pale and careworn features, but still animated and restless as if quicksilver flowed in his veins. Lord Saye and Sele, Vane, Marten, Selden, and St. John, were the only other persons present.

"The oysters are fatted at my too great expense and anxiety to be wasted on unappreciating mouths," Selden was saying as Ingulph entered. "So, sirs, you must expect nothing but a Welch rabbit, or mayhap some Italian salad to relish your cheese withal."

"We shall have a great deal of learning and policy among us, but we should have one to make us merry; so, Marten, do not fail us," said St. John, sarcastically.

"Nay, for he will swear he hath supped, and yet eat me as many oysters as all of ye put together,"

said Selden. "But I marvel, Master Pym, you mislike my thought of making this Colonel Crombell—or Cromwell is it? major-general in Pembroke's room, for the man hath a good heavy knock-down way about him, and a sharp contentious tongue, which we need not among us here."

"Nay, for he is of the independent judgment, let him wait till they have the mastery," said Pym, contemptuously.

"To the Greek Kalends, then," replied Selden, laughing. "But here is a gentleman would be speaking, by his visage. What! this is my client, Master Dethewarre, and strangely in the nick of time."

"What is your matter with us, colonel? yes, colonel, I believe it is," said Pym, with a somewhat stern look at the young soldier.

"You were pleased to allow me a prisoner, taken at Newbury fight, honourable sirs," replied Ingulph. "I have released him, and I humbly request your pass for him to leave London instantly."

"Speak you of your brother, the Lord De la Pole?" exclaimed Pym, and a murmur of surprise was audible all around.

"I speak of the Lord De la Pole—brother I have not much learned to call him," replied Ingulph.

"If this be a play, 'tis very fairly acted," said Selden. "If it all be the same tune, the flutes are marvellously little of accord! 'Tis but just now, young gentleman, that Master Waller was with us, obtaining our permission—but I will read the minutes for the more evident clarity. Imprimis.—My Lord

De la Pole demands to be heard at the bar of the House, against the allegations of one Ingulph Dethewarre, on behalf of the Marquis of Montacute, his father, unhappily suffering under our high displeasure. Secundis—Requires time and liberty to collect evidence in the disproof; and access to his Grace of Canterbury, who is in possession of important evidence. Tertiis—A pass for the Lady Marie, his wife,—no, betrothed,—and such attendance as her quality may demand, with divers papers of moment to the cause; and for the purpose of seeing my lord archbishop, on her own affairs, he being her guardian by grant from the Court of Wards."

"The Lady Marie! and you have allowed this lady permission to come to London on such a business?" exclaimed Ingulph, in a very disordered manner.

"Wherefore not? We would not mar the young lady's fortunes, and Canterbury's time on earth, being an old man, secluded upon so just and heavy accusation, cannot be long!" said Pym.

"I do beseech you, sirs, rescind this consent, if you have given it," said Ingulph, warmly. "Who can tell what mischief may be plotting, and I have cause to fear that the seeds of a rank conspiracy are scattered, which need but a little sunshine to spring up too fast and thick for your scythes."

"You are mistaken, young man; nor do we desire better than that the tares should spring, that we may root them out," said Vane, sternly. "There are older heads than yours who deem that liberty

will never thrive till the ground be well soaked in blood."

"Nay, good Sir Harry Vane, 'tis not our business to empty the pottle, and show how many of our mulberries are musty; we are the hucksters," said Selden. "'Tis all one as if I, giving myself out to be a rich man, should pull out my pockets and show them empty."

"Blood is abhorrent to my nature," said St. John. "Yet should the necessity arise, Phidian sculpture though my Lady Carlisle's neck may be, I know not that it may not become as headless as any marble crazed Arundel has brought home among us."

"Forbid the Lady Marie then to come!" said Ingulph, with increasing vehemence.

"Do you dread so much the evidence she may bring with relation to your cause, Master Dethewarre?" said Lord Saye. "For my part, I am that justice should be done, whatever come of it."

"Ay,—to our enemies, my lord," said Marten, with a sly smile.

"'Tis not that, my lord—I value it not the whistle of the wind," said Ingulph. "But I have some reason, nay, I have much, to believe, that a plot is forming in this city against your authority; and who can say but that these pretended documents against my claims may be commissions and letters from the king?"

"By my faith, sir, I would fain know what you mean by so wild a supposal!" exclaimed Selden. "Though, in a legal sense, I blame you not to keep

off the damnatory evidence, if such it be; but assuredly we must hear both sides ere we can give judgment."

"There is little passes in this city of which some bird or another chirps not in mine ear;" said Pym, with a troubled smile. "But the vapouring words of hair-brained courtiers are scarcely worth so much of our consideration as to despise them asks. But the Lady Marie, a young and timid girl! and the king who loves her as his daughter,—could even the ruthless politicians around him counsel to expose her youth, beauty, and innocence, to such danger?"

"Perchance selected for those very qualities, to blind us!" said the astute Vane. "Ah, Master Pym, you do not yet understand how rotten the tyrant's heart is, nor of what cruelty politicians are capable, to advance their favourite designs; and what is desired more at Oxford than the means to set our heads a grinning on the spikes of Traitor's Gate?"

"Nay, but surely it cannot be," continued Pym, with a deep sigh. "I would not have a simple girl the victim of a heartless state-craft; and Master Selden, is it not treason to bring such missives from the king within these walls?"

"A council of war could answer you more to the purpose," replied Selden. "But 'tis certain that on any outbreak, our bloodhounds, which already strain enough in the leash, will break loose, and devour all before them."

"London shall be declared a garrison town to-day,

and the law-martial may be administered at a moment's warning," said Pym, coldly. "But let us know the worst you have to tell us, Master Dethewarre, for although Cain's hair was red, and yours is black, I doubt it will not grieve you much to be rid of your brother, the heir of Montacute."

"I have not a word to say against him, save my suspicions, but he hath a head to plot, and a hand to execute, and thereupon I desire you to dismiss him ere he can mature his harmful projects against you," said Ingulph, passionately. "If I desired his destruction, methinks this would be the last of my requests."

"If there be not some false seeming beneath this show, you are one of honour's noblest works," said Pym, with a keen, penetrating look. "We have heard it said, that when at the court you by no means held the Lady Marie as a Medusa, whose gaze turned into stone, but to the contrary, melted into wax."

Ingulph coloured deeply, but after an instant's hesitation, answered—"The Lady Marie is betrothed to the Lord De la Pole, whom I would have you restore to liberty."

"And just so, I may have a herring which I intend for my breakfast; but the cat comes in the meantime, and where am I?" said Selden, smiling.

"Shall we then give the malignants the laugh at us, acknowledging that we are afraid of a pretty woman?" said Marten.

"Methinks we cannot do better than let them

plot on, and when they are fairly out we can crush them once and for good, and sit down under our vines in security," said Lord Saye.

"Truly, you are Saye—and Sele, my lord," said Pym, sharply. "But I like not antidotes more certain to destroy than the poison itself. And methinks we can find a way with them, without divulging our fears or retracting our promises. We all know Master Stonehenge's devotion to the cause, and he hath offered that this lady should be lodged in the Old Palace, under his own care, and that of his wife. I trow, they cannot plot treason under his beard; and at the same time, if Master Dethewarre truly takes any interest in the matter, he can keep an eye on what she does to run her fair neck into jeopardy."

"Stonehenge! so liberal of his hospitality to one who comes as the enemy of his nephew!" said Vane, suspiciously shaking his head.

"The greater vigilance will he exert; the more will they look to their feet," said Pym. "Moreover, strangely enough, the Lord De la Pole, to banish all doubt on the subject, hath humbly requested that she should be lodged as thus, in the Old Palace, under such resolved espionage that a mouse might better hope to stir the straws of a cat's litter unnoticed."

"Moreover we have Master Dethewarre there, who hath a thousand reasons to keep his eyes open," said Lord Saye.

"I am no spy, my lord; but I have duly warned you, and the consequences be upon your own heads!"

said Ingulph, much irritated. "You know the humour of those who smile upon you at Northumberland House, and whether you are the majority in parliament, if a petition, signed by nearly the whole city, should call upon you to make peace with the king!"

"Peace is the object of war," said Pym. "But we must stand in the gap, we must stand in the gap, or not only is this people lost, but all mankind, for ever. Treasons and the chance of battle may in a moment overthrow us, but let us not turn bloodthirsty butchers in so pure a name as that of Freedom! There is a sort of people at our backs, more dangerous than those in front, who would push us on into I know not what, but it doth almost seem as if anon we shall have no choice between despotism and ——"

"A republic," said Ingulph, vehemently, filling the pause.

"Ay! there, there spoke the voice of the coming times," said Vane, enthusiastically.

"And how will posterity judge us, that have broken down so vast and famous a fabric?" said Pym, in a melancholy tone.

"Even as it shall chance that this land becomes one of crouching Asiatic slaves, or of free-born generous men, who shall esteem light and liberty but equally dear," said Vane.

"I shall scarce live to see the upshot; this perpetual flame drinks fast the oil of life," said Pym, with a sigh; and then musing for a moment, he continued, "we have no reason to allege why we should

deny Lord De la Pole the justice he demands, the subject hath no dearer right than to defend his good name when assailed, and 'tis a rare submission from one in royalist quarters. If your story will not bear a breath of contradiction, Master Dethewarre, it must be weakly put together indeed."

Ingulph made no reply, for what indeed could he have made? His own suspicions of De la Pole's intentions, unsupported by evidence, or to the ruin of those who had confided in him supposing his authority could outweigh the universal contradiction he might expect, were all he could offer in reply. Every motive of honour and justice seemed on the other side, and—must we confess it?—the hope of seeing Marie again insinuated itself into the argument. Moreover, Stonehenge's conduct was an enigma which he explained to himself by supposing that he wished to test the reality of his devotion to Marie; and would not his jealousy to the contrary be confirmed by his being the means of preventing her arrival in London, and entering into the society of his wife?

De la Pole's share in the singular intrigue admitted not of so ready a solution, but it seemed at least to be full of contempt for Ingulph and undoubting confidence in himself.

"It is enough," said Pym, rising, after an anxious perusal of the young soldier's working countenance. "I see we may safely trust our complotters to the care of Master Dethewarre."

"And yet," said Selden, with a significant smile, "I must tell you, Master Pym, that last night,

missing my extinguisher, I made me one of paper to put out my bougie; but so far from that, the paper took fire too, and I burned my own fingers into the bargain."

No reply but a general smile was made to this apologue, and Ingulph, observing that his departure was expected, no longer delayed it.

CHAPTER X.

"Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,
To draw the moon from Heaven. For eloquence,
The sea-green syrens taught her voice their flattery."
DRYDEN.

INGULPH felt himself to be in a position of the greatest perplexity and entanglement, without having the least power of extrication, so strong and various where the shackles in which he was held. He therefore quietly resigned himself, and until some means of escape should appear, determined merely to occupy the post of observer.

Meanwhile, the hope of beholding again the idol of his young affections diffused a sunshine over Ingulph's existence, which, unknown to himself, influenced all his actions. Whether it was the efforts which in this bland disposition he made to restore himself to Ramona's esteem, or the effect of some secret motive on her part, but she suddenly became more than ever friendly with him. But there was something unreal and acted in her manner, which at another time would have excited his suspicions. Stonehenge, meanwhile, continued cold and reserved, but as he never made any allusion to

Lady Marie, nor her expected arrival, Ingulph feigned ignorance on the subject, lest broaching it he should be obliged to confess his interview with the committee, which for many reasons he wished to conceal.

Even when at last he received an intimation from Stonehenge that he desired him to be at the Old Palace on the following evening, to assist in receiving some personages whom the parliament had thought proper to confide to his charge, Ingulph made no observation. Nor could he, indeed, without betraying an emotion which made him blush at his own weakness.

Mingled delight and alarm deprived Ingulph of all sleep on the night preceding this arrival. No coquette could have glanced more despitefully at her mirror, under similar expectations, than Ingulph remarked his own haggard and agitated appearance in the morning. And yet he suffered the hour named by Stonehenge to pass over some time ere he presented himself at the Old Palace. It happened that just as he entered the quadrangle by which visitors usually approached, a large gilded coach with the royal arms upon it, and with a considerable retinue of lackeys, drove into it. Ingulph's agitation became so great that he concealed himself in the gloom of the cloisters, as the walk round the quadrangle was usually called, and thence he witnessed at a distance the arrival.

Stonehenge himself appeared with his young wife to welcome the visitor; and although he was attired only as a citizen of a higher grade, Ingulph was

struck with the stately courtesy of his manner. Ramona came with a staid and even hesitating step, very unlike her usual bounding rapidity. In her costume she had exaggerated even the usual glitter and effulgence of colour in which her southern taste delighted; but the beautiful wildness and vivacity of her manner was gone. She seemed like some woodland bird handled and breathed upon by its capturer until it is tamed into passive endurance. She was very pale, and her dark eyes, usually fraught with fire, were cast on the ground with a sunken and tearful expression.

Stonehenge handed Lady Marie from her coach, and Ramona advanced to welcome her with something of the impetuosity of foreign manners. But when she saluted the lady, and raised her eyes to greet her, her cheeks flushed deeply, and her gaze was so wild, intense, and eager, that Lady Marie glanced from her to Stonehenge in surprise.

"My wife is of foreign extract; but she will do all in her power to make the guest of the parliament most welcome," said Stonehenge.

Ramona grew pale again as he spoke, but repeated what he had said with warmth; and the lady, smiling courteously, entered the palace.

It was some time before Ingulph could sufficiently master his agitation to resolve to follow; but he was satisfied that Stonehenge expected him, and that absence would do him no service. He therefore mustered more courage than would have taken him to the front of a battery of cannon, entered the palace

with an air of indifference, and almost at the second step met Stonehenge.

The latter had evidently been waiting for him, and immediately sent the mulatto forward to announce their approach. It was no longer possible to hesitate, and Ingulph followed his uncle into the presence of the Lady Marie.

She was seated in a low arm-chair in the bay window, with Mistress Stonehenge, apparently on very social terms, simply attired in a travelling garb. Agitated as he was, Ingulph could not but notice the contrast between the dark southron and the exquisitely fair northern, which heightened the beauty of both.

Marie turned eagerly round as they entered, and clearly as Ingulph preserved her portrait in his heart, never had she seemed so lovely as now, when springing up, her fair face blushing to the very tint of a rose, and sparkling all over with a smile of delight, she glided forward to meet him. In a moment, though he afterwards stood amazed at his own daring, he had pressed the hand which she extended to his lips ; and both blushed so deeply that Stonehenge, who was intently looking on, smiled with a supremely satisfied and benevolent expression.

"Master Dethewarre seems to remember you, madam, and therefore it needs not that I present him to you," said Stonehenge.

"*Colonel* Dethewarre has forgotten far more than me," said Marie, giving him his new military title with emphasis.

With so much feeling and even tenderness were

these words pronounced that Ingulph involuntarily echoed the sigh, and murmured somewhat which sounded like an apology.

Stonehenge interrupted this doubtful oration. "My Lord De la Pole will be here on the instant," he said to Marie, in a mild but very determined manner. "At his request, and the Parliament's command, lady, I am your host; but I have the Arab's dislike to eating salt with his enemy; and therefore I delegate mine office to my nephew, Dethewarre. They are brothers it seems; and the accusations against the Marquis Montacute are of my bringing, and look alone to me for support: therefore I pray you pardon me, if I inform you, that henceforth my wife or he must represent me in your presence."

"It is a noble substitute:—but I hope to make all friends yet, to reconcile all, Master Stonehenge," said Marie, with extreme gentleness, but slightly paleing at the words.

Stonehenge smiled mournfully, but without making any further observation bowed and withdrew.

How rapidly did the minutes fly that followed! It is true that Ingulph had never before found himself so foolishly timid, so abandoned by his good wit. He weighed every word which he spoke as if his existence were involved in what he said, hesitated on the most indifferent, blushed like a young damsel without knowing why, and yet the atmosphere of heaven seemed breathed on all around. By a singular inversion of the natural order of things, Marie took the ascendant in a most unaccountable manner.

Yet with all her profusion of smiles and raillery and deliciously conscious insolence of womanly triumph, whenever Ingulph ventured to steal a glance at her, and her blue laughing eye met his, her lovely complexion mantled up, and it seemed as if the sovereign feared the vassal.

Not a word was said on the great alterations which had happened since Ingulph was a favoured courtier at Oxford. Ingulph even imagined that his intervening exploits, though in quality of a rebel, had given him a loftier standing in the opinion of the beautiful royalist. There was an unconscious but visible submission in her manner, which women always feel for the qualities in which they are themselves most deficient—personal courage and strength. Men sneer at this predilection, as if it had its origin in a foolish admiration for mere animal qualities; and yet what can weakness more reasonably attach itself to than force?

Ramona seemed to share unboundedly in the pleasure of this meeting; and her manner to Ingulph was so full of coquetry and playfulness, that, after making allowances for foreign vivacity, Marie looked once or twice with some surprise. Ingulph's embarrassment rather increased the feeling; but the scene was very shortly interrupted by the arrival of De la Pole.

He entered with all the gaiety and nonchalance of his usual manner, accosting Ingulph as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb their good understanding; and despite Marie's evident reluctance, saluted her coy lips with a tenderness which his

relations to her no doubt justified, but which stung Ingulph to the soul. Ramona had sprung up, but save that a dark flush visited her complexion, and then left it ashy pale, she returned De la Pole's cold greeting with equal sobriety.

Marie coloured deeply, and glanced almost apologetically at Ingulph.

Inwardly stung to the quick, but dissembling his feelings, Ingulph affected to understand this look in a manner far different from its meaning.

"Mistress Stonehenge and I will leave you to your private converse awhile," he said, hurriedly. "Our office is to wait on the Lady Marie's pleasure, but not to control it."

"Nay, 'tis poor virtue in the fox to leave the white grape for the richer ruby," said De la Pole, laughing carelessly. "But with our lovely hostess's leave, I will indeed inquire the court news."

Ingulph offered his arm to Ramona, and they retired into another chamber of the suite together, closing the door after them.

"What deem you, Ramona, of my lordly brother's betrothed—for I think you have as yet seen none of our court beauties?" said Ingulph, not without an idea that his feelings were shared.

"How fair she is, how very fair!" said Ramona, with a smile expressive of aught but mirth. "And I am as dark as midnight."

"But midnight shining with stars," said Ingulph, with a melancholy affection of gallantry; and they continued for some time together in almost utter silence.

De la Pole's tête-à-tête with his betrothed lasted, as Ingulph thought, an insupportably long time; but at last they entered the ante-chamber together. Ingulph imagined he perceived traces of tears and of mental suffering in Marie's countenance; but De la Pole gave him little time to think. He advanced and congratulated him with an ironical smile upon the enjoyment he must have derived from his interview with Mistress Stonehenge; and glanced at her with so singular an expression, that she cowered and trembled like a bird in the gaze of a serpent. But shortly after, she turned to Ingulph, and began caressing him and chattering to him with something of the wild vivacity of delirium.

Indeed, during the whole interview she continued this conduct so remarkably, that once or twice a wild thought crossed Ingulph's mind that she did it purposely to excite suspicion in Marie. But it soon concluded; the lady pleaded weariness after her journey, and the young men retired, De la Pole persisting in the most friendly demeanour to Ingulph, notwithstanding their public dispute.

"I see how it is," he said laughingly, and in a very loud voice, as they left the palace. "And now I do no longer wonder at the jealous watch you kept on my vagaries; you are enamoured of the old conjuror's wife!—I would she were a widow for your sake."

This was said with such an air of good faith and confidence, that Ingulph, who earnestly desired that the cavalier should no longer suspect a rival in him with the Lady Marie, had the weakness not to repel the insinuation.

CHAPTER XI.

"All ways she sought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with tears."
SPENSER.

A WEEK passed, a week which was to Ingulph one continued dream of happiness; or if any drop of verjuice mingled in the nectar draught, it was the dread that it could not last—that he was draining at one draught the only cup of bliss which life could offer.

A general lull seemed to have taken place in the turbulent passions which had so lately raged in men's bosoms. Stonehenge had, apparently, no longer any suspicions, for he spent his time remote in his laboratory; De la Pole had forgotten his, for he visited at the old palace only as often as ceremony required; Ramona was more affectionate than ever with Ingulph; the war without languished, and politics ceased to be the object of paramount interest.

Yet was there something inexplicable in the whole affair, which like one conscious that he is in a pleasant dream, Ingulph dared not search into, lest he should break the beautiful illusion. Marie's manner was at times strangely contradictory. When

they were not alone, she would delight him with a thousand fanciful caprices; dance with him, sing with him, laugh with him, like some malicious fairy, and yet with a womanly consciousness which enabled her to exercise her witcheries with ineffable power. But when they were left alone, which Ramona in her pranksome way frequently contrived they should be, this vivacity vanished; and an infinitely more touching timorousness and reserve succeeded, which deepened at times even into melancholy. But no woman, however innocent, could doubt the feeling which breathed in every look, word and gesture of Ingulph; and it was rather the consciousness of her empire than the doubt of it which perplexed the beautiful royalist.

But the week passed, and Ingulph's spell was broken. Marie herself, with some hesitation, informed him that Laud denied all the circumstances relating to the fictitious marriage of his mother; and desired to see him, to make peace between the brothers, by convincing him that Stonehenge's allegagations on the subject were unfounded. Without acknowledging a share in the calumny, if it was one, which in him would be unnatural, Ingulph could not refuse this request; and he hastened to Stonehenge to require his proofs.

To his great surprise the sage listened with a calm, sceptical smile; and in reply informed him that the only proof he could furnish him with was to remind the archbishop of the circumstances under which he had deprived a puritan minister, one Hugh Peters. But for the rest, it must be before another tribunal

than an imprisoned prelatical tyrant, that he would produce his proofs, as soon as Montacute joined issue. Without this he declared that he would not and could not attain the necessary testimony.

Ingulph was much irritated with so evasive a reply on so important a subject; but no other could be obtained from Stonehenge. And thus ill prepared, but not without hope that he should obtain some information from the archbishop himself, the day arrived. But with all the friendship which De la Pole seemed resolved should subsist between them, Ingulph was surprised at a request which he made him to escort Marie to see the archbishop, in his company, having no power himself to procure her the gratification, which she earnestly desired. Ingulph was almost offended at so total an absence of suspicion, so unreserved a trust; and he assented with an asperity which escaped not his subtle rival, who carelessly declared that he should be in waiting for her there, and would relieve him of the charge on their return.

The appearance of a royal coach excited too much notice in the streets; but it was with a deep blush that Marie alluded to her wish for privacy, and desired Ingulph to procure a sedan. With the prospect of such a tête-à-tête, it may be imagined that Ingulph was punctual to the moment. He found the lady wrapped in a long mantle, with a black hat and vizard, the usual garb in public of a woman of condition. The black mask did not show ill against the whiteness of the small moulded ear and neck; but Marie was obviously much agitated, and she hardly

waited for him to escort her, but hurried into the sedan.

In a few moments the sedan was in movement, and Ingulph found himself alone with one whom he loved the best in the world, and yet he wished himself anywhere else.

Marie herself seemed embarrassed; for after arranging the ornaments of her dress, and removing her vizard so as to breathe the air more freely, Ingulph saw that she glanced at him and coloured. He was, therefore, bound to say something, and he began to felicitate himself in courtly no-meanings on his good fortune in being where he was.

"Nay, Master Dethewarre," she said, interrupting him and turning very pale; "we must speak seriously now; this is no time for these court sugar-plums; but for all rustical simplicity, that we may fully understand in what we have to trust."

"Would that I dared trust myself to speak as the very simplicity of truth might prompt!" said Ingulph, warmly.

A rosy blush suffused Marie's countenance; she resumed her mask, and drew herself as far back in the sedan as possible.

"Nay, Master Dethewarre," she said at last with a wavering smile. "You are known to be of complex meaning in your discourses, or at least have left that reputation at court, with this ruby heart, which I wear, you may believe, out of the queen's sight."

And with an enchanting mixture of coquetry and tenderness she drew from her bosom the renowned gem.

"You do not altogether despise me then, celestial

Marie!" exclaimed Ingulph, in a delirium of joy. "Me that have nothing to offer in return for such goodness but the unbounded and endless love with which I worship you!"

"And deem you that I—that all women," said Marie, hurriedly; "do not prize the sole devotion of a noble heart infinitely beyond the most glittering parade of gallantry?"

"I have lived to hear this, let death come when he will!" said Ingulph, forgetting all fears in the full rush of happiness which inundated his soul. "You do not hate, despise—you love me, Marie! say but that you love me, and slay me if you will upon the word!"

"Can Strafford's daughter love one who serves his murderer?" said Marie, melting into tears, but not withdrawing the hand that Ingulph devoured with kisses.

"The king, the king, is that, Marie, who encouraged your father in the rash acts which he committed, and then abandoned him to their punishment!" returned Ingulph.

"We are to speak in all simplicity—and well you know, Ingulph, that it was the bloodhound, Pym, that tracked him to destruction; the king a helpless looker-on!" replied Marie, shuddering at the recollection. "Else I were not now here, on a task which, but for the pure motive which animates me, were base and inhuman—to use the influence which some who are little your friends imagine I have over you, to win you back to that noble cause which a heart so noble can never really have deserted!"

"Marie, Marie!—no, you are mistaken; the cause I have embraced is the noblest on earth!" said Ingulph, starting at this revelation. "Is it for me, deem you, to labour in the restoral of a power which declares my mother's memory infamous, and will force you—even if you love me—into the arms of another?"

"No, Dethewarre, no! Not all the power of all the kings on earth shall ever force me to link this hand with any but yours, if you accept it on the conditions I affix," exclaimed Marie, with a firmness and determination which, in contrast with her usual feminine softness and timidity, diffused an air of majesty over her beauty. "I am Strafford's daughter, and inherit at least so much of his spirit as disdained all that is indirect, and base, and narrow-hearted; and most base do I deem the office which De la Pole imagines I have taken upon me. Let him blame himself if he scorches his hand with the irons he has heated to sear another."

"But your conditions, Marie, your conditions!" said Ingulph, trembling with eagerness. "I implore you, let them be aught that is possible but the sacrifice of my honour, and there is no form of terror or danger shall fright me from achieving them."

"What honour can there be in serving traitors against your king, the protector of your youth?" said Marie, enthusiastically. "But you shall soon see whether Pym and his confederates have not lured you with false pretences; but meanwhile, do you, can you doubt that if I love you, and, Dethe-

warre—can you believe that if I loved you your honour is not as dear and essential to me as my own!"

"Say then that you do love me, say but the word," exclaimed the transported lover.

"Will you believe me when I answer you thus?" she said, bending towards him and touching her trembling lips to his forehead as he leant eagerly forward. And yielding to the wild embrace in which he clutched the beloved form, their lips sealed the compact in one long and passionate and pure embrace, such as loving spirits exchange when they meet in heaven, after a long separation on earth. A torrent of mutual protestations, pledges, and oaths ratified the wild betrothal.

In the midst of this bewildering transport the sedan suddenly halted, and opening one of the shutters, Ingulph found they were in a court-yard of the Tower.

A crowd of distracting fears and recollections suddenly rushed over his splendid vision; but all vanished again when he handed out his lovely companion, and felt with what absolute trust and confidence she put her arm in his, and saw the wavering of her complexion in the light.

The parliament had confided the lieutenancy of the Tower to a devoted creature of their own, and a rigid presbyterian, the Lord Mayor Pennington. By this dignitary they were received with much ceremony, yet with some surprise at the apparition of a lady visitor. But Ingulph's presence solved all

difficulties, and Pennington himself deigned to escort them to the archbishop's apartment.

Traversing the gloomy chambers, once or twice Ingulph felt a shudder run through his fair companion's frame, probably at recollections of her father's fate. He himself felt some emotion of more than curiosity when the door of a dark, low-roofed chamber opened, and the archbishop appeared.

There was little in the personal appearance of Laud to excite attention. He was of low stature, with a melancholy, stern, and yet somewhat whimpering expression of countenance, probably induced by the peevishness of age and suffering. His garb was that of a dignified ecclesiastic, and had once been of rich materials, but was now sordid and patched, for his vast revenues had been long sequestered, with his wardrobe and nearly all his property, by the rage of the enemies whom his own unrelenting persecutions had rendered vindictive to the meanest excesses.

He was reclining in a large chair, his hands devoutly clasped on his bosom in an habitual manner, but seemingly in conversation with De la Pole and an ecclesiastic, of a benevolent but somewhat apathetic countenance, who was leaning on a large open volume which he had probably been engaged in reading to the archbishop.

Laud turned eagerly as the door opened, and observing who entered, arose and advanced somewhat totteringly to meet them. Marie hastened to prevent him, and reverently knelt at the old man's feet, who

fervently blessed her, raised, and kissed her with fatherly tenderness, while the tears stood brimful in his eyes. De la Pole surveyed the arrival with a quick scrutinizing glance, but a dark scowl gathered for a moment on his brow, which he dissipated into a smile of welcome.

Pennington, without the slightest mark of reverence or respect, in a formal, severe tone, informed them that the committee limited all interviews with ecclesiastical prisoners to an hour.

"Then we have the less time for ceremony," said the archbishop, hastily. "But I presume, Master Pennington, this brief time may at least be allowed us in privacy."

"You will be pleased always to remember, sirs," said Pennington, without deigning a direct reply; "that Canterbury is excluded from exercising all offices, privileges, rights, immunities, services, and business of a priest; and to engage with him in any is a high breach of standing orders," and he retired.

"An old man's benediction can do thee no harm, my sweet orphan," said Laud, with a momentary gush of tears. "Alas, it was the last your martyred father received on earth, and which I am well persuaded he took with him to Heaven!"

"Speak not of that, my lord," said De la Pole. "The noble Strafford hath been sufficiently lamented; it is time now to avenge him."

"Truly, truly, and our pale Marie should show more of his blood in her cheek," said Laud, tenderly. "How say you, Juxon, is my credit good

enough in the Tower kitchen to procure us a cup of sherris and a manchet for luncheon?"

The ex-bishop of London bowed with a quaint smile, arose as if to obey, and was about to close the volume before him, when Laud hastily exclaimed, "Nay, finish the chapter; we must not do that irreverence to the word of God, to stop it short for earthly convenience; and it may bring a blessing on our present task."

"Nay, it is a homily of holy Chrysostom—your grace remembers?" said Juxon, with some surprise.

"Truly, but I am old! God leave me my memory, at least until I have less occasion for it, for soon must I be called upon to answer the subtle urgings of mine enemies!" said Laud. "We will conclude another time, but meantime, and at all times—Glory be to God!"

He clasped his hands and looked upward with an expression of devotion which illuminated the expression of his hard features; and then feebly attempted to wheel his chair towards the fire-place, in which a few embers burned, but probably for the reason that it was farthest from any espial at the door.

"Fie on me, I grow as sluggard as my old tortoise at Lambeth," he said, as Ingulph vigorously seconded his intention and Marie silently offered her arm to assist his movements after the chair. "But, alack, I begin to feel the weight of years—seventy and odd!—and yet to thirst for the old man's blood as some men do, God forgive them!

and most of all that caitiff, Prynne, whom I spared from the full punishment his treasons and blasphemies merited, even as one who whets a sword for his own breast, or twists a rod for his own back."

And with a deep sigh he seated himself. Hitherto he had scarcely glanced at Ingulph, but now his eye fell unexpectedly upon him, and he gave a slight start.

"Is this the gentleman—your brother?" he said, after a pause, and turning to De la Pole.

"Faith, my lord, my father admits so much," replied the cavalier, carelessly.

"I knew not that your branch of the family—but no doubt all that spring from the same trunk must resemble, however slightly we may at times remark it," said the archbishop; and observing that there were only two chairs beside that which he himself occupied—"this is not as it was at Lambeth," he said, glancing mournfully round. "Nor have we much the aspect of a Pontifex Maximus. The vanities of this world are unstable as water; yet who could have dreamed that it would ever have come to this? The noblest monarchy, the most glorious priesthood, or which would have been when I had thoroughly repaired the temple! and all slighted, set at nought, overthrown in dust! All things changed and nothing to advantage—unless it be my Lady Marie, and in truth she is infinitely grown since I saw her last, a tiny thing, weeping for her father, at the bar of this inexorable parliament."

Marie turned away her face, with so sad and im-

ploring a glance at Ingulph, that his heart died away in his bosom with compassion and dread.

"Take not on, take not on, child! though in truth the recollection of those times plays the onion to mine own eyes," said Laud, sorrowfully. "But where are your papers, my daughter; we have no time to lose; for my jailers never stretch a point toward me in the way of civility."

"They are here," said Marie, with a faint smile, and loosening her cloak, she began to open one of the seams.

The prelate made some general inquiries of De la Pole concerning the king and certain personages of the court, in which he seemed to take an interest, although his eye was continually and uneasily fixed on Ingulph. At last the lady produced a paper from this strange concealment, which she handed to Laud, who read it aloud with strong emphasis.

It was a letter from the Marquis of Montacute, utterly denying the allegations concerning the inveiglement of Ingulph's mother into a fictitious marriage, declaring that she was still alive, and residing in London, and calling upon the archbishop to pronounce whether such a case had ever come before him.

"And most truly I can aver, never!" said Laud, turning with an inquiring expression to Ingulph.

"My uncle, Stonehenge, denies your grace's jurisdiction," he replied, confusedly. "He will only produce his proofs against the replication of the Marquis of Montacute; but he desired me to remind

your grace of the circumstances under which you persecuted a puritan minister, Hugh Peters."

"Out of their own mouths doth He confute them!" said Laud, eagerly. "Hugh Peters was, as I can well remember, disfrocked for marrying two persons against the canon law, in the Fleet, by night, in masks, and without the consent of their relatives, being the Marquis and his first wife, the Lady Editha De la Pole! For the sake of blackening his enemy, this factious Stonehenge hath confused this charge with the more ancient one of his seduction of your mother, Grizzle Dethewarre, which I had formerly occasion to examinate."

Ingulph stood for a moment as if paralysed. There was such a rush of probabilities in the statement, that it came upon him almost with the force of conviction; and the grief and indignation of his feelings overcame him to utter silence.

"Did I not say, Dethewarre, that they had faithlessly lied to you, to win you over to their murtherous cause?" said Marie, vehemently. "This uncle of yours scruples not to make you affirm a monstrous calumny against your own father, in the face of the whole nation, in order to overwhelm you with ignominy, and thus secure you of their party, to which all that is base naturally belongs. But now behold what your king does for you—what your father would do!"

And tearing open the lining of her mantle with impatient violence, several vellum parchments, sealed with the broad seal of England, fell out, which she handed to the three, apparently according to the endorsements.

"God bless his most gracious majesty, God bless him!" said Laud, clasping his hands enthusiastically. "To remember me in his own so great troubles! Oh! what a mercy and a tenderness hath he for his poor, faithful servant, that in anticipation of mine enemies' rigour, hath sent me his gracious pardon! But that will avail little if their violence be not rebuked."

"Which I trust it shall be!" said De la Pole, delightedly. "His majesty is here graciously pleased to issue his commission of array to me, appointing a council of war in London, with absolute powers to suppress all tumultuous meetings, gatherings, assemblages, against the peace of our sovereign lord the king, and to destroy, slay, and imprison, all rebels and evil-disposed persons resisting his majesty's rightful authority and the privileges of parliament."

"But you, Master Dethewarre, what have you there?—you do not speak," said Marie, remarking with infinite agitation the changes in Ingulph's countenance.

"The council itself deigns to beseech me, that did not once deign to listen to me," said Ingulph, quivering with contending passions. "I am promised the legitimization of my name, succession as my younger brother's junior, knighthood, an estate, and for crown of these royal favours I am confirmed in my rank as colonel of the troops I have raised—only in his majesty's service, without mention of the parliament!"

"All the peers, the majority of the commons, are with us!" said De la Pole. "For the citizens, I

have their hands to it, we cry halves at the least; your soldiers are the only body of troops now assembled within the lines, for the trained bands cannot muster without time allowed. Essex himself is favourable to us, whose army lies the nearest; or at worst he will remain neutral. We need but the smallest beginning, but the least gleam of success, and our friends will declare themselves as plenteously as grasshoppers after a shower. Do you and your armed fellows but suddenly declare for us; in the panic nothing easier than to seize on the Tower, Baynard's Castle, the City gates, and then we have only to let the cavaliers loose from their prisons, shut up my lord mayor in his chandlery, cut off the heads of the hydra in those of Pym, Saye, Wharton, St. John, Selden, and Vane, hold out the city till Rupert gallops into it, and then Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi!—who will be last?"

"Rejoice, O my soul! and be not thou cast down, my heart! the church shall yet be saved!" said Laud, clasping his lean and quivering hands in rapt enthusiasm. "But who can marvel, that remembers how His people, in the ancient time, crossed the Red Sea dry-shod! Laus tibi, Domine! Thy church shall be saved, and not, I trust, by a race of men who, like Cornish wreckers that save only to plunder, did formerly rescue it from the Romish idolatries; yea, its despoilers shall regorge their prey, the treacherous nobles of Harry the Eighth shall render all back again to the besotted people who aided them to rob themselves of their dearest heritage!"

During this rhapsody, of which Ingulph heard not a word, he remained lost in thoughts so rapid, various, and violent, that it resembled the whirl of madness. The republican hopes which he had long nourished, the wrongs he had sustained from the court, infinite motives of honour and gratitude were on one side: on the other, the prejudices of his youth and natural inclinations to pomp and splendour, and that dreamy but delicious hope whose rosy light now flooded the bounds of existence.

But to do Ingulph but bare justice, tremendous as was the moment's struggle, it was not longer doubtful.

"I am the sworn soldier of the parliament!" he said, rising abruptly. "I know not what ye have seen in my conduct to justify the belief that I am a traitor of so black a dye! Again I tell you, that triumph or defeat, life or death, I am body and soul the friend of freedom, and the foe of tyranny!"

"Why, so are we; our object is perfectly legal," said De la Pole, vehemently. "It is but to maintain the true Protestant religion, against papists and sectaries, to resist illegal assessments, and to restore the laws to their ancient power."

"Young man, hear me, listen to the voice of reason!" said Laud. "What recompense both from God and man do you reject! Know you no duty to either, that refuse this noble project to restore both to their rights? Will you draw down on your head the eternal execration of heaven and earth, by this obstinate treason against their visible representatives, the church and the king!"

"I am to suffer the punishment, none else—on my head let it fall!" exclaimed Ingulph, turning desperately from the clasped hands and streaming eyes of the daughter of Strafford.

"Then, O God! what will become of this land, for, indeed, I know not what order of men speaks through this man's lips!" said Laud, sinking back exhaustedly in his chair.

"My project is then utterly ruined! You have only to betray it and me!" said De la Pole, rising in a paroxysm of rage.

"Nay, my lord—nay, hear me!" said Marie, in a voice which did not tremble, and yet expressed the extremity of feeling. "Since the murderers of my father are so dear to Master Dethewarre, bear witness, sir, that I have brought these commissions from the king, that I have now the custody of them. Hasten then to your committee of safety; tell Pym to join the blood of the child to that of the parent; I will lay my head on the block with a smile; but betray us all together, for you cannot do it separately."

And as she spoke these words she huddled the papers back into the lining of her mantle, which seemed artfully contrived for the purpose.

"I am no betrayer, Marie! had I one drop of treacherous blood in my veins, were I not now my country's Judas, since you would have it so?" said Ingulph, furiously. "I will not betray ye, but I will die at my post against your treasonable attempts; you have your commissions and I have mine."

"He knows full well, the born beggar and churl, that without his concurrence all our projects are in

vain!" said De la Pole, who felt himself caught in his own net, and in whom all the passions which the dominant one of ambition had suppressed began to raise their hissing heads. "And so, my sweet Marie, we have only to ask my lord archbishop's license to celebrate our marriage, and return to Oxford together."

"My lord archbishop is secluded from all offices of the priesthood, heard you not?" said Ingulph, wildly laughing; and Marie melted into a passion of tears, which she vainly but haughtily endeavoured to conceal. The veins of De la Pole's forehead swelled, and his rage was obviously rising above his mastery, while Ingulph watched the struggle with silent scorn; when it was luckily terminated by the entrance of Pennington, who, with sententious brevity, announced that the hour was elapsed.

"Then, since we shall scarcely meet again on earth," said the archbishop, resuming his firmness; "my children, take with you an old man's blessing! And tell his majesty from me that I will die as I have lived—the most grateful, if the least fortunate of his servants."

"I trust we shall live to hear you tell him so yourself," said De la Pole, fiercely smiling.

"Nay, for I am very old, and they are resolved on my blood," said the prelate, shaking his thin grey locks, while Pennington gave an impatient clink to his bunch of keys.

The farewell was hastened by this gesture, and while Marie was speaking a few words in a low tone to the archbishop, De la Pole recovered his characteristic manner.

"Do not leave us, or they will suspect something," he whispered to Ingulph. "I have a barge waiting."

Ingulph nodded gloomily, and by this time Marie had turned, and taken the arm of the cavalier. The archbishop escorted her to the door of his chamber, and she went without casting even one look back on her late companion.

In a short time, as if passing through the phases of a dream, Ingulph found himself seated at the prow of a barge, while his captives, as they might be called, sat moodily at the other end, dashing rapidly through the waves to Whitehall.

As they approached the palace, a sound of music was audible, playing some light and galliard airs. A fleet of wherries, handsomely gilded and decked with streamers, came bearing toward them. Ingulph turned his helm, and shot across the water to avoid them, but the manœuvre was baffled by a corresponding one in the opposite party. His barge was quickly surrounded by the gay little flotilla, and one remarkable for its elegance and profusion of ornament, playfully dodged with him on the water for some moments, baffling his efforts to escape.

The barque was crowded with persons whom Ingulph had no desire to meet. The Earls of Northumberland and Holland, the latter steering, Waller, and several other eminent members of the party volant, were there. Surrounded by these adorers, and reclining like another Cleopatra on a silken couch, was Lady Carlisle.

Finding it useless and ridiculous to protract the

contest, Ingulph ordered the rowers to drop their oars, and sullenly awaited the pleasure of his vanquishers. Holland laughed heartily, and his intentions soon appeared to be not at all hostile, for Lady Carlisle herself came bending over the vessel, and fixing her bright eyes smilingly on Ingulph, invited them on board her barge to partake of a Venice collation, as feasts on the water were called.

It struck Ingulph instantly, and with infinite anguish, that the whole affair was preconcerted, and that the party volant imagined they were about to celebrate the triumph of their treacherous policy. He therefore at once and sternly refused, and in spite of the eagerness with which De la Pole himself pressed him to consent, awaited only until the lady and her betrothed had entered the countess's barge, to push off in his own.

CHAPTER XII.

"My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in my tortured soul."

RICHARD II.

IF Ingulph were in no humour for anything else, he was certainly in one for an explanation, as an explosion is speciously called, when discontents have long been smothering in men's hearts. He resolved to demand a clear account from Stonehenge of the circumstances of the alleged marriage, which Laud seemed to have satisfactorily refuted.

It was drawing towards sunset when Ingulph reached the palace, an hour at which Stonehenge was certain to be in his study or laboratory in the round tower, and mostly alone. There he frequently remained till midnight, and even at times all the night, engaged in his mystical toils, so absorbing in their sublimity and silence. Ingulph resolved to proceed thither at once, but it was not without some strange feeling of awe that he found himself winding up the tower, in the gathering gloom of night.

He found the merchant quietly seated opposite

the open window, apparently watching the rising of a star which appeared twinkling on the horizon.

"I expected you, nephew, but you are early," he said, placidly. "And now, without more words, what have you discovered?"

Ingulph had intended to begin with some reproaches on the deception of which he now believed he was made the tool; but the calm, dignified tone of the merchant surprised him into more respectful carriage. He contented himself with plainly stating the archbishop's refutation.

"He admits so much—that is well," he said, instead of the confused asseverations which Ingulph expected. "He is wrong only in the personages of that fatal marriage, but mayhap he knows it not, for subtle heads did plan it. But in good time I shall unravel it all; and yet take courage in my solemn assurance that Tribulation is not your mother."

"You deal in mysteries which I cannot fathom, and which will I never more attempt!" said Ingulph.

"And do not you, my nephew?" said Stonehenge. "How is it that you are returned alone? Have you quarrelled with your company?"

"What mean you, sir?" returned Ingulph.

"If you have swallowed poison, here is the antidote," replied the sage, throwing a paper to him. "De la Pole imagines he has corrupted my mulatto, and trusts him to forward his correspondences by aid of the Water-Poet, and this is of them."

Ingulph glanced at the paper, and soon saw enough to rivet his attention. It was a letter from De la Pole

to his father, written probably just before his sally on the visit to the Tower. It was cautiously worded, but intimated that he had no doubt of the success of some great stroke in preparation; and desired that a messenger might be waiting at Beaconsfield to carry immediate notice of the "arrival of the great ship in the Downs" to Prince Rupert.

But the conclusion chiefly fixed Ingulph's attention, inasmuch as it related to himself personally. De la Pole spoke of him in a very strange style, considering that it was to a common parent; expressed his infinite disgust at the presumptuous hopes which the "half-born fellow" had evidently conceived from the encouragement which Lady Marie found it necessary to give to lure him into the scheme; and declared that immediately on his success he trusted that the king would be graciously pleased to send his brother to the plantations, as had been formerly determined, although no longer as a prisoner or exile, but in any high capacity which his majesty might judge commensurate to his merits. As to the rank traitor and insolent calumniator, Master Stonehenge, he should not fail to attend to his noble father's instructions, and make him the first taster of the rigorous justice of martial law. Whether the commissions which Marie was that day to deliver to him, in the presence of Laud, would authorise the sudden execution of these arch-rebels he did not know, but was determined on his own responsibility, as lieutenant to the king and president of the council of war in London, to effect a

riddance of them ere time were allowed to plague his majesty on the matter.

"Well, sir, what say you? Hath she her grappling irons so well fixed in you, that she can take you on this voyage over the Atlantic?" said Stonehenge, with a caustic smile. "If so, you are the moth of beauty, and not the butterfly, which some men would have me deem you are."

"If you are so generous as to resolve to heighten your wife's beauty by putting her in widow's weeds, I see not why I should refuse!" said Ingulph, whose thoughts glanced at a deeper motive for the cavalier's hatred of Stonehenge than that expounded in the epistle. But the merchant started, for the expression occurred to him in another point of view.

"How fell it at the interview with my Lord of Canterbury?" he said after a slight pause. "If you have suffered yourself to be seduced by the outward fairness of this woman into the detestable projects formed to betray the land to slavery, surely you need no other light to warn you off the rock of her temptations, than this discovery of her unfeeling treachery?"

"Thank God! though all her infinite allurements were exhausted upon me, all have failed!" said Ingulph, laughing with a wildness which relieved his overcharged and bursting heart better than tears. "I have balked their conspiracy, although she tempted with a bribe for which I would have perilled my salvation, but not my honour; yet thank God, all has failed, and they have their commissions as use-

lessly in their possession as henceforth all the affections and trusts of my soul must be."

"Magnanimous spirit! now indeed I understand why the heavens themselves have chosen you out to work their purpose!" said Stonehenge, with a gleam of triumph lightening over his visage, but it was succeeded by a singular expression of doubt and mistrust. "What has supported you then in this so direful a struggle, as it must have been, if ever you loved this lady?" he continued; "or hath some new flame devoured the first?"

Ingulph was staggered and confused with the suspicion implied in these words, and still more by the glance of his uncle; and he made no reply for a marked minute, and then said, with a degree of scornful bitterness which only the misery of his feelings could justify—"Ask of the stars, since they are your gossips, and tell you all things."

"Then we have only to draw the threads of the net, and the stony hearts of Montacute and of his king are reached on the sole points where they are vulnerable!" said Stonehenge, hurriedly. "His martyr's daughter following the fate of her father,—thine only son, base Montacute, perishing by a shameful, ignominious doom! This is vengeance, but it is justice too! And the same storm shall blast the rank crop of traitors springing among us, and bear you forth to the gaze of men as the deliverer and saviour of the land; for, Ingulph, your duty as an officer of the parliament is instantly to appear before the committee, and denounce these traitors and this treason."

"Send Marie to the block! Slay my brother!

Pour forth a deluge of blood!" exclaimed Ingulph, with an aghast stare.

"Yea, and were your soul so seared with wrongs as mine, it would bathe delightedly in an ocean of the blood of tyrants!" said Stonehenge, rapidly. "The Norman William was not legitimate, and yet five crowns encircled his brows! A gorgeous destiny may be thine, Ingulph! and yet full of good to all humanity."

"The destiny of Cain—to slay my brother, and then found empires!" said Ingulph.

"If your heart flinches in the presence of this terror of fate, say so, and I will hasten before the council myself with the revelation," returned Stonehenge, with some infusion of contempt at the weakness thus betrayed.

Ingulph paused for some moments, agitated by the contention of numerous passions; rage at the cruel and contemptuous use which he now imagined had been made of his deepest and purest affections; promptings of revenge and rivalry; but over all predominated the mighty feeling, which once entertained in the human heart, is never finally extinguished by all the accidents of time and change.

Fear for Marie's safety, which must be almost equally compromised by his consent or refusal of the office which Stonehenge pressed on his acceptance, became the principal idea in his mind. To avert the danger his main object.

"It is a butcherly office, but if the heavens impose it upon me, I accept it," he said, with a deceptiveness which added another pang to his full

store. "But are you sure on this point? Have you consulted your oracles above?"

"You know not then, Ingulph, that the sage must prepare himself by many hours of abstinence and retirement for these high questionings?" replied Stonehenge, in the enthusiastic tone of an adept.

"We are not hurried," said Ingulph, earnestly. "The conspirators are balked, but not quite out of hope; matters may be easily delayed for the time which may be necessary, and meanwhile any proceedings on their part will but precipitate their ruin."

This project fell in so speciously with the delusion which possessed the otherwise powerful mind of Stonehenge, that he assented, but not without suspicion; for he stipulated that Ingulph should spend the interval at Bulstocke's, and pledge himself not to speak either to the lady or the cavalier. Under the circumstances, Ingulph dared not hesitate in giving the required assurances, and Stonehenge signified that he would devote the next day to his abstemious preparations, and the subsequent night to the starry consultation.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN.

According to promise, and not without suspicion that he was watched, Ingulph, immediately after the interview with his uncle, left the palace, and hastened to Ludgate. Devising and rejecting a thousand means of communicating their danger to the conspirators, and urging them to flight while there was time, he reached Bulstocke's house, without deciding on any one.

But on his arrival chance suggested the expedient which wisdom could not contrive. He found Dame Bulstocke and her maidens actively engaged in making preparations for a feast. On inquiry he learned that the following was Midsummer-day, the feast of St. John, which from time immemorial was observed with great pomp and ceremony by the Londoners, but which had been lately changed into a fast by order of the parliament.

Of all the graceful and poetical observances of the Catholic Church, the vigil of St. John was the most distinguished for its beauty and elegance of sentiment. Bonfires were kindled in the streets;

the citizens hung blazing cressets at their doors; and the summer being usually in its profusion, flowers decorated every house, and the young men and maidens, crowned with garlands, and bearing nosegays, danced and frolicked beneath the eyes of their elders, in all innocence and delight. But the parliament applied its zeal and severity to the extirpation of these attractive relics of popery, and Ingulph was not a little surprised to find that Bulstocke ventured openly to infringe its ordinance.

The mysterious laughs which the alderman gave when questioned on the subject, the scorn and defiance he expressed for the parliament; above all, his intimations that Ingulph knew all about the matter, convinced him that it was necessary to affect that he did. It occurred to him, especially on hearing who were invited, that the meeting was for political as well as festal purposes. He took his cue from this supposition, and informed Bulstocke, that, in order to avert suspicion from the festival, he would spend the night where he was, and be art and part in the whole affair on the subsequent day.

Bulstocke readily closed with this offer, for with all his blustering outside show, he had in reality many inward qualms, and was alarmed at the caution which his nephew observed with regard to taking any share in the plans afoot. But he was somewhat staggered, when by way of additional blind, Ingulph proposed that he should invite Mistress Stonehenge to the feast, as one whose flowery pomp and gaiety would please her southern fancy. Bulstocke started many objections, and Ingulph was

astonished to perceive, despite his efforts to conceal it, that he had really a superstitious fear of the young Mexican; although he had not clearly assigned her the qualities of witch or fairy.

When Ingulph had laughed away this objection, another more solid remained. Stonehenge had always shown a great dislike and unwillingness to allow his wife to mingle in the society which she was likely to meet at Bulstocke's house—or in fact in any; and it was not probable that he would break his rule on this occasion. But Ingulph assured him that Stonehenge would be busied in his tower in his astrological pursuits late enough to allow of his wife's sharing the festival and returning unnoticed, so that there was no necessity to ask his permission. In case of discovery his own presence was a sufficient authority for hers; and in conclusion, he mysteriously assured Bulstocke that the success of their great combination depended a good deal on his being enabled, in an unsuspected manner, to obtain intelligence from Ramona on certain proceedings of Stonehenge which seemed to argue suspicions of himself.

This last argument was quite convincing to Bulstocke, and he agreed to go to Whitehall, and deliver an invitation to Ramona, certain that he should not be seen by Stonehenge, who continued his seclusion ever since the arrival of the Lady Marie. But Ingulph doubted whether Mistress Stonehenge herself would accept so singular an invitation without some cogent reason. He therefore instructed Bulstocke to inform her, that the life or death of the

stranger she had met in the royal chambers at Whitehall depended on her compliance.

Bulstocke had but little heart for the enterprise, and he still ventured a feeble dissent, on the score of the quarrel between Ramona and his sister-in-law. But Ingulph was aware that Tribulation highly disapproved of this idolatrous festival, as she called it, and had declared her resolution to spend the whole day at church, fasting from all but the manna which might be expected in profusion from the presbyters on such an occasion.

Finally Bulstocke proceeded on the exploit, and during the whole time of his absence his wife showed as much anxiety as she probably did when he was exposed to real dangers, with Essex's army. At last he returned, but with an aspect not much lightened, and Ingulph found that although he had seen and conversed with Mistress Stonehenge, and that after hearing his signal, she at once accepted the invitation and promised to observe all the conditions, his apprehensions of her supernatural attributes were not much diminished.

An attachment to pleasure and revelries was at the period considered a sign of royalist tendencies; and yet Bulstocke was so resolved to celebrate the feast in the ancient manner, that Ingulph with difficulty prevailed upon him not to prepare a bonfire in his armoury. Accordingly, when the guests arrived they found the huge oaken hall or parlour hung with green birch, intermingled with the golden laburnum; garlands lay on the table for the guests to wear; and a vast crown of the richest summer

flowers hung in the centre of the roof. A fire of scented wood blazed on the hearth, for without fire the vigil of St. John could not be duly observed, and it was judged inexpedient to kindle it as usual in the open air.

Dame Bulstocke exhausted her culinary skill in preparing the eatables, for her anxiety to please a visitor who was suspected to be a sorceress, and not only a sorceress, but one of the remote and wondrous land of which such strange tales were told and believed, was very great. Such examples as Shakpere's witch made of the sailor's churlish wife who denied her the chesnuts, were but too familiar in the national mind.

Confectionery of such various ingenuity as to be justly reckoned among the *artes perditæ* in these degenerate times, towers and landscapes of crystallized sugar, in which by way of graceful compliment, a dance of fairies was introduced, testified the good dame's skill. It had been usual to adorn these triumphs of the art with gilded figures of the apostles and the three kings; but it was much doubted between Dame Bulstocke and her husband whether these holy emblems would be pleasing in the sight of Stonehenge's wife.

Not dreaming of the real motives of the query, Ingulph advised the omission of what might give offence as a Catholic mummery; but, in recompense, Dame Bulstocke took care to introduce the cross as frequently as possible in all the meats and pastries, and privately nailed a horse-shoe under the fire-place.

With all these precautions, good Dame Bulstocke suffered considerable alarm as the increasing number of her guests warned her that it could not be long ere ere the fearful one arrived. Meanwhile Ingulph remarked an air of mysterious intelligence in the manner of most of the guests, deeper and more significant in some than in others. His own presence seemed to give exuberant delight; and Mistress Chaloner, who entered with a very unusual air of gravity, and even gloom, was so delighted apparently to see him, that she instantly resumed her usual rattling merriment. The existence of the royalist conspiracy, in its deepest and most dangerous ramifications, was probably known to very few present; but all were more or less engaged in promoting the petition for a peace; and in joining in this prohibited festival, felt as if tacitly pledging themselves to one another.

Among those who openly expressed their satisfaction with this defying revelry, Mistress Chaloner was conspicuous, who dragged her good man about, and compelled him to applaud everything. This was done partly in opposition to the stiff pomp and state in which it pleased Madam Tomkins to preserve her dignity intact.

"Ay, this is as it should be; and we will keep midsummer as long as it comes, despite of all their ordinances," said Mistress Chaloner. "Husband, thou art a fool to live in such terror of them, as if they had heaven's eyes, and could see everywhere. Look you, how pleasant 'tis! Oh, for the good old times again, and I care not if I kiss the pope's slipper in

Paul's, and sing carols to a tabor on Christmas day."

"Thou art silly, woman, if aught but honest men heard ye," said Chaloner, gravely.

"Ay, but, neighbour, let Mistress Chaloner talk;" said Madam Tomkins, with condescending kindness "Barking dogs bite not; and 'tis well known—in more places than Parliament House,—that Mistress Chaloner's tongue goes faster in a day than she will follow in a fortnight."

"Well, they say the contrary of you, Madam Tomkins,—but 'tis not for want of wit," said Mistress Chaloner, sharply. "You value your words at so much a-piece; yet, for my doings, when yours have made your husband a knight mine shall not be far from being his worship."

"'Tis the still swine swallows the draff," said Bulstocke, striving to turn this edge of this allusion. "And so Madam Tomkins says the less, and thinks the more, my winsome magpie."

"Yet for all that, I will wager my red velvet cardinal, that Madam Tomkins' silence shall sooner hang a man than my chattering," said the fair citizeness.

"Nay, Mistress Chaloner, you talk it strangely; what is this about hanging?" said Tomkins, with considerable emotion. "I know not what you mean."

"There is the less occasion to cross yourself then, Master Tomkins," replied Mistress Chaloner.

"And for your red velvet cardinal, I like not the fashion of it," said Madam Tomkins, disdainfully. "Methinks, wrought cardinals have been held in

slight opinion since Richelieu died; and I am glad on't, for 'tis mighty unbecoming, unless, indeed, one's neck were as wizened as a last year's apple."

"That cannot be said of mine, can it, master soldier?" said Mistress Chaloner, unbuttoning her ruff, and rather liberally displaying the beauty of her neck to the company in general, and Ingulph in particular. "I would I could make thee jealous, Chaloner; but what is he dreaming of now?"

"I was thinking, wife," began Chaloner, when he hemmed and coughed, and there was a singular silence for some moments. "I do marvel, Master Tomkins," he continued; "why Pennington is so resolved against our having the chains set up in Ludgate, against the cavaliers?"

"Good truth, because what will bar the wolf will bar the dog," said Mistress Chaloner. "And the jewellers' guild, and right they should be, are too much for the king, God bless him, whether it be treason or not to say so!"

"It is worse, Mistress Chaloner, it is folly," said Ingulph.

"Life's troth, Master Dethewarre," replied the citizeness, laughing at his grave manner. "For all you are so wise, I do think if I asked you to sup with me some evening when Chaloner is at the Three Swans, busy at his politics, I could keep you while two or three honest lads shouted 'Hey for the king! at Master Pym's bedroom door."

"But now your trick is known it will not conjure," replied Ingulph. "Besides I love mischief, and wherever 'tis afoot, will be in it."

Tomkins and Chaloner exchanged mute glances, and drawing up to one another, began discoursing in a low tone. Dame Bulstocke, who was bustling in and out, arranging her guests and superintending the kitchen by turns, now solemnly inquired of Ingulph when he thought that Mistress Stonehenge would arrive. There was an immediate buzz of curiosity and surprise.

"Now, popish though it be, let us cross ourselves, if we are to dine with Mistress Stonehenge," exclaimed Chaloner's wife. "I' faith, it affrights me, and yet I would give a broad piece any time to see her! What, hath she in reality—nay, it must be men's lies—hooks for fingers?"

"Nay, but as fair and shapely a hand as your own," said Ingulph, with a smile.

Despite this assurance, there was a visible gloom came over the company, and several ladies hesitated between fear of the guest and expectation of the feast. The conversation gradually sunk into monosyllables, and even Mistress Chaloner had little to say, occupying herself chiefly in mimicking Madam Tomkins's sullen majesty of demeanour, whenever she could do it unobserved by her.

In the midst of this silence the rumbling wheels of a caroche were audible in the yard, and as all the guests had arrived but Stonehenge's wife, Bulstocke looked imploringly at his nephew, who instantly went out to receive her.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Draw near, ye well-joined wickedness, ye serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warmed,
Till I am stung to death."

DRYDEN.

INGULPH returned leading in Mistress Stonehenge, after a longer time had elapsed than seemed strictly necessary. The whole company arose in a flutter of curiosity and alarm, even the men sharing both, for the belief in witchcraft was common to all conditions. Ramona's appearance was calculated to increase the curiosity, and perhaps not to diminish the alarm. Dressed in a costume the like of which had never been seen in England, blazing over with jewels of extraordinary size and splendour, exceedingly pale, but with a wild and troubled brilliancy of eye, she entered.

The distant courtesies with which she was received, she reciprocated with the stiff ceremonials Tribulation had taught her; and her eye wandered tearfully around, as if in quest of some kindly or less foreign object, when the gay aspect of the flowers seemed to strike her. The sadness vanished for a moment from her face, and she ran from nosegay to nosegay,

kissing them in delight. But suddenly she stopped short, and the darkness fell again upon her vivid features.

Mistress Bulstocke took courage from this display of natural and childish feeling; she welcomed her young visitor with more propinquity than she had yet ventured on; and when Ramona's eye fell on the benevolent, motherly expression of the good old woman's countenance, she snatched her hand and kissed it repeatedly, uttering a torrent of Spanish salutations, which she listened to in passive alarm, not knowing but that it might be a spell. But Mistress Chaloner, who was never long dashed by any circumstance, now approached.

"Good troth, Master Stonehenge is in the right to keep you under lock and key, though 'tis an affront to the whole worshipful guild of merchants' wives!" said she. "And, lackaday! what monstrous and profane lies are believed in this city, merely because folks cannot be ever at their own backs to contradict them!"

Ramona understood but little of this speech except its kindness; and she glanced at Mistress Chaloner with a tearful smile which somewhat startled her.

All now proceeded to table, and it needed but the example of Ingulph, who put one of the garlands on Ramona's head, to induce the rest of the men to offer the wreaths to their fair companions.

Madam Tomkins at first declined hers on the plea that it would derange her head-tire, but grew less fearful on the subject when Mistress Chaloner discovered that in each garland was a gem of apparently con-

siderable value. So magnificent a present—for such it seemed to be—excited general astonishment, and all looked at Bulstocke for an explanation. The good alderman solemnly averred that he knew nothing about the matter, and somewhat tremulously observed that, whoever had put the gems there, he hoped it was in God's name.

"If mine turn not to ashes, 'tis as large a sapphire as I saw on her majesty's finger, when I was last at court," said Madam Tomkins, with an indescribable glance at Ramona, whose musing melancholy had returned so strongly that she scarcely noticed what had happened, and not at all that her own wreath of lilies was undecked with any such splendid gift.

"Be it witchery or not, if it sparkle thus but for an hour, I will wear it so long," said Mistress Chaloner.

"Heaven knows if it be offended with our feast," said Dame Bulstocke, looking as if she herself were quite ignorant on the point.

"An' Heaven send such chastisements as these, it were to tempt many an honest Christian to sin," said Mistress Chaloner; and glancing over at her husband, she exclaimed, "But I am a forsworn woman if Chaloner knows not all about it."

"Good sooth, 'tis my Lord De la Pole's presenting, and none of mine," replied the jeweller, giggling; and in the midst of the hilarity produced by this explanation, the company seated themselves to the banquet.

Such is the force of prejudice, that, with the young and timorous creature before them, still not one in

the company felt himself assured of Ramona's real character; and those who watched the troubled flashing of her eye, and the deep anxiety of expression which frequently sunk on her features, imputed it all to a conscience but ill at ease.

With the dessert came an addition to the revelry which Bulstocke's anxious looks seemed to have anticipated for some time. The harmonious breathings of horns and flutes uniting in a sprightly march, suddenly struck on the hearing of the guests, and one of Bulstocke's servants entered, smiling all over, to announce that certain maskers desired permission to join the company. It was the custom of neighbours and friends to visit one another, in various disguises, at these festivals of St. John, and Bulstocke, rubbing his hands gleefully, gave the required leave without hesitation.

Preceded by their music, appeared a group of personages, dressed in a style meant to represent the Indians of Mexico, according to the opinions entertained in England from the descriptions of romantic voyagers, consisting principally of robes of cloth of gold, and feathers of the brightest dye. They were all masked in black vizards, and Bulstocke, according to custom, bade them heartily welcome, and desired them to unmask and drink a wassail bowl to the memory of good St. John.

One of the Mexicans as courteously replied, that they were bound not to unmask until they were commanded by the ladies who had deigned to wear the wreaths which they had ventured to offer. The voice seemed familiar to Ingulph, and his apprehen-

sions were confirmed, when, on Mistress Chaloner's laughing permission, the maskers took off their vizards, and revealed to his undelighted eyes the Lords De la Pole and Holland, and divers other gentlemen of high rank.

But not so was it with the rest of the company, who received their courtly guests with rapture, as if relieved by the presence of such powerful personages from any fears which the breach of the parliament's commands might have infused into some. The cavalier seemed as delighted to meet his brother as if they were on terms of the best possible understanding, which no doubt was an opinion which he wished the rest of the guests to entertain. It was necessary for Ingulph also to dissemble, and his manner did but slightly contradict that of De la Pole. The maskers were then seated in places of the greatest honour, and although Ingulph saw the manœuvre which the cavalier projected, he quietly suffered himself, for his own reasons, to be ousted from his place beside Ramona.

Waller was among the revellers, and his lively wit soon broke the ice which for a moment intervened between citizen and courtier, for the lines of demarcation were in that age strongly marked. Nor could De la Pole's wild spirit of defiance and gaiety have encountered a more congenial helpmate than Mistress Chaloner, with whom he seemed to be on very excellent terms. But it soon appeared that business was to mingle in all this parade of pleasure; the musicians and servants were dismissed under pretext to share the relics of the banquet, and although In-

gulph had little doubt, from the short but agitated aside which took place under cover of the loud merriment between Ramona and the cavalier, that she had communicated his warning, De la Pole seemed not to take it or to despise it. And yet Ingulph had announced that Stonehenge knew all the particulars of the secret plot, and was only seeking from the stars a favourable moment to denounce it and its planners.

Still Ingulph could scarcely decide whether it was to conceal his real intentions, or perseverance in his former ones, which induced the cavalier somewhat suddenly to rise and propose the king's health, satirically adding, "as desired by the *majority* in his majesty's two houses of parliament." Some few of the guests slightly hesitated, but were overswayed by the example of the women and courtiers; and Tomkins, in enthusiasm, proposed that they should all drink it on their knees. But De la Pole wisely got rid of this imprudent motion by striking up a royalist song, which he sung so well and the air was so lively and inspiriting that the whole company joined unanimously in the chorus, Bulstocke keeping time delightedly by snapping his fingers to the swing of the tune.

The words are thus carefully preserved in the "Evergreen Garland," to which most rare collection we can never sufficiently acknowledge our obligations.

"Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy!
Who fails me in the toast?
Soldier! is it thou,
When I drink to honour's boast?

Wouldst thou follow a brewer
  Or a king to battle, boy ?
Come, hand in hand, together stand,
  And shout Vive, Vive le Roy !

Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy!
  Whose goblet rests unfilled ?
Scholar ! is it thine,
  Or is the liquor spilled ?
Wouldst thou drink not Augustus ?
  And our king's his better boy !
Come, hand in hand, together stand,
  And shout Vive, Vive le Roy !

Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy !
  Whose lip shrinks from the rim ?
Citizen, you last of all
  Should pause to drink to him.
In your rare wares and jewels
  Doth Ananias joy ?
Then, hand in hand, together stand,
  And shout Vive, Vive le Roy !

Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy !
  And if ye all refuse,
Woman! but thou begin,
  And then they cannot chuse.
If we followed her from heaven,
  To return can we be coy ?
Then, hand in hand, together stand,
  And shout Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy !"

"But, gentlemen, the time has come for more than words—we must not be ever seeds, and no sprouts !" said De la Pole, exulting in the general enthusiasm. "To-morrow, my Lord Holland, in

the peers, and Master Waller in the commons, will openly present your petitions for peace."

There was a general and obviously alarmed silence instantly.

"It shall be nobly backed," continued the cavalier, affecting not to notice this gloom. "Northumberland will support it—not only with words—Essex is discontented with them, and will not rebuke us; Master Waller is assured of three-fourths in the commons. We poor, imprisoned cavaliers have a secret understanding among ourselves, and will not fail to add our woful plaints; the secret friends we have are numerous, and unlike most others, will declare themselves at the moment of need."

"What 'need,' my lord?" said Tomkins, significantly; "the subject hath no right more constitutional and subject-like than this of petitioning."

"'Tis truly said, Master Tomkins," replied De la Pole, smiling. "But guilt has made these men marvellously fearful, and even so fair a mother as presbytery has given birth to a swarm of impy changelings which as they grow in strength will strangle her. No man should play with the hilt of the sword that is not ready to draw it; and I am well informed that the fanatics wait but for some sudden occasion to burst out and make a bloody massacre of us all. Nearly all you present are captains in the trained bands; therefore it behoves you, on the delivery of the petition, to roll your drums, and stand to arms until you know the upshot."

There was another and still more emphatic pause;

and the cavalier glanced from Mistress Chaloner to Madam Tomkins, and exclaimed, "There is but one here who cannot make himself a knight by a word, and yet Master Tomkins, who hath no command, is the only man willing to say it."

"Perchance for that reason," said Ingulph, with a derisive laugh.

"Nay, for if ever Chaloner hopes for a quiet hour again, he for one will be in Artillery Ground to-morrow," said his fair but despotic wife.

"There is no ordinance, nor act of parliament that I know of, to the contrary," said Chaloner, but somewhat tremulously. "What say you, Master Bulstocke, is it not within the city privileges to call the muster when we will?"

"We'll try, at all events," returned Bulstocke, heroically; adding, with a mysterious glance at Ingulph, "I wot well we have a noble band about Westminster will see none of us abused for a merciful praying for peace."

"Northumberland's retainers indeed to a man," interrupted the cavalier, gaily. "But 'tis not to be supposed we do plot any harm in the presence of ladies, and at a feast, so let us e'en keep up St. John's games in the manner of our fathers and, dance Herodias's coranto."

The wild spirit of hilarity which the excitement of danger frequently produces, stirred the whole company in unison to this joyous proposal. De la Pole led out Mistress Stonehenge, the musicians were summoned in, the coranto formed; and old and young, courtiers and citizens, masters and serv-

ants, were soon mingled in the revelry, all the more delightful for being of the forbidden order.

Ingulph alone did not join the festivity, but sat apart with an air of sullenness and reserve, but in reality lost in the most perplexing thoughts. The machinations of the cavalier, he now found, had placed all things on the brink of a precipice, to which the least awkward move might give the destroying impetus. If the fate of Marie had not been so inextricably involved in the affair, it is possible that he might have looked on with less terror, and taken some more abrupt measure to break the conspiracy. But the least false move might bring down the destruction in which she was certain to be involved; and the resolution which he now matured was to place her in safety, expound their danger to the other plotters, and if they still persisted, openly to baffle them.

He determined to return to Whitehall, with Ramona, as early as possible without exciting suspicion, and to see and warn Marie of her danger. But he had discovered so intense an interest in Ramona for the cavalier, that he could not think of leaving her behind, and he knew that he possessed a spell which she dared not disobey.

But while anxiously looking out for some pretence of retiring, time wore on, and the revellers plunged with increasing indiscretion into all the vagaries and antique sports of the festival. They were now all gathered round the fire, dancing in its cheerful light with nosegays in their hands, laughing, coquetting, and singing some of the old rhymed spells.

"Blessed St. John,
His eve upon,
Dance till cock-crow,
And fear no woe
Till the time of snow.

With vervain green
At his feast be seen;
Kindle his fire
To Heaven and higher,
And have your desire!"

chanted Mistress Chaloner, with great solemnity.

"Say you so, fair mistress?" said De la Pole, laughingly. "Then, in good truth, there is one in my heart burns as high."

"You are a forward gallant," said Mistress Chaloner. "But ere I listen to fair tales from cavaliers, I will see the king at Whitehall; for a courtier's love is only for the use of begging monopolies."

De la Pole was about to reply, when an event occurred which threatened to put the revelry to abrupt termination. The door opened, and Lilly suddenly made his appearance.

"Ladies and cavaliers!" he exclaimed precipitately; "take honest and loving advice, *gratis*, and separate on the instant; for I have learned by art 'tis a grand night for mobs; and ten to one, if they hear of your proceedings, there will be clubs raised and swords drawn, and heaven have mercy on some people's souls!"

"What mean you, Lilly?" said De la Pole, carelessly.

"Together like my grandame and her cat, ever!" said Lilly, staring at Ramona and Ingulph. "But for my meaning, my lord—hark, 'tis plain enough to be heard in the street below! In good English, some villain has been among the fanatics, telling them as to how you are keeping up the old poperies, and they are coming to put you right with club-reasons."

A trampling of many feet, a murmur of many voices, which had for some time sounded dreamily and remotely amidst the revelry, were now distinctly audible. Ingulph started up, and at the same instant a terrific shout was heard in the street, accompanied with a confused uproar of staves knocking at the door, and voices demanding admittance.

"Stir none! I will find the meaning of this disturbance," said Ingulph.

"I tell you 'tis Barebone's whole conventicle in arms," said Lilly. "I met them coming from their meeting-house, and as I saw Master Hopkins among them, I feared it might be after conjurers, or matters of that sort, at first, until I heard what was going on here, and so took to my heels."

"They will murder us all!" wept Mistress Chaloner.

"Are there any soldiers among them?" inquired Tomkins, whose alarms were altogether of a political nature.

"In heaven's name, Master Tomkins, speak not so far from the purport!" said Waller, tremulously.

Ingulph had meanwhile darted from the hall into the kitchen, which, as we have formerly mentioned,

opened on Ludgate. Bulstocke was the only person who followed, the servants having fled to their superiors on the commencement of the uproar.

The door was luckily of great strength, consisting of solid oak, cross-barred; and the unwelcome visitants seemed to have used their clubs in the first place merely to announce their arrival, for the noise was lulled into a hoarse murmur, as if they awaited the result.

Ingulph signified his own presence within by knocking the door with his fist, and then demanded who they were, and what they wanted, at that hour.

"Sinners, worms, the filth and scum of the Lord are we, and yet he hath sent us on an errand," replied the harsh voice of Praise-God Barebone. "Open the door, and reveal the abomination of iniquity, for the rooting out of which from the land, the babe hath become as a giant refreshed with wine, and the foolish wiser than Solomon; lest the terrors of judgment fall upon the whole city, and it become as Sodom and Gomorrah, whose place is not."

"I am a free citizen of London—what the fiend want ye in my house?" shouted Bulstocke, in reply.

"Deliver up the witch!" yelled another voice through the keyhole.

"There is no witch here, but citizens of wealth and their wives," said Ingulph.

"Were she the Midianitish woman whom they call queen, and a witch, 'tis ordained she shall be burned to ashes, in an unclean place, out of the camp!" returned Barebone.

"Our errand is not concerning witches nor witchcraft!" said a third voice. "Though if one be set on that task, we meddle not; but we are truly informed that you are keeping Satan's holiday, to the deluding and ruin of many precious souls; wherefore, I say, open the gates, and we will utterly put out the fires of Moloch, pull down the shady groves of Baal, and pluck the moony crown from Ashtaroth."

"We are well armed; and if you attempt this unlawful entry, the consequences be on your own heads!" replied Ingulph.

"When God is with us, who can be against us!" returned the fanatic; and with a wild yell the mob recommenced their operations.

Ingulph perceived that the door, strong as it was, could not long oppose a barrier, for one of the cross-bars was already crushed in. Considering also that his own presence, known to be trusted and favoured by the parliament, would pacify them, if not chafed by resistance into fury, he called out that he would admit them quietly, if they would promise to behave so. But in that brief space the door was forced in with a fearful crash, and a yelling mob, armed with thick clubs, pistols, bibles, and pikes, came rushing over one another like surges of the sea.

Ingulph and the alderman had but just time to rush back to the hall, where the other guests remained in a state of the greatest alarm. The cavaliers had resumed their masks, and drawn their swords, and Ramona leaned in mute terror on the arm of De la Pole.

Snatching the only weapon, which was a wooden stool, Ingulph of course ranged himself on the side of the assailed; and so formidable was the attitude of resistance which the revellers presented, that their attackers flooded into a mass, and stood at gaze.

Foremost of these, clad solemnly as a puritan divine, with a heated countenance full of fanatic determination, was Peters, the independent preacher. Hopkins and Barebone were the other leaders.

"So, brethren, is it thus you fight the fight, and wrestle with the kingdom of darkness?" said Peters, looking around at the flowery splendour and at the glistering garbs of the cavaliers. "Or are these the heathen games of the strumpet goddess, Flora?"

"I know of no commandments against flowers and wreaths, Master Peters," said Bulstocke, confusedly.

"Tut, we do but keep holiday after the fashion of our fathers," said Mistress Chaloner, resuming her courage. "Come, Master Peters, I know not what leanings to Baal you may have lately discerned in me, but I have heard you commend me after a goodly fashion, not so long ago as to forget."

"Mistress Chaloner, you do wrong yourself to assist in these love-feasts of Satan!" returned Peters, but in a somewhat milder tone, for there was something irresistible in the glance of those merry eyes; and Peters, or scandal wronged him, though a vehement fanatic, had his weak points. "Ay, truly it grieves me to see so snowy a heifer wandering from

the pastures, for methinks this is a sabbath to which it is no marvel if witches come on broomsticks and dogs in sieves, and the devil himself were to appear among you, with horns and fiery eyes and hoofs!"

"Why, Master Peters, how else should he come? —Not as an independent preacher?" said De la Pole, scornfully.

"Bear witness all, I take up my testimony against ye, as an unbelieving generation!" exclaimed Barebone. "And against these green birches, and vervain, and lilies, and violets, and midsummer fires; all which are works of the devil and popish mummeries."

"Aroint thee, Satan! I charge thee!" exclaimed Peters, unwilling to be outbid, and rushing at the crown of flowers, and tearing it like a mad horse at a manger. "Thus I tear down thy crown—thus I trample thy pride—and now I abjure thee!" he broke off, turning with wild fury towards Ramona, who clasped her hands and shrieked with terror. "Thus I abjure thee—if thou art what men deem thee, depart out of that goodly form, and release from the chains of hell that worthy Master Stonehenge whom thou hast usurped unto thyself!"

"What mean you, villain?" shouted Ingulph.

"This women is a witch, a sorceress, an enchantress!—thou shalt suffer none such to live!" said Peters, ravingly.

"Thou art a fool, a liar, and a demoniac!" said Ingulph, darting forward between the furious priest and the denounced.

"I speak in the name of my Master, whose badge is long-suffering and patience!" said Peters, foaming at the mouth. "And if this be really a human and a Christian woman, and not a devil under the form, let her suffer the assay of Matthew Hopkins, duly appointed to the work. Look how she quakes! Aroint thee, witch! Satan, I spit in thy black face—Begone!"

"And here I am, with service presented to your worships," said Hopkins, stepping forward, in a tone half bully and half coward; and pulling a rope from his leather wallet, he added eagerly—"Let me bind her at once, or worse will follow."

"Bind her! whom? to what purpose?" said Ingulph, trembling with rage. "Where is your warrant, rogue, to bind or to loose?"

"Here, here!" exclaimed Peters, breathlessly, and drawing out his bible he tore it open at the denunciation in the Mosaic law against witches and wizards.

"My two chief ways of discovery, if your worship inquires that," said Hopkins, with unabated effrontery; "and as truly I explained to the honourable judges of assize, is, first to strip the witch naked to discover the devil's marks and unnatural teats to suckle the imps at; then, if that fails, the ducking stool cannot be avoided, which is as simple a trial as can be, and may be done by the silliest clowns; 'tis but to tie the witch's thumb and great toe together, on a stool, sign her with the cross, take her to a water that runs east and west—."

"Bloodthirsty villain! avoid my sight instantly, or I will put you to a worse experiment in the fire!" exclaimed Ingulph.

"Nay, my fine master, if you are possessed by a devil 'tis none of my fault; I go nowhere but whence they send for me with tears and prayers and beseechings, and as it were to clear them of the plague," retorted Hopkins. "And let me tell you, ladies and gentlemen, if you had seen what I have, ye would not be so keen at keeping witches' company; but 'tis plain enough seen on you, since the devil has got ye already to dancing jigs with him."

"Seize on her, Christian friends," exclaimed Peters, himself making a grasp at Ramona, who cowered shrieking down. But De la Pole's form interposed.

"Ye all know Master Dethewarre," he said; "he will be bail for her appearance at any time you need her; meanwhile, Ingulph, convey her home—Master Waller's caroche is at the door, and we will make you a way."

Ingulph immediately took Ramona's hand, and awed by the drawn swords of the cavaliers, the mob suffered him to lead her through their ranks, Hopkins himself making no resistance, but bestowing a scowl of such intense malignity on Ramona as if she had done him a mortal injury. Not to be wholly balked, the fanatics then dispersed themselves about the hall, pulling down all its floral embellishments, and extinguishing the fire.

"We shall need one another to-morrow, indeed!" said De la Pole, pointing the moral of the scene, which owed its very existence to himself; and heartily coinciding in this opinion, the discomfited guests huddled out in masses, leaving Bulstocke to lament over the ruins of his feast.

CHAPTER XV.

"Never was known a night of such distraction!
Noise so confused and dreadful: justling crowds
That run, and knew not whither: torches gliding
Like meteors by each other in the streets."

DRYDEN.

WALLER'S caroche was indeed in waiting, but Ingulph ascertaining that a body of the city watch was coming up Ludgate, to suppress the disturbance, took a private way out by some back lanes which emerged in Holborn. Aware how strange the circumstances would appear to Stonehenge, his great object was now to convey Ramona home without becoming engaged in any public exposure. Unluckily, she was so much exhausted by fear that she could scarcely walk, and it was much later than he had imagined. In fact, the hour was past at which the usual adits of the palace were closed, and he consulted Ramona, with great perplexity, how she was to reach the old palace, when she reminded him of the secret corridor, and said she had taken the precaution to order the mulatto to be in waiting for her in the picture gallery.

Ingulph disliked this expedient, but there was no

resource, and as they continued their long journey he more particularly explained the perilous position of affairs. He desired Ramona to inform Marie of all, immediately, and to desire her to be ready to start, at day-break, for Oxford, taking with her whom she would, for he could not prevail upon himself to say De la Pole, and that he would be in readiness to escort her out of the city and to answer all questions.

Ramona breathlessly promised compliance, and though nearly spent with the toil of walking so unusually far, hastened her steps until they reached Holbein's Gate. To elude observation he wrapped her in his own cloak, but although it was dark night, one of Ingulph's soldiers, on duty at the gate, seemed at least to recognize that it was a female, by the long emphatic whistle of surprise which he gave.

The terrible consequences of discovery hastened their movements, but Ingulph did not abandon his unlucky companion until he had escorted her safely into the gallery, and found the mulatto in attendance. He then hastened back to his own chambers, and resolved, and yet devoured by anxiety, awaited the return of De la Pole, watching in the gateway chamber.

But hour after hour passed and the cavalier returned not; the pale light of dawn began to be visible, and Ingulph, in his anxiety, was about to sally forth in quest of him, when the whole building rang with tremendous blows at the gates below.

Darting to the window to ascertain the cause,

Ingulph perceived, with something of the terror of guilt, in the faint morning light, the figure of Stonehenge, striking at the gates with all his force. Lilly and the mulatto were with him, and as the sentinel at the gate kept it barred and refused to open without the pass-word, Ingulph had time to throw open a lattice in the window, and demand what was the matter.

"Where is Mistress Stonehenge? no man hath seen her since she left Ludgate with you!" shouted Lilly.

"Monster, where is my wife, my lamb, my innocent Ramona?" yelled Stonehenge, turning up a visage so deformed by passion that it resembled some hideous mask, and flourishing an axe, with which it seemed he was striking at the gates.

At this instant, Lord De la Pole, with several lackeys, came up to the gates, singing and slightly staggering, as if under the influence of wine. Ingulph heard him inquire what the matter was, and then exclaim, "What! Saint Ingulph found out after all?" and he called the pass-word to the sentinel to admit him. But by this time Ingulph comprehended, if not all the treachery to which he had fallen a victim, enough to convince him of the perilous circumstances in which he stood. In the desperation of his thoughts only one chance of escape presented itself. He ordered the soldier not to open the gates, but rather to suffer the assailants to batter it down; snatched up his cloak and sword, and rushed to the secret corridor. Unluckily, in his

agitation he tore the tapestry down, instead of lifting it up, but unheeding that he had thus left traces to guide a pursuer, he continued his way.

His intention, if the wild hope which guided him could be called so, was to hasten to the old palace, warn Lady Marie of the necessity of flight, and then to return, and, at whatever risk, undeceive his uncle from his error. Darkness and silence reigned throughout the immense palace, but he ran through the suites as if in the broad daylight; yet he had scarcely expected otherwise, when, on arriving at the exit to the hermitage garden, he found the doors fastened beyond all the efforts of his strength to open.

In this desperate pause he suddenly remembered the ruined galleries which apparently conducted to the tower where the unfortunate magus carried on his operations. Guided only by this conjecture and faint beams of light, he pursued his way recklessly, like one in a fearful dream, over all obstacles—leaping, scrambling, and tottering on giddy planks, till he found himself, how he knew not, on the remains of a gallery which conducted to the winding staircase of the tower. Without an instant's pause, he ran down its apparently endless steps and arrived at length at the base, whence he easily found his way into an inhabited part of the old palace.

Early as it was the domestics were all up, or rather had not been to bed, and from them he learned the confirmation of some of his worst fears. Mistress Stonehenge had not been seen by any one in the palace since she left it the night before to go

to Ludgate; and the mulatto, taking the alarm, went there with intent to bring her home, and was the first to give the alarm.

Ingulph distractedly demanded to speak with Lady Marie, and then he learned that she was at Northumberland House, whither she had accompanied Lady Carlisle, after the water-party. Almost overwhelmed with grief and indignation at the conspiracy in which he felt he was with such wonderful dexterity ensnared, Ingulph determined at least to save his honour as a soldier, and baffle the political part of De la Pole's extensive plot. That Ramona was spirited away in some manner by his contrivance, he could not doubt; to save her honour was now scarcely possible, but at all events, the only hope was to secure De la Pole. He must hasten, therefore, and procure his seizure by the committee of safety, and thus strike a panic into the whole party, which might prevent them from openly compromising themselves.

But fear of what might be the consequences of his revelation to Marie, and the certainty that in his absorption Stonehenge could scarcely anticipate him, induced Dethewarre to make a last effort for her preservation. There was a boat always kept at the palace stairs; he embarked himself in it, rowed to Westminster, and avoiding the great thoroughfares, arrived at Northumberland house.

He knocked for some time in vain at the portals, for it was still very early morning, but they were at last opened, and the querulous voice of a servant disturbed in his sleep inquired his business.

Aware that he must not trust himself in the Earl's walls with his news, Ingulph opened the man's eyes with information that he came on a business of life and death, which his appearance amply confirmed. He then bade him hasten to the Earl, inform him that the "great ship in the Downs" was a total wreck, that he had an hour to provide for the safety of his daughter and the Lady Marie, and that then the committee would probably send its messengers to demand a commission of array which was stowed in his mansion.

With this appalling message, every word of which increased the panic of the retainer, Ingulph hastened away; but though he had determined that his account should personally compromise no one but De la Pole, he could not prevail upon himself to appear before the committee, until he ascertained, which he did within the hour, that the Earl, his daughter, and Lady Marie, had gone into the country the previous day; that is, had taken his terrible hint, and thought proper to leave the statement to account for their disappearance.

It was now, too, the time at which the committee usually sat, and Ingulph hastened to Westminster. On arriving, he found St. Margaret's churchyard full of soldiers, and making inquiry of a soldier, he learned that parliament had ordered an additional fast to that on the previous day, in expiation of the sin of certain ungodly citizens, who had dared to keep the Feast of St. John with the old pageantries, and were all ordered to attend and receive a public admonition.

This circumstance convinced Ingulph that the

petition plot at least was discovered; and finding that the committee were already at their devotions, he found that it would be necessary to seek them with his news, in the church.

Henderson was preaching, and it was crowded to the very portals; the delinquent citizens, including nearly the whole party at the Vigil of St. John, were penned in a spot by themselves, and were listening with infinite humility to the invective with which the preacher overwhelmed their transgression, and which was destined to last until all dread of an armed support to the petition was over.

Elbowing his way with great difficulty, Ingulph at last got near where the committee were seated, on bare benches, like the meanest present. Pym's face was hidden in his hands, and he seemed to be praying with great fervour; but when Ingulph, to attract his notice, ventured slightly to pluck his cloak, he started as if a dagger had been suddenly plunged into his side, leaped up, and turned round with his hand on his sword. Ingulph was amazed at the stern and contemptuous glance he cast at him the moment he perceived who it was.

He intimated by a gesture that he had something to communicate, and bending forward he whispered, "Give instant orders to arrest De la Pole, Master Pym; a commission of array has arrived in London, of which he may be inclined to make an ill use."

"You are something late in the day, my master; unhappy Stonehenge that nourished the viper in his bosom has the start of you," he replied, in a tone of bitter scorn; he then whispered a few words to Sir

Harry Vane and Lord Saye, who sat beside him, and all three arose and left the church.

The astonishment and alarm with which the congregation watched this movement may be imagined, more especially as Pym offered no explanation, and merely beckoned to Ingulph to follow him. The latter obeyed, though reluctantly, thinking that Pym intended to extract particulars from him; but to his great surprise, when they reached the guard at the door, Pym ordered him into custody, and gave instructions to remove him instantly to the Tower.

"What have I done, Master Pym?" exclaimed the astonished Ingulph.

"You are a seducer, and a double traitor, almost too worthless for the gallows!" returned the statesman, with a glance full of disgust; and without listening to any observation to the contrary, he walked off with his colleagues, leaving Ingulph in the care of the musketeers.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, we must change the scene
In which the past delights of love were tasted."

OTWAY.

IN a few hours the whole city rang with tidings of a detected conspiracy. Warrants flew about in every direction; and many persons of various degrees were arrested. Among these, it was known that De la Pole; his illegitimate brother; Waller, Chaloner, and Tomkins were committed to the Tower. The Earl of Northumberland had prudently retired to his strong house in Sussex; the Earls of Holland, Bedford, and Clare, with divers members of the commons, disappeared from London, and it was rumoured, had gone to join the king.

It seemed at first as if violent counsels were likely to prevail in the treatment of this strange eruption in the body politic. Never had the parliament stood in a pass of greater jeopardy; at first nothing was talked of but the utter rooting out of the royalist party; and a court-martial was established, apparently with that intent.

But like the party which had constituted it, this court was irresolute and lenient in a singular degree,

and the few determined spirits mingled in it were not able to force it into those extreme measures which the times demanded. On the statement of the mulatto, who now avowed himself the spy he had long been, Tomkins and Chaloner were executed; the former for having in his possession the commission of array, the latter for having received it, through the perfidious slave, from Lady Marie, the day preceding the intended outbreak. But although the independents laboured to connect the London petition with the military conspiracy of De la Pole, the committee, acting perhaps on a wiser policy than that of blood, discredited the notion; those who had signed it, among the rest, Bulstocke, were only reprimanded with severity and dismissed to their homes.

But even against the arch-conspirator, De la Pole, the policy or fears of the government proceeded with extraordinary mildness. One witness, it was admitted, was not sufficient to convict him, and only one could be adduced, so subtle was he in all his dealings; and this one was the last that could have been expected.

It was Waller, who, struck with excessive terror, and hoping to save his own forfeit life, divulged all that he knew, concerning every one, lords, ladies, and commoners; and not only the circumstances of the plot itself, but every scrap of intelligence which he had acquired in the confidence of private intimacy, until the parliament itself found it politic to affect a disbelief of his stories. De la Pole and others were frequently confronted with him, and all

that he affirmed they denied. No direct proofs but the asseverations of the unhappy poet were produced; much that might have been produced being probably withheld, lest it involved too many and too powerful personages.

Waller's revelations so wholly acquitted Ingulph, and the lenity of the council was so apparent, that his enemies abandoned the accusation against him of a political character, or only used it to allege that he had exposed the safety of the state to indulge in a criminal assignation with his uncle's wife! For this offence he was referred to the jurisdiction of the assembly of divines, as the highest spiritual court.

Even among the sanctified population of London, this case almost divided their interest with the grand conspiracy in which it was so remarkably grafted. The extraordinary suspicions attached to the character of Mistress Stonehenge, the providential discovery of the intrigue, the sudden and complete disappearance of the lady ever since, deeply engaged the public curiosity. But this feeling heightened to a more tragic hue when it was generally known that the betrayed husband intended to demand the punishment of death against his wronger, which, by a recent act of senseless rigor, the parliament had decreed for the offence.

Stonehenge's mild and benevolent nature seemed indeed altogether reversed by the discovery of the extraordinary perfidy and ingratitude, which he doubtless believed had been displayed against him by the two beings whom he had most loved and trusted. Ingulph's other friends deserted him, struck with the

enormity of his offence, even Bulstocke; although perhaps resentment at the part which he doubtless imagined he had taken in inveigling him into the conspiracy, had its share.

But Waller's revelations unwittingly raised a powerful friend for Ingulph. He declared that De la Pole had only feigned his conversion to worm his way into the secrets of the fanatics; and related many ludicrous circumstances which convinced themselves of the fact. But chiefly De la Pole boasted to have amused himself with the credulous zeal of Mistress Tribulation; whom he also stated to be the mother of Dethewarre, and a woman whose youth was more remarkable for gallantry than devotion.

This story, which covered her with ridicule, which revived many old ones, and which was in parts so true as not to be contradicted in the mass, roused Tribulation to fury. Perhaps too she had her private doubts of Ingulph's guilt, even in the abduction of Ramona; but however all that may be, one evening, shortly after his arrest, Tribulation made her appearance at a pile of buildings, forming a remote part of the palace of Whitehall, and known from its former uses by the name of the Cock Pit.

A portion of this edifice was at the period inhabited by Colonel Oliver Cromwell, either by permission or grant of the parliament; and as he was one of the principal officers of the court-martial investigating Waller's plot, Tribulation's business was probably with him. Cromwell's residence was easily ascertained, two dismounted troopers pacing

up and down before it, in solemn guard of their chief.

Stalking boldly up to the door, Tribulation struck the knocker with a single blow which ran through the paved court in echoes. Open it flew, and a gigantically tall porter, in the soberest weeds, made his appearance and abruptly inquired her business. Tribulation answered, with equal or even more asperity, that she desired to see his master on matter of singular weight and concern.

"Verily, there is none more so than that wherein he is now engaged, in a sweet and godly family exercise," replied the porter.

"Thou art superstitious to say so, knave," she replied, sternly. "My business is concerning the late detestable conspiracy of the cavaliers; and what knows the wolf of the sabbath that the shepherd should leave his flock untended?"

"The sabbath, thou callest it?" replied the porter, disdainfully. "Thou art one then that stumble on after the old will o' th' wisps of observances? But truly, I will inquire his honour's leisure."

He disappeared, returning in a few moments to the top of the stairs, and gruffly summoning the visitor to ascend. He then pushed open a door, and left her to her own resources.

Tribulation found herself in a large chamber, very plainly but substantially furnished. In the midst was a table of oak polished as glass, on which were the materials of an evening repast, for it was supper-time, being six o'clock. A round of cold beef, bread, cheese, ale in two large silver mugs,

and milk in pipkins, were the staple commodities. A homely, douce-looking woman, plainly clad, sat at one end, with two fair little girls clinging about her knees; a much younger but apparently married woman was next; and then ranged according to age, were three, tall, fat, handsome striplings, whose countenances were all mild, but without much expression.

At some little distance from this group, in an easy black leather chair, was an old woman whose thin gray hair and resigned expression gave her a very venerable aspect. Near her sat a military-looking man, apparently of middle age, strongly built and of a good stature, though not tall. The countenance was large and massive, the eyebrows somewhat heavy, the nose large, the mouth stern, the hair lank and slightly curling; the general expression being grave, authoritative, and somewhat anxious, from the bent eyebrows and piercing earnestness of gaze. He was either reading or expounding from a Bible which he held open on his knees, with his heavy sword crossed on a stool at his feet. He wore a coarse country-cut suit of clothes, printed with divers stains of the armour worn above it, his sword fastened by rude iron links to his belt, and laid across the sacred volume to keep it open. This was Cromwell.

Another fair girl, about fourteen, sat on the stool, looking up at her father as he read, with a composed and serious aspect.

Master Peters was one of two persons who seemed to be guests in this extensive family circle. The

other was a man of about two-and-thirty, of a stern, resolved, and somewhat gloomy aspect, which expressed a nature fixed undeviatingly on certain principles; or at least not likely to be turned from them by those whirlwinds of passion, or sudden gushes of feeling, to which men of finer sensibilities are subject.

The new arrival seemed to excite little notice, except with the women and children, who stared at Tribulation with great avidity, while Cromwell, without even raising his eyes, continued reading and expounding some verses of the Psalms. As both the text and the commentary were delivered in exactly the same tone, it was not easy to distinguish one from the other, though from the rambling discursive treatment they had but little relation. This continued for nearly ten minutes, and closing the book, he handed it to the young girl at his feet, sighed deeply, took up his hat from the floor beside him, and for the first time glanced at the visitor.

"Who are you, good gentlewoman? and what do you want?" he said, after a moment's thoughtful survey.

"I am to speak to you, Master Cromwell, on matters concerning the late conspiracy, an' it please you," she said, in a grave but somewhat faltering tone.

"Who may this be?" said Cromwell, puckering his brows deeply and tapping his left temple, on which were several warts.

"My name in the flesh is Grizzle—Grizzle Dethewarre," replied she, in a slightly hesitating tone.

"Grizzle Dethewarre!" repeated the colonel, with a start. "Truly, it seems to me, I should have heard the name before."

"Verily and doubtless, Master Cromwell, inasmuch as I was but now telling you concerning the heathenish vigil, wherein a Dethewarre was prime abettor, but just before the uncovering of his sin," said Peters. "But this is a worthy professing Christian, whose gifts have acquired her the rue-smelling adnomen of Tribulation."

"His honour may remember me; we are acquaintances of long standing," said Tribulation, putting back the muffler from her face, and fixing her sharpening eye on Cromwell.

"What! he who is before the presbytery, relating to a witch?" said Cromwell, hastily; and without once glancing at his old acquaintance, much less recognizing her with the warmth of ancient friendship.

"Ay, and from which they have so carefully excluded any man of the independent judgment, lest a grain of wisdom or of justice might fall into their proceedings," said Peters, bitterly.

"Do you not remember me, then, Master Cromwell?" said Tribulation, in a deep melancholy tone. "'Tis long ago indeed, and time—time changes all things but the wicked heart of man. But truly it may well be, for our acquaintance was ere you had one of these arrows to your quiver, and verily, now, you may meet your foe at the gate."

And she glanced with a sorrowful, and even somewhat bitter expression, mingled with admiration,

over the goodly progeny. The two little girls cowered in their mother's lap, who smoothed their fair hair, and glanced with a mother's fondness and pride, not unmingled with surprise, from her children to the visitor.

"In the days of my unregeneracy, yea, I remember—I should remember, I was friendly with some of your name; carnal-minded men, rufflers and roysters," replied the colonel, austerely. "But excepting to lament that time in sackcloth and in ashes, I take no pleasure to remember it nor them."

"Neither have they persevered in iniquity," replied Tribulation, significantly. "Though the pitcher be broken, still it hath capacity to retain the waters from the rock."

"Time hath done thee a good turn, then, among many ills?" said Cromwell, now looking at her stedfastly, with a slight smile. "Well, well! thy purport with me? for in regard those times are not altogether remaining with a flavour of bitterness on my lips, I were well content to do thy name a kindness in aught that is honest."

"'Tis matter coming too nigh the state to be handled in this presence," replied Tribulation, demurely.

"Let the children to bed, Betsy; or, stay, they have not supped," said Cromwell, glancing irresolutely at his spouse, who started up with instant obedience. "Nay, Frances, thy robins shall not be cheated of their crumbs," he continued, with a smile at his young daughter. "I'll step with this ancient gentlewoman into my closet; and thou, son Ireton,

sit in my place, and bless the Lord, and eat. Methinks we have outlived scandal," he continued, with a half sarcastic smile at Tribulation, and he then led the way through a passage, to a little chamber beyond.

Ireton immediately complied with his father-in-law's request, and pronounced a blessing of great length and fervour, which branched off in some inexplicable manner into an invective against the king and cavaliers.

The reverential silence which succeeded was at last broken by Peters, who, after marvelling at the length of time which the colonel was absent, began conversing with Ireton on the probable subject of the conference. It seemed that both disapproved of the proceedings against Dethewarre, not from any pity or concern for the criminal, but as acts of ecclesiastical tyranny. The women ventured not in anywise to interfere in the discourse, until at last the old lady remarked, with some uneasiness, that her son was long gone, and desired Ireton to learn what he was doing.

"Nay, grandame, he is of years you know," replied Ireton.

"But 'tis full time the children were abed," said Mistress Cromwell, rising. "Bridget, thou hast oft delighted in that task heretofore, and though thy name be now Ireton, I trow thou wilt have a hand in tucking them in."

The young wife rose with some appearance of reluctance, and was about to comply with her mother's request, when the door suddenly opened, and Crom-

well re-appeared. The guest, however, was not with him, and though endeavouring to conceal it, such trouble appeared in his countenance that the good old grandmother rose and clasped her hands with a look of intense anxiety.

"Nothing, good mother, nothing; but of a truth our offences come back to whip us!" said Cromwell, confusedly. "But 'tis no matter. What we have to do now is of a sudden necessity. Ireton, have you your men under arms?"

"Yea, truly, but what needs them?" returned Ireton.

"It is averred to me, I am truly informed, that this Dethewarre knows the whole depth of the conspiracy, and can posses us fully of the manner of it," said Cromwell. "So as the committee have been pleased wholly to confide in us in the matter, we must bring him before the general,—I say we must,—whether they will or no."

"We will have neither papist nor protestant inquisition!" exclaimed Peters.

"If the man knows what will force our masters to strike root and branch," said Ireton, but he broke off with a smile, observing Cromwell's look. "Come, we will to work then; though I deem the priests will hardly resist a warrant of the court-martial backed by my hagbuts."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES.

The assembly of divines held its sessions in the gorgeous chapel of Henry VII., certainly a most unfit arena for their discussions, being one of the grandest monuments of the religion and monarchy against which nearly all their measures were directed. Their deliberations were strictly private, and indeed a polemical dispute, as managed in those days, perhaps even in later, could not but be a very unedifying spectacle to the uninitiated.

The assembly were seated on bare benches arranged in a square form, with a slightly elevated chair for the president, which on this occasion was Selden, one of the lay-members. His handsome dress, and the mild sagacity of his expression, contrasted strongly with the gloomy garbs, and for the most part, austere visages of his compeers.

The proceedings of the ecclesiastical court commenced with a long prayer from Henderson for an illumination on their labours, direct from heaven, and then the prisoner was ordered to be produced.

He entered immediately in custody of two warders of the Tower, with a quick resolute step, more with the eagerness of one who came with the certainty of justifying himself from an unfounded charge, than with the alarm and hesitation of a man whose fate is doubtful.

Selden returned the prisoner's salute, and then turning to the court, said emphatically—"We are to confine ourselves altogether to the heinous charge relating to Master Stonehenge's wife, so let us not travel out of the record."

"If I am a prisoner on that charge, I demand to be instantly released," said Ingulph, colouring with mingled shame and rage. "Were I even as guilty as I am utterly innocent, an ecclesiastical court has no right to detain my person in custody."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Selden. "Men say I know something of the law of England, and the High Commission Court always exercised such powers; as indeed, for a court to have jurisdiction and no coercion, were all one as if I should be the owner of a house, and might not enter it."

"But the High Commission, methought, had vanished with the Star-Chamber!" replied Ingulph.

"Truly," replied Selden. "But the office has only devolved into purer hands, for the tabernacle was not to be destroyed, but given into the care of the chosen tribe."

A pleased murmur acknowledged this compliment.

"And if your defence be only this impeachment of our authority," continued Selden; "I must warn

you, you bolt your door with a bulrush; so e'en let us hear the witnesses."

Stonehenge suddenly advanced, outwardly very calm and collected, save that his eye had in it something of almost supernatural anguish. Nor was there a trace of the intense spirit of revenge which was said to animate him, in the plain unvarnished narrative which he set forth as his evidence. There was, however, one remarkable point, that he too spoke of Ingulph as the son of Tribulation Dethewarre.

He related the events which had brought Ingulph to London, and the obligations he had conferred upon him, without any exaggeration or indeed emphasis. He then alluded to his own secluded habits, to the suspicions which he gradually formed of his wife and Dethewarre, which, it appeared, had been for a long time struggling in his breast with the confidence and affection which he necessarily entertained for two persons so near and dear to him. He narrated, without much visible emotion, the circumstances of her disappearance at the feast of St. John, the reasons which he had to conclude that it was a concerted plan, from the circumstance that Ingulph was perfectly aware that it was not his intention to leave his laboratory on that night.

Stonehenge avowed, indeed, that the subsequent flight and concealment of his wife, were mysteries which he could not fathom; and he alluded strangely to the reports afloat concerning her addiction to witchcraft. Slight as the intimation was, it excited general attention, for belief in the crime was con-

fined to no class of society; what was gross and earthy superstition in one, becoming a more metaphysical and methodical madness in another.

Henderson sighed deeply, and the sigh was re-echoed in an infinite variety of shades and of meaning among the reverend assessors.

"Ye seem as if ye had all heard more of this matter," said Selden. "But if she bestride brooms, or go to sea in corn-sieves, is nothing to what we have in hand, unless it shall seem to you that she bewitched this young man, which in truth I think like enough, in one sense; but for heaven's sake, if I am to be beaten for stealing pears, do not go about to accuse me as if it were all the same to have eaten a horse in a hayfield."

The illustrative absurdity of this speech excited not a smile, all sighed again.

"The age is but too much infected with this most monstrous, venomous, and detestable crime," said Henderson. "The fearsome extent it hath reached among my own country-people, hath of late continually evoked the fire and sword of the civil magistrate, so that we are in danger of becoming even as the destroyed cities of old, whose stink of wickedness offended the nostrils of heaven to that degree ——"

"Well, well, a shower of sulphur might be of no ill use in Scotland," interrupted Selden, who never constrained his humour. "But let us not throw every stone at a shrove-cock—let us hear the proofs; for although the will be ever so good, the devil himself must have a way."

"Or the times are much altered since I was a daft callant," said the Earl of Rothes, smiling.

"I trust in God they are, my lord, or the labours of many godly brethren have been in vain," said Henderson, sharply.

"I doubt we shall never reform men into angels, natheless," said Selden. "Pigs will be pork as long as they go on fours; but now let us hear the witnesses, which in these cases, I grieve to say it, do not often promote the edification of the listeners."

Lolo now came forward, and although his dusky visage and scarlet lips betokened much agitation, he amply supported his master's statement by his own falsehoods, and the additional circumstance of the discovery of a secret communication between Holbein's Gate and the old palace.

The next witness called excited marked attention, and not altogether of a flattering kind. It was Lilly, who approached with a slight dash in his usually confident manner, which denoted that he did not imagine himself to stand before a very favourable audience.

"Methinks this is scarcely a meet testimony for a Christian court, sithence this man is currently reported to be a diviner and a soothsayer," said Henderson; "and therefore a disciple and servant of the devil."

"The more boot to hear him, as 'tis when an accomplice turns evidence," said Selden.

"Gar ane devil ding out anither, is our Scottish proverb to the same purpose," said the humorous Rothes.

"I do assure your worships—your reverences, I should say; and in truth, might not this assembly justly take on itself to be infinitely more reverend than any popish council that ever was held, with the scarlet women in state and her panders about her?" said Lilly. "But I do most truly assure your honours, that my art is very lawful and Christian, and never condemned by either fathers, schoolmen, holy scripture, or ——"

"Well, well, man," interrupted Selden; "we hope you fear God like another, but reserve your defence to answer your accusation. So, pr'ythee, if you have nothing to say to the point, give room to him who hath."

"Your honour, I have this to say," returned Lilly, in a lower key. "Casting Master Dethewarre's scheme, I found that his lord of the ascendant was in Venus, and ——"

"His lady, you mean," said Selden, testily. "But if your art be a lawful one, beseech you let it be an intelligible one too."

"Troth, that warning comes with little grace from a lawyer, Master Selden," said Rothes.

"And thereupon I bade Master Stonehenge to beware; and from time to time continued the like warnings from observations in the sextile and the quartile," resumed Lilly, very demurely.

"Or perchance from casements and doors ajar?" said Selden, smiling. "But yet methinks it had not been amiss, having a young and fair wife, if Master Stonehenge had taken the hint."

"I trusted in him—as I trusted in his father,"

said Stonehenge, in a tone of implacable calmness. "But the leopard leaves not his spots."

"Moreover, in the mathematical science, conclusions are seldom so exact that a man should say with certainty, it is, or it is not!" said Lilly, with an air of profundity.

"Whereof we have a late and woful example in Albertus Wallenstein," said Selden.

Lilly could not resist the opportunity of glorifying himself and his art; and he entered into a long narrative, skilfully ascribing to his consultations with the stars the suspicions which he had formed against Ingulph, in reality due to De la Pole's insinuations and his own prying credulity.

Selden impatiently interrupted the astrologer by inquiring if there were any more mundane witnesses to be examined; in reply it was stated that there was another, who was very unwilling to be examined.

"Put him in; there is more truth to be struck than stroked out of men," said Selden eagerly, for a good lawyer always anticipates something important from a reluctant witness.

This fractious personage was Bulstocke, who felt that he himself stood on the most ticklish ground, in the statements which he was likely to be called upon to make.

The fear and embarrassment which appeared in all he did and said stirred the curiosity of the experienced lawyer; and he cross-questioned him with such rapidity and skill, that in a short time Bulstocke was so bewildered that he answered almost at

random. After enjoying this diversion for some time, Selden perceived that he was ascertaining more than it was desirable to know; but the manner and mystery of Mistress Stonehenge's invitation to the famous feast of St. John seemed to complete the chain of evidence irresistibly.

In fact, Ingulph himself stood amazed at the mass of circumstantial evidence brought against him, which was all so artfully dovetailed and complete, that he could not discern any weak point at which to break it. All that he could say in his own justification he felt would only sound like recrimination; nevertheless, confiding in the innate force of truth, he entered into a plain narrative of the facts, which of course included the accusation of De la Pole and of the mulatto, and an exposure of Lilly's means of vaticination. But as he had, from motives of chivalrous affection, suppressed all mention of Lady Marie in the story, the affair of the feast of St. John remained unexplained. He appealed to Stonehenge himself whether he could not supply a reason for his conduct in that instance, without imputing motives so detestable and base.

Stonehenge, who had listened with wild avidity, only gave a deep sigh, and averted his face. But it was easy to observe in the countenances of the assembly what a slight degree of faith they attached to the defence.

"If ye be so varra, varra spotless an offering, young man, ye are even as luckless a steg as ever I kenned, to seem so guilty," said Rothes. "But words will never make butter of blue milk, so I

would rather ye betook ye to explaining what ye have done with the lass, and what for she is not in court to say Amen to your Pater Noster."

"Ay, where is the woman-body?" said Henderson.

"Have you not found her, then?" exclaimed Ingulph, starting.

"You ask the road you ken weel enough!" said Rothes.

"As how, that have been a prisoner these several days?" said Ingulph, passionately.

"Were you loose then you could find her?" said Selden, significantly.

"If she were between the heavens and the earth," he returned. "I have already told you that the last time I saw her was in the gallery at Whitehall, where the treacherous Lolo awaited to escort her to the old palace. But I doubt that De la Pole immediately conveyed her away."

"In a chariot with fiery dragons?" said Selden, scornfully. "Methinks that unhappy young nobleman hath enough alleged against him, without this black addition; but being his brother you would help to put him out of this world's troubles?"

"You entrap me, Master Selden!" exclaimed Ingulph. "De la Pole had for his accomplice the false and malignant slave who has thrown the weight of his guilt on my shoulders, and ——"

"If you are trapped, it is in a trap of your own setting, Master Dethewarre!" interrupted Selden, sharply. "And neither gods nor men are grieved at such a spectacle; so I must tell you, if you have

nothing else to say, you have said nothing. There is not even a shadow of probability in your sayings; but truly a heavy mass in your doings. Wherefore I would have you make a clean breast of it—restore this girl to lawful keeping, and throw yourself on the mercy of the man you have so bitterly wronged; for I must tell you, which perchance you know not, your life is in the scales!"

"My life?—You cannot value it at less than I do myself," he replied haughtily. "But my honour is dear to me; I have spoken the truth; do your worst!"

"Why, all admitted, what have you alleged?" said Selden, raising his eyebrows. "Two boys are after an apple, and one climbs more deftly than his fellow, and so gets it! But methinks there are not two opinions in the chapel; nay, not even with Master Dethewarre's."

The general assent which replied to this assertion bewildered Ingulph; he almost imagined he was in a dream, so impossible did it seem to him that rational men should imagine him guilty of such a charge, so proved. To him to feel that the belief of his guilt was the root, instead of, as it ought to have been, the slowly matured fruit of the evidence against him, indignation was of course the predominant feeling.

"We have then only changed one tyranny for another—the Star Chamber would not have condemned me on such flimsy appearances!" he exclaimed, with passionate vehemence. "But it is impossible! It is not—it shall not be; you cannot

pretend to believe me guilty, unless yourselves are monsters and know not that humanity could not sin so grossly, so inhumanly!"

"Alack the day! half the statute book is an old wife's dream, so!" said Selden, as if he felt the honour of the law attacked by this appeal. "But part music should be set in the same key, or 'tis but cat-harmony; now, it so happens that Master Waller declares your brother, De la Pole, used your passion for the unhappy girl to blind you to the use which he made of your name in his own policies."

"Villanous betrayer!" groaned Ingulph. "Alas, were that poor lost one here, she would acquit me; nay more!"

"What so simple then as to produce her?" retorted Selden.

"I cannot!" replied Ingulph. "But let me loose, and I will find her if she be on the face of the earth."

"I nothing doubt it for one; the laverock kens the whistle of its mate," said Rothes, almost laughing outright.

"'Tis a bad case and bad is the best," said Selden, throwing himself back in his chair.

"Then I demand judgment, honourable sirs!" said Stonehenge, with a slight convulsive tremor.

"Yea, verily, sir, you are to my thought a much wronged man, the damsel being so passing fair," said Lord Rothes. "That the accused is guilty, methinks, is our unanimous opinion?"

"It needs little deliberation as to whether the sun

shines at noonday," said Selden; and no dissent followed.

"It remains then only that we devise how, by the severest sentence in our power, we may approach the magnitude of this offence, which methinks includes the essence of all," said a divine who had hitherto spoken but little.

"Excommunication and public penance," began the Earl of Rothes.

"Nay, let us demand a direct light; why keep the lanthorn closed, when we are searching for the truth?" returned the divine, suddenly producing a bible from his capacious doublet; and opening it, either by a singular chance, or as a declaration of his opinion, at the chapter of the woman taken in adultery. But the application was too specific, and the hard Scotch features of the Earl of Rothes were screwed up in an indescribable attempt to restrain his sense of the ridiculous when it came to the summons to cast the first stone.

"You opine then, brother, that we are to let this man go scot-free?" said Selden, with a sly glance at Lord Rothes.

"Nay, I have endured the like myself; and I say, excommunication and public penance, and cheap of it," said the humorous nobleman.

"Are you content with this, Master Stonehenge, if he will also restore his victim?" said Selden, irresolutely glancing at the stoical citizen.

"What can he restore to me?" replied Stonehenge, in a calm, unmoved manner. "But let this judgment be recorded."

"It needs but Master Selden's signature," said a notary, who had continued taking minutes of the proceeding.

"And now it lacks not that confirmation," said Selden, indignantly affixing his signature, while Ingulph laughed aloud in the excess of his rage and despair.

"But let me tell you, sir, that a public penance, when the mob is not on the sinner's side, and eggs are cheap, is not altogether so laughable a matter," said the Earl of Rothes, for he too was scandalized by the recklessness apparently displayed by the prisoner.

"And to be excommunicated from the fellowship of the godly, and the congregation of the righteous; to be cast off as a rotten branch from the tree; might move a wretch, not altogether abandoned by God, to some show of remorse and terror!" said Henderson, in a tone of deep disgust.

"You cannot excommunicate me from the universe, and that, to my thought, is the church of God!" said Ingulph, kindled to fury by the injustice heaped upon him. "Be not so jealous of standing-room in your conventicles; I can pray as freely under the broad heavens as in the narrow dungeons ye call your churches."

"Alas, alas! but we needed not this proof to know that crime and irreligion are twin-born, inseparable brethren!" said Henderson.

"Is this decree signed and penned in all the forms, Master Selden; I would have it so that no man's skill can find a flaw in it?" said Stonehenge,

"I have only to repeat," said Waller, melting into tears, "that Master Dethewarre was offered any reward if he would join the conspiracy, by his lordship; that he saw the commission of array in his hands; and that it was our dread that he would betray us which hastened the explosion of the plot ere it was well loaded."

"This indeed were conclusive," said Cromwell, hastily. "How say you, Master Dethewarre? Is it true?"

"I am no spy, Colonel Cromwell," said Dethewarre, after a slight but emphatic pause. "Villain though he be, this man is my brother, and I will not bring his blood upon my head, provided only he will confess whither he has cajoled the unhappy wife of Stonehenge."

"Hear this, my lord; was there ever so strange a miracle of impudence as this!" exclaimed De la Pole, laughing with mingled irony and rage; "when within this very hour he has been condemned for this base intrigue by the reverend assembly of divines."

"The accusation was false, utterly false; I will be heard!" said Ingulph, furiously.

"Let the middin lie, let the middin lie," said the Earl of Rothes, who it seemed had joined the court. "Deil's in't, my lords, ane can hardly believe but that the warlocky quean has bewitched both the lads at ance, and for all we ken, they may both be speaking the truth to the best of their abilities, puir bedazzled, misguided creatures."

"Your impartiality is injustice, Lord Rothes,"

said De la Pole, very seriously. "I pray you for what reason did he so secretly invite Mistress Stonehenge to the city festival, where 'tis pretended we were present on treason instead of in a merry mummery; and who has seen her since the good citizen her husband was so uncivil as to take the alarm when he ought to have been stargazing?"

"Would you truly learn the reason?" replied Ingulph, exasperated out of his forbearance. "I desired to save a life which was dearer to me than my own, and which your artifices had involved in your plots for that very reason! Which of you, sirs, would have willingly given to death the woman whom he loved?—as I loved the Lady Marie."

The grave auditory looked with astonishment at Ingulph, and the cavalier glared at him in mute rage.

"The declaration is public!" he said at last. "Doubtless the Lady Marie will be highly flattered by it! . . . Yet surely you are a very general lover. The queen's majesty was not too high for your ambition, nor this poor chandler's witch for your success! But hear you what your faithful officer confesses, my masters?"

"Treason, in truth," said Ireton, impetuously, but changing his tone at a look from Cromwell, he added—"unless the Lord had given you some light which you have not yet communicated to us, inasmuch as Balaam's ass, that would not on, was wiser than his master that would have cudgelled him into it."

"And for the same reason that he would not, an

angel stood in the way!" said Waller, who in all his terrors could not let slip the opportunity of saying a pretty thing.

"'Tis a scandalous and profane comparison," bawled Barebone, who was one of the spectators.

"I do acknowledge it as such," said Waller, humbly. "Oh, that I had time given me to repent, for I do begin to see the truth of many things, and to praise heaven for the failure of our weak and criminal attempt, though until of late I had not the grace to see the sinfulness of it."

"I must own it shows a very sweet nature in you to do so; but do you still refuse to support Master Waller's witnessing?" said Sir Thomas Fairfax, with a beaming expression on his countenance, which was the suitable index of his noble and yet undecided character.

"I would give my lord De la Pole time to consider," replied Ingulph. "Let him not compel me, in my own justification, to reveal more than he can answer."

"This is a fine stroke of your policy, good troth, to murder me, and then bring back Mistress Stonehenge to your good uncle, as if it were I that detained her," said De la Pole, laughing sardonically.

"Surely this sporting with the court is not to be endured," said the Earl of Manchester. "Nor can the evidence of such a traitor to every human allegiance be at all depended upon, except against himself; and I think, after what he has avowed, we have no course but to take from him a commission which he has disgraced."

Cromwell, Ireton, and Fairfax raised their voices altogether against this proposition, and the members of the court-martial wrangled for some time so vehemently among themselves, that finally Fairfax proposed that the affair should be referred to the committee. Another dispute arose upon this, for Cromwell fought the battles of his protegé with unflagging vigour; but at last, finding it in vain to resist, he assented. But it was conditioned and allowed that Ingulph should no longer be considered a prisoner, provided that he gave bail to answer the charge of abduction against him.

It was, indeed, proposed to detain him on the sentence pronounced by the ecclesiastical court; but the majority were of the opinion that it was in the first place necessary to ascertain the pleasure of the committee. Cromwell and Ireton readily offered their bail; and the former smilingly observed, that by way of security, he would take the young man home with him, and never lose sight of him till his responsibility was over.

alleged about this youth; but doubtless your turn will come again."

"You have a ready-made convert there, Master Cromwell," said Henderson, as the colonel took a deliberate survey of his prisoner. "Truly he is of the latitudinarian independent judgment, that holds the door open for all errors and schisms, innovations and laxities; and at which 'tis intended the church shall be thrust out into the wilderness again."

"And was not the Lord with her in the wilderness, more than in the idolatrous temples which Israel afterwards built himself?" replied Cromwell, sternly. "But this is no time to stir such a mess; the council wait." And raising his hat with some degree of mock politeness to the astonished presbytery, Cromwell and his son-in-law made their exit with the prisoner.

"He is rescued, at least for awhile, from the claws of the presbyterian wolf," said Cromwell, as they gained the open air, where several mounted troopers were waiting. "Send the men home, Ireton, thou and I will guard the lad to Guildhall."

The court-martial sat there to strike a deeper terror into the disaffected city; and Ingulph, mounting one of the trooper's horses, was immediately taken thitherward, the two commanders riding on either side.

"And now, sirs, what mean ye to do with me?" said Ingulph, in the reckless tone of despair. "I have suffered the tyranny of kings, parliaments, mobs, priests, women, and the very madmen, and I doubt not I am now going to suffer yours."

"Here is one well fitted for the great work," said Ireton, with a grave glance at Cromwell.

"Man is at best but a frail vessel—a frail vessel," said the colonel, mildly, and taking another long and somewhat melancholy survey of the young man's noble countenance, working with intense emotion. "What marvel, then, that in the hot furnace of the passions at times the finest wrought flies to pieces?"

"I am innocent of the atrocious crime of which I am accused, but truly what hath that to do with the judgment?" said Ingulph, with the bitterness of despair.

"I would fain believe it so," said Cromwell, shaking his head incredulously. "But innocent or guilty, on that point the court-martial do not inquire; you are to appear before them to certify what you know concerning this most traitorous complot. Meanwhile, you have friends who will endeavour some composition with Master Stonehenge."

"But what have I done to merit this kindness?" said Ingulph. "I thought that all humanity was in arms against me."

"In the state of unregeneracy we are liable to such assaults of fear and desperation," replied Cromwell. "But the Lord visits in his own time, and thy heart, like Egyptian jewels, may become an acceptable offering in the tabernacle. What hath any of us done, that grace should come and lug us out of the moss-pot into which we have strayed of our own folly, wash our bemired souls, and make us snowy lambs unto salvation?"

"I am no theologian; I know not the wherefore in that either," said Ingulph, still more surprised.

"Nay, to be plain, Master Dethewarre," said Ireton, "you are needed as a witness, to bring some of the tall branches of this conspiracy to earth, in which the presbyterians are unwilling, and we are resolved. There is only the poor dastard sing-song, Waller's evidence, against Lord De la Pole, and the law requires two witnesses in matters of life and death."

In spite of all the exasperation of his feelings, Ingulph shrunk at this announcement.

"What do ye demand?" he said; "that I should do the executioner's office on my brother?"

"Your brother!" repeated Cromwell, hastily. "In what I pray you hath he played the brother? But he is none! Mistress Dethewarre led a strange life in her young days, and as good as acknowledges thou wert but palmed on my Lord Montacute; in proof whereof, in dread of the discoveries she can make, she will compel Master Stonehenge to proceed no further in his blood-thirsty accusal, if you will surrender the young witch."

Ingulph laughed distractedly at this new revelation, which indeed tallied with some of his own secret fears; and Ireton, probably considering that no further incentive to so many motives of revenge and hatred needed to be urged, pointed out a vast and silent concourse assembled about the Exchange. The body of the unhappy Chaloner hung on a gibbet at the gates; that of Tomkins, Ireton observed, swinging over his own door-way, in Holborn.

The sight brought no terror to Ingulph, but it kindled a wilder indignation in his breast, at the injustice which had condemned these meaner actors, and would not or dared not strike at the noble plotters and contrivers.

So vast a crowd besieged the neighbourhood of Guildhall, that it was with difficulty, though backed by authority and blows, that they could make a way into it.

The court-martial sat around their president, the Earl of Manchester, all of them in armour, but without helmets. They were twenty-two in number, and nearly all colonels of regiments, and rigid presbyterians. But there were some of the milder independent sect mingled, and when Cromwell and Ireton took their seats, there might muster about five or six. Among these might be counted the enthusiastic Harrison, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, who, although attached to the presbyterian discipline, was much influenced by Cromwell, who served under him.

The Lord Mayor and many citizens of eminence were present, though forming no part of the court; several divines and lawyers, and a mob of the deepest fanatics, formed part of the assemblage. Two prisoners, surrounded by a guard were at the bar; one was Waller, who was very slovenly and even sordidly clad for a man of his refined taste, and looked so haggard, dejected, and pale, that it was scarcely possible to recognize him. The other prisoner, Lord De la Pole, seemed in the full possession of his brilliant spirits and nonchalance, was gorgeously clad, and at the moment Ingulph entered

had just uttered some remark, which made even the saturnine Manchester smile. But his complexion slightly wavered as Ingulph appeared; yet only for an instant.

"What! the renegade spaniel of the court, that fawned till he was kicked?" said De la Pole. "My lord, is this treacherous betrayer another witness to substantiate Master Waller's ravings? Marry, ordinary liars can witness to falsehoods, but you bring a posse of poets against me, whose trade is fiction."

"Our business is to find out the truth, without fear or favour," said Cromwell, drily. "For my part I value not what nick-names a man may have, since none have more than one carcass wherein to abye the penalty of his offence."

"Truth lies in a well, Master Cromwell; if you find her there, we shall hear the water hiss," said the young lord, in petulant allusion to the colonel's nose, which was certainly somewhat rubicund.

"Peace, peace, my lord, you do yourself no good by this discourse," said the president, interposingly. "Colonel Cromwell, it is not of the dignity of the court to altercate with prisoners."

"Neither of them to be insulted, my lord," said Cromwell, very calmly. "But I trouble not at the vain young man's pratings, lord though it be. 'Tis a rare merit indeed in him to be his father's son!—considering that his mother was a lady doubtless of high degree. But methinks if we called each other by our own names, and not after harmless towns and shires, to fix on them the memories of our misdeeds and mischances, it were better."

"Say you so, Master Cromwell?—I trust the times have not come to that as yet," said the Earl of Manchester, raising his large dark eyebrows. "You are known for a man of deep designs, but I trust the world is a thousand years too old for such democracies and levelling phantasmata. My Lord De la Pole, you do persist in denying these imputed conversations, contrivances and plottings alleged against you by Master Waller?"

"My lord, I am a soldier and a young man, and as either perchance somewhat too rash of speech, as I am fain to confess I have been but now," replied De la Pole, with an anxious glance at Ingulph. "But to pretend to convert such idle verbiage into facts of an intended conspiracy is in you a marvellous injustice, in him a marvellous falsehood."

"Your lordship doth wrongfully accuse yourself of lacking subtlety in speech," said Ireton. "Let us hear Master Dethewarre speak, and discern if we can thence see the depths of this conspiracy."

"Speak then, Master Dethewarre! let us hear your midsummer night's dream! Is it in blank or rhyme?" said De la Pole, with a lurid kind of raillery.

"You have but to inform the court whether Waller's statement has your corroboration," said Ireton.

"Let him repeat it," said the Earl of Manchester. "Our record will testify whether he falsifies himself."

"Which methinks were little to this court's credit, two men having died upon it," said Ireton.

"I have only to repeat," said Waller, melting into tears, "that Master Dethewarre was offered any reward if he would join the conspiracy, by his lordship; that he saw the commission of array in his hands; and that it was our dread that he would betray us which hastened the explosion of the plot ere it was well loaded."

"This indeed were conclusive," said Cromwell, hastily. "How say you, Master Dethewarre? Is it true?"

"I am no spy, Colonel Cromwell," said Dethewarre, after a slight but emphatic pause. "Villain though he be, this man is my brother, and I will not bring his blood upon my head, provided only he will confess whither he has cajoled the unhappy wife of Stonehenge."

"Hear this, my lord; was there ever so strange a miracle of impudence as this!" exclaimed De la Pole, laughing with mingled irony and rage; "when within this very hour he has been condemned for this base intrigue by the reverend assembly of divines."

"The accusation was false, utterly false; I will be heard!" said Ingulph, furiously.

"Let the middin lie, let the middin lie," said the Earl of Rothes, who it seemed had joined the court. "Deil's in't, my lords, ane can hardly believe but that the warlocky quean has bewitched both the lads at ance, and for all we ken, they may both be speaking the truth to the best of their abilities, puir bedazzled, misguided creatures."

"Your impartiality is injustice, Lord Rothes,"

said De la Pole, very seriously. "I pray you for what reason did he so secretly invite Mistress Stonehenge to the city festival, where 'tis pretended we were present on treason instead of in a merry mummery; and who has seen her since the good citizen her husband was so uncivil as to take the alarm when he ought to have been stargazing?"

"Would you truly learn the reason?" replied Ingulph, exasperated out of his forbearance. "I desired to save a life which was dearer to me than my own, and which your artifices had involved in your plots for that very reason! Which of you, sirs, would have willingly given to death the woman whom he loved?—as I loved the Lady Marie."

The grave auditory looked with astonishment at Ingulph, and the cavalier glared at him in mute rage.

"The declaration is public!" he said at last. "Doubtless the Lady Marie will be highly flattered by it! . . . Yet surely you are a very general lover. The queen's majesty was not too high for your ambition, nor this poor chandler's witch for your success! But hear you what your faithful officer confesses, my masters?"

"Treason, in truth," said Ireton, impetuously, but changing his tone at a look from Cromwell, he added—"unless the Lord had given you some light which you have not yet communicated to us, inasmuch as Balaam's ass, that would not on, was wiser than his master that would have cudgelled him into it."

"And for the same reason that he would not, an

angel stood in the way!" said Waller, who in all his terrors could not let slip the opportunity of saying a pretty thing.

"'Tis a scandalous and profane comparison," bawled Barebone, who was one of the spectators.

"I do acknowledge it as such," said Waller, humbly. "Oh, that I had time given me to repent, for I do begin to see the truth of many things, and to praise heaven for the failure of our weak and criminal attempt, though until of late I had not the grace to see the sinfulness of it."

"I must own it shows a very sweet nature in you to do so; but do you still refuse to support Master Waller's witnessing?" said Sir Thomas Fairfax, with a beaming expression on his countenance, which was the suitable index of his noble and yet undecided character.

"I would give my lord De la Pole time to consider," replied Ingulph. "Let him not compel me, in my own justification, to reveal more than he can answer."

"This is a fine stroke of your policy, good troth, to murder me, and then bring back Mistress Stonehenge to your good uncle, as if it were I that detained her," said De la Pole, laughing sardonically.

"Surely this sporting with the court is not to be endured," said the Earl of Manchester. "Nor can the evidence of such a traitor to every human allegiance be at all depended upon, except against himself; and I think, after what he has avowed, we have no course but to take from him a commission which he has disgraced."

Cromwell, Ireton, and Fairfax raised their voices altogether against this proposition, and the members of the court-martial wrangled for some time so vehemently among themselves, that finally Fairfax proposed that the affair should be referred to the committee. Another dispute arose upon this, for Cromwell fought the battles of his protegé with unflagging vigour; but at last, finding it in vain to resist, he assented. But it was conditioned and allowed that Ingulph should no longer be considered a prisoner, provided that he gave bail to answer the charge of abduction against him.

It was, indeed, proposed to detain him on the sentence pronounced by the ecclesiastical court; but the majority were of the opinion that it was in the first place necessary to ascertain the pleasure of the committee. Cromwell and Ireton readily offered their bail; and the former smilingly observed, that by way of security, he would take the young man home with him, and never lose sight of him till his responsibility was over.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ARMY.

It soon appeared that the presbyterians, and especially the committee, liked not the vigorous movement of their more resolved associates. Under pretext that the service of so many officers could be no longer spared, the court-martial was dissolved. In the same spirit the committee cancelled Ingulph's commission, accepted a large ransom for Lord De la Pole, and commuted Waller's sentence into exile and a heavy fine.

Even Stonehenge, for some inexplicable reason, abandoned his proceedings against his nephew; and yet no tidings whatever had been heard of Ramona, though Ingulph himself secretly exhausted every expedient to learn what had become of her. Not that he doubted she had been spirited away by De la Pole, but by what means, or whither, it was impossible to learn.

Perhaps it was owing to the dread inspired by his extraordinary talent for political intrigue, which induced the committee to consent to De la Pole's immediate liberation. Ingulph learned with anguish

that his rival had returned to Oxford, to Lady Marie's presence, covered with the renown which his daring loyalty had acquired. On the other hand he remained, disgraced, abandoned by all his friends, and black with the imputation of a crime, which in Marie's eyes must include the essence of all that was base, profligate, and deceptive.

But still he was not altogether deserted. Tribulation refused to see him, yet she sent him a good round purse, with her prayers, that he would turn from the error of his ways, and deliver up his paramour to a just vengeance. Meanwhile, he daily gained ground in Cromwell's kindness; insomuch, that when the committee deprived him of his commission, he proposed to Ingulph to join his own troops as a volunteer. Some mysterious hints he threw out, that the time was not far distant when he should be enabled to restore him to his rank. But Ingulph needed no allurements; his persecutions and misfortunes had left him only one hope—which was vengeance.

He joined the army, commanded by the Earl of Manchester, in Cromwell's regiment. It was an army such as the world had never before beheld, in whose hands the Bible and sword were almost equally in use, in which every man was as skilled to expound the one, as to wield the other. It was in these military devotees that the main strength of the independents lay; in a war of religion it was necessarily to its ranks that the most resolved and enthusiastic spirits tended, for it was there that their powers and projects could alone be developed. But

the higher officers appointed by the presbyterian parliament were of that persuasion; and thence arose an extraordinary anomaly, for the leaders of the army in name, might almost be considered as the reverse in fact.

The influence of the more moderate order of democrats,—such as Pym,—had long been on the decay; and after his death, (which soon followed the discovery of Waller's plot,) bolder politicians began to assume the mastery. Numerically much inferior to either of the two great contending parties, the independents were gradually wedging themselves between both, by mere dint of energetically decided purpose. It is true that, even among them, the ultimate intentions of scarcely two men agreed; but all agreed in the preliminary, that it was necessary to reduce to ruins, before attempting to rebuild the shattered fabric of the state.

With the king and his cavaliers the war was still an ordinary rebellion, the full success of which would change nothing materially, but the rank of some few ambitious leaders. But the continuance of the struggle had stirred society to its depths, and the uncongenial elements were separating into original chaos. It was no longer the contest of prerogative and privilege; but that of democracy, with the royal and feudal forms of government which from the date of the Norman conquest had swayed in England.

An army so constituted watched with disgust the slow, inactive, temporizing policy of their nominal masters; and the real leaders, gradually feeling their

strength, and supported equally by their own energy and the feebleness of their opponents, were gradually maturing projects for their overthrow. The self-denying ordinance was the first open movement in this direction; in which, skilfully availing them selves of the discontents, wishes, and generous impulses of the times, they cajoled the presbyterians into a voluntary abdication of their power. By this measure all the members of either house were to resign any office, civil or military, which they might hold, and apply themselves exclusively to its business. The presbyterians possessed all the chief offices in the army and state; and another series of manœuvres was in operation to secure the few independents affected by the measure in their places. But the bill long languished; and was only at last matured by the ill success of the war in the hands of the men conducting it, who, feeling their weakness, imagined that by handing over the reins to hotter charioteers they would exhaust their own violence, and also feel at length the necessity of repose.

Ingulph joined this extraordinary army in a mood well adapted to its own. The world seemed to him one great prison in which tyranny exercised her cruelties in unnumbered forms; all that contempt and oppression could invent, he imagined he had suffered. In the excess of his indignation he confounded all together, and the misanthropy which creeps over noble natures when they find their generous impulses crushed in the inexorable machine of the world, sunk like night over his soul.

His natural melancholy, deepened by disaster and disappointment, assimilated with the general tone of the fanaticism of the age. But in this religious army the two factions endeavoured to outdo one another in severity of morals; and Ingulph's character was blackened over by the report of his adventures in London. Despite the favour of Cromwell and Ireton, he was regarded as a black sheep among the officers. It was some time even before he overcame the prejudices against him, even among the common soldiery.

But his brilliant courage, or rather desperation, which he had many opportunities of displaying in the course of Cromwell's campaign in the west, in which he laid the first solid foundations of his military renown, won the attention of the soldiery. His eloquent fervour and disinterestedness farther gained upon them; and finally, even the belief of his sinful career, which offered so fine a field for conversion.

Ingulph had formed a rash project. He took no pains to conciliate the opinion of the officers; it seemed to him a matter of utter indifference. But he mingled continually with the common soldiery, frequented their religious meetings, and while sharing in their enthusiastic reveries and projects, gradually infused his own as fervent visions of policy.

It may be readily imagined that he pleaded neither the cause of king nor parliament. To the contrary, he represented both as tyrannies, whose only objects were to enslave the masses, however various their pretexts. He exhorted them that the moment

had arrived for the people to arise and overwhelm the oppressors engaged in their own conflict. Perhaps the poetical visionary himself believed it, but he announced that heaven was at last weary of the miseries of the earth, and that a holy reign of peace, brotherhood, and equality, was about to commence, if men would unite to work their own redemption.

Upon this ideal the fifth-monarchist could clasp his hand; the republican could be satisfied; the restorer of the theocracy of Moses could smile patiently; the desperado could dream of plunder; the ambitious think exultingly of the room that was to be made of mounting spirits. Accordingly Ingulph was beloved by Ireton, trusted by Harrison, the friend of Sydney, sought by Ludlow, and the noblest and most effectual tool in the hand of the master spirit of the revolutionary age.

With that profound penetration which formed the lever of his great fortunes, Cromwell comprehended the character of Ingulph in all its details, his projects, and the results to be expected. But although the young enthusiast's doctrines spread like wildfire, and he was fast becoming a prominent figure in the great drama, Cromwell appeared to take no notice of his progress.

The campaign of 1644 matured the projects of the independents; their leaders only were successful, and great disasters overwhelmed the parliament under nearly all the presbyterian chiefs. But the invasion of the Scots now promised to relieve them from some of their difficulties, and to give them the

support they needed against their persevering enemies, the independents.

Nearly a year had elapsed since Waller's plot evaporated; and though Ingulph was well convinced that Stonehenge would exhaust all possible means of discovery, no tidings had been heard of Ramona. Had she been a witch indeed, she could not have more effectually disappeared. A black suspicion gradually gained ground in Ingulph's imagination, which all the perfidy and recklessness of De la Pole should scarcely have aroused. But the magnitude of the interests involved in her concealment, sometimes induced him to think that she had been murdered, or otherwise treacherously disposed of, out of all risk of discovery.

Whether Stonehenge's convictions with regard to himself were removed, by the observation to which he had no doubt his conduct was subjected, he had no means of learning. Cromwell purposely would not suffer him to go to London, and his relatives there had apparently forgotten him.

If there was any drop less bitter in Ingulph's cup, it was the intelligence which from time to time he gathered, that Lady Marie was not yet wedded to his rival. The reason of the delay was apparently the absence of De la Pole, who was for several months absent in France, on a secret mission; and on his return commanded in the army of the Marquis of Newcastle, against the expected invasion of the Scots. But when the Scottish army entered England, and formed the siege of York, Ingulph

could not learn whether he was in that city or had returned to Oxford.

Hopeless as he must now have felt his passion to be, still the doubt served as a perpetual goad to his military ardour, that he might even with the din of arms borne against her cause, recal to Marie the memory of the past. But suddenly this uncertainty seemed in a fair way of being resolved, for Cromwell's troops were summoned from their triumphs by their commander, the Earl of Manchester, to join with him and the Scots in forming the siege of York.

CHAPTER XX.

"All was confused and undefined,
To her all-jarred and wandering mind;
A chaos of wild hopes and fears:
And now in laughter, now in tears,
But madly still in each extreme,
She strove with that convulsive dream."

BYRON.

THE siege of York is a memorable era in the civil war, for its consequences decided the event of the contest. Between the English army of independents, and the Scots of rigid presbyterians, but little real concord could exist, except among the presbyterian generals. Cromwell and his officers took no pains to conceal their dislike and contempt both of the army and nation in general of their allies.

The Earl of Leven, who commanded the Scots, was a soldier of the heavy German school, in whose wars he had been bred, who had ever before his eyes the cautious maxims of Wallenstein or Tilly. In him the daring and enterprise of Cromwell excited only terror and aversion.

The siege was begun and carried on according to all the most approved forms of approach; and the

two armies, lodged principally in wattle huts, remained spectators of the clumsy progress of their engineers. This was playing the very game of the besieged, whose object was to hold out until the arrival of a powerful army which the king was preparing for their relief, under Rupert.

In vain did Cromwell endeavour to hasten the operations, and offer with his own troops alone to attempt an assault. The instinctive hatred of mediocrity to genius was sufficient to make his proposals distasteful; and he too was compelled to keep his young troops fretting impatiently on the curb.

At length tidings of the certain approach of Rupert's army threw a little more vigour into the operations. But the besieged well understood the temper of the Earl of Leven, and hit on a new expedient to protract the issue. The marquis sent him word that he was surprised, after being two months before the city, that he had not complied with a most authentic custom of war, and announced his intentions. The Scots imagined that this was an overture, and negotiations commenced, which the besieged artfully protracted, and during which a cessation was agreed upon.

Cromwell, and the officers in his confidence, beheld these proceedings with an indignation which at times boiled over in expressions of contempt and dislike for their allies. Religious disputes increased the rancour, and but for the obstinacy of Manchester, it is probable that the English would have fallen on the city without the concurrence of the Scots. But this nobleman, a warm presbyterian, was not desirous

to strike too deep a blow at the monarchy, whence he derived his rank, nor to alienate the most powerful champions of his sect, by means which might result in a brilliant glory to the independents.

Of all the ardent soldiery of Cromwell, who chafed at this delay, Ingulph was probably the most irritated. He had learned that De la Pole was with the army of Rupert, where his dashing courage daily added renown to a name already famous by his singular adventures.

As it seemed, however, that a battle would inevitably take place on the prince's approach to raise the siege, the independents stifled their impatience. Positive news arrived of Rupert's near advance; but to the unlimited exasperation of the independents, Manchester and Leven, determined not to defend their siege, gave orders to break it up and retire.

This was the signal for the outbreak of the secret humours which had long fermented; and the quarrel arose so high, that if Cromwell, foreseeing the ruinous consequences to both, had not exerted all his influence, the two armies would undoubtedly have separated. As it was, they broke up their siege and marched away together in the highest mutual ill-will, but in very good order, for Leven's system had at least that merit. The unfriendly allies, doubtful whether the enemy would continue his advance on learning that they had raised the siege, halted about five miles from York, at a village called Long Marston.

The country around was a desolate moor, bounded to the north by a forest of great extent; on the

other sides by dark sloping fells, thinly cultivated in patches, or still in a state of primeval wildness, grazed by half-starved cattle. The hopes of a battle suddenly returned. On the edge of the forest flowed a little river, and Rupert's cavalry appeared along the forest shore, without attempting to cross, but the impetuous character of the royal leader was so well known, that an onset was immediately expected. For once it deceived expectation; late in the evening it was known that he had proceeded to York, with only a small body of cavalry, leaving his masses in their strong position.

This circumstance was eagerly seized by the cautious generals. The prince had accomplished the relief of York, consequently there was no reason to hazard a battle against his flushed and victorious troops. It was resolved to retreat to the Humber, and defend the rich provinces to the south, until the parliament marched additional forces to their assistance; it was therefore ordered to spend the night on the ground they occupied, and on the following morning to commence their retreat. A part of the army found accommodation in Marston, but the horse were compelled to bivouac on the open moor.

It was July, and very warm weather, and this was no great inconvenience to men so seasoned as Cromwell's cavalry; and as he himself shared in all their discomforts, the grumblers were confined to execrations of the Scots, and of their brotherly assistance.

To a spectator from any of the neighbouring hills,

the view must have resembled a Dantesque vision; its dark and melancholy wastes lighted by the glare of innumerable fires, round which gleamed redly, steel-clad groups of man and horse. The day went down cloudily, and a troubled moon broke out by snatches, fitfully lighting the scene with beams which showed ghastly against the cheerful blaze of the fires, but silvered the outline of the hills, and the course of the little river, and the distant towers and pinnacles of York.

The English army was nearest to the enemy, and the line of the Scottish encampment was visible in the rear, all along the base of the hills, arranged with mathematical precision. Cromwell and his officers contemptuously chose their bivouac as near as possible to the enemy, as the neighing of steeds and the challenge of sentinels in the forest, announced.

A goodly blaze of dry heather and pine-wood, formed a central point, around which the horses fed in caparison, while their riders sat among the gorse, discussing the events of the day. Ingulph took little share in the discussion, as long as it continued on religious subjects, which for some time it did.

"Ay, yonder they pitch their tents, our godly *professing* brothers of the covenant," said Ireton, gazing towards the Scottish encampment. "But of a truth it is breast to breast, not side by side, that England and the bonny Scot should stand."

"The Lord will do his own work his own way, and we must needs bide his time," said Cromwell, in the enigmatic style which he frequently affected.

"But we are between them and the cavaliers; if we stood to it, they must needs back us for very shame," said Ingulph.

"No, boy, no; we must give them no handle," replied Cromwell, with a sour smile. "I hear they are to move all their wits against me, to have me condemned for an incendiary between the nations. But we shall see anon who hath the start in the race."

"Let them send ordnance—not an ordinance—to such effect," said Ingulph, enthusiastically; for gratitude and the soldier's natural love for his successful leader, had endeared Cromwell to him almost as a father.

"I doubt not thee, at least," replied the leader, kindly. "But let us discourse of some other matter—of something comforting in our soul's experiences. We have need to prop and lean on one another these backsliding and carnal times, which grow every day more worldly wise and less knowing in the ways of life."

"Where is your gifted recruit, John Bunyan, Harrison?" said Ireton, turning to that leader. "For indeed I think the general will rejoice to hear him hold forth, having had so powerful and quickening a grace in him, that it moves a man to tears but to hear of his wrestlings and sore combats with the adversary, ere he had overcome and bound him in the fetters of regeneracy."

"Ay, truly, let him come," replied Cromwell, musingly; and a soldier immediately started in quest of the gifted tinker, whose enthusiasm and wanderings had made his name well known.

He returned in a few minutes, bringing Bunyan, whose rough features were marked with a very strong expression of vexation and even anger.

"What ails thee, John, with thy red hair flaming on end like a turkey's coxcomb?" said Cromwell, jocosely. "Thou knowest 'tis time to watch and pray, for no man knows which way the enemy lies—though indeed he lies always, being the father of lies."

"Nay, Master Oliver, but to witness the backslidings in a godly professing army like this, what need we wonder if the world is possessed of devils, and runs headlong into the sea of destruction?" replied the enthusiast.

"Why, what hath happed now?" said Cromwell. "Have some gone to sleep while thou wert tinkering their souls after thine old trade, mending one hole and making a dozen?"

"I was indeed parabolically holding forth on the ways and means to solder up our iniquities," said Bunyan. "But oh, the lightness of earthly men! Midways to my discourse comes by a morris-juggler, with his Spanish guitar forsooth, and sings them away from me to listen to his lewd foreign kickshaws and quavers!"

"Yea, and when he heard your honours were here, after us he comes to give you a taste of his art, if he be not first whipped from the camp," subjoined the soldier.

"Which let him be forthwith," said Harrison.

"Nay; for music is no ill refreshment to those who understand the worthlessness of such vanities,"

replied Cromwell. "Let us hear if he can sing us some quaint ballad of William of Cloudesley, and let the Scot e'en think what he will, if his long red lugs catch the tune."

This last argument was convincing, and moreover at the same time the sound of a viol-de-gamba was heard at some distance, beyond the circular glare of the watch-fire, preluding some low and timid notes, as if doubtful of the reception its melody was likely to find.

"Bid him draw in; and if he knows any solemn and sober ditty, fit for Christian ears, let him chaunt a groat's worth," said Cromwell. "Or stay, if it would not stir the oatmeal blood too much, I would he might give us Chevy Chase at a slower pace, that none may mistake it for a coranto or a galliard."

The few notes he had heard had already roused Ingulph's attention, and he looked with startled interest in the direction whence they came. Darkly outlined in the moonlight he perceived the form of a young man clad in a long tattered cloak, his face nearly hidden by the flaps of his Spanish hat; but whose brilliant eyes, as the fire flashed upon them, seemed scanning the group with intense earnestness. In other respects he did not differ from the ordinary wandering minstrels of the day, who were principally moriscos of Spain, and traversed the country much in the fashion of Italian organmen at present, excepting that they usually accompanied their instrument with the voice.

But the proposed ballads were out of the singer's scope; he bowed respectfully, but shook his head,

and apparently to give them a taste of his quality began to sing some foreign air with indescribable sweetness, and yet tremulously, as if with fear or some stronger passion. Even the stern soldiery listened with attention; but on Ingulph the melody produced a singular effect. He started up, and muttering some apology, stalked through the numerous groups towards where the minstrel stood. But as he approached, the youth seemed to take the alarm, and moved rapidly off, in a direction towards the river.

Ingulph turned to the officers, and with a forced laugh said he would bring the rogue back, and followed, at first slowly, calling to the minstrel to stop. But instead of obeying this mandate, he quickened his pace, and finally commenced running.

Unwilling to furnish matter for raillery, Ingulph contented himself for some minutes with keeping the extraordinary minstrel in sight. But observing that they had now left the range of the watch-fires, and that the stranger made for a woody glen which descended rapidly to the banks of the river, and consequently to the outposts of the royal army, he paused.

Continuing his flight for some moments, the stranger, no longer hearing the footsteps of a pursuer, turned to ascertain what had become of him. Observing Ingulph's hesitation, he waved his hand earnestly in a beckoning manner, advanced a few steps, and then turned and beckoned again. The manner and attitude again struck Ingulph, and he followed on. But when he perceived the stranger take a path which was little better than the bed of a

stream dried up by the heat, and which led steeply and brokenly through a thick wood of larch and oak and willows to the river, he determined to follow no farther.

Hitherto only a vague suspicion, a doubt, had led him on; and yet the resemblance of voice was marvellous, and the air he remembered well to have heard Ramona sing. The chances of an ambuscade or intended treason of some sort occurred to him; and he had almost determined to return, when the stranger, noting his pause, sang in a low and exquisitely melancholy and appealing voice, the burden of the air which had been his favourite, among many which Ramona was wont to sing to him.

His heart throbbed wildly, and a train of superstitious fancies passed through his mind. Was the unfortunate Mexican murdered, either by Stonehenge or the cavalier, and was this her phantom come to reveal the barbarous deed? Or was it some spirit which had taken her form to lure him to destruction; or was she indeed a sorceress sent to cajole him to some hideous revelry? All these imaginations were supported by the belief of the age, and at such an hour and under such circumstances, Ingulph's mind could not wholly resist the impression.

He therefore made not a step in advance, but stood as if rooted to the spot, gazing after the figure. It remained stationary for some moments, then clasped its hands in despair, and as if comprehending his thoughts, knelt down and repeatedly crossed itself. Ingulph again, but very cautiously, advanced; the stranger instantly arose, murmured his name in

a low but audible whisper full of entreaty, and proceeded down the glen. Convinced now that it was a form of life, Ingulph followed at a quicker pace, but taking the precaution to draw his sword.

The stony path widened, the trees on each side receding, until at length it ended by spreading into several deep channels which descended to the noisy stream below. Ingulph perceived a horse tied to the stump of a tree close to the water's edge, and he heard voices in the forest on the opposite shore. But he felt that if any harm was intended, he had gone too far to show mistrust; and he continued advancing till he was within a few yards of the stranger.

Ingulph gazed for a moment, and the minstrel, as if to aid his research, threw back the flaps of his large hat, and his features were plainly visible in the moonlight. Pale as they were, still the beauty of her features, mingled with something of forest wildness in their expression, was not easily mistaken. It was Ramona.

"You have forgotten me, then! Would to God I could forget myself!" she said, in a passionate tone.

"Ramona!" said Ingulph, mournfully; and at the word, pronounced in a low and sorrowful voice, the pride and stubbornness with which she seemed to have armed herself, melted away. She burst into a flood of tears, and ere Ingulph could prevent, threw herself at his feet, and passionately implored forgiveness. Vanquished by grief and compassion, he only replied by raising her in his arms; and for

some time they mingled tears and sobs in silent anguish.

It is not necessary, nor would it be easy, to repeat the revelations of the unhappy girl in her own words. De la Pole had long employed all the artifices of passion to win her from her duties; and finally on the night of the feast of St. John, availing himself of her terror as well as love, prevailed on her to elope with him. Immediately after Ingulph parted with her in the gallery, they met; the cavalier conveyed her on board a little barque which was in waiting, and returned on some pretext while the vessel immediately proceeded.

They lay for some time in the river awaiting him, and then arrived the news of the arrest of De la Pole. His life and even hers depended on concealing her from Stonehenge, and he sent orders to his emissaries instantly to sail for France. There she was conveyed to an obscure estate in Languedoc, belonging to his mother's heritage; and there she remained carefully concealed until De la Pole procured his enlargement, and came over to France on a mission which he had procured for the purpose.

"And you have returned with him to England, in this base disguise?" said Ingulph.

"As a musician, a morisco, an appendage of his state and luxury!" replied the Mexican, her complexion crimsoning all over in the dusky light, and her eyes sparkling with a fire like that of insanity. "I, the daughter of a Spanish noble, in whose veins flows the free Indian blood, am the slave of a licentious soldier—the plaything of his passions,—the

diversion of his orgies,—the companion and mate of a lawless camp!"

"And for this you deserted the generous and loving husband to whom your father gave you?" said Ingulph.

"I cannot repent—it is impossible; I have tried in vain to melt my heart—it is marble now," she replied. "Were it all to do again—all once more to be betrayed for him, I must do it all again."

"Unhappy wretch; but I can understand this madness," said Ingulph.

"Yes, for you have loved;" she replied, with a wild laugh. "Ingulph, he swore to make me his wife—to resign Marie to you. Let us laugh together I pray you; within a fortnight he is to wed her."

"Ay, truly; they have been long betrothed," replied Ingulph, with a shock which only the deadly paleness of his countenance revealed.

"You loved her once, and doth it not trouble you, that maddens me?" said Ramona, vehemently. "And she loved you; for De la Pole himself, feigning to rejoice in it for my sake, informed me that he was convinced that it was for yours she refused compliance with the king's desire, that she should forthwith marry him, under pretext that she could not partake of any happiness while his crown and life were at stake."

"But she has consented now," exclaimed Ingulph.

"The queen is resolved to see her married ere she leaves England, which is to be in a fortnight,"

replied Ramona. "The king commands, and she regards him as more than father; she believes that you are my betrayer, perhaps murderer; and I have discovered that De la Pole insinuates the necessity of their immediate union, on the ground that you circulate everywhere reports that the Lady Marie loves you, and did secretly pledge her faith to you."

"Indeed! indeed!" murmured Ingulph. "But say you not he is in Rupert's army, yonder?"

"Gone with the prince and other of the chiefs, to York, or I could not be here; for he watches me as a snake the bird," returned Ramona.

"We may find a means yet to prevent this bridalty," said Ingulph.

"Ay, if you will take them," exclaimed Ramona, eagerly. "But there is no time to be lost. They have reproached, threatened, jeered, commanded her into this compliance; but if she ever loved you, and could learn how you have been wronged ——"

"It is impossible," interrupted Ingulph.

"You are mistaken, for I am of that kind of serpent which yields the antidote to its own poison," returned the Mexican. "Listen to me. I am not what I was—the credulous, half-savage girl, I am a woman—a betrayed, a desperate woman. Listen; he for whom I have sacrificed all, honour, wealth, peace, almost life itself, he—he has dared to tell me that—that we must part; that he will give me gold in what measure I require, but that I must leave him —leave this land, and go; O! God of my father, whither?"

"Doubtless you will obey him; what can you else?" said Ingulph, in a tone of wild raillery. "'Tis necessary, lest his bride should detect the wife of Stonehenge in the morisco follower of her noble lord."

"But if she detected her before she was his bride, perchance she never might be his bride," said Ramona, smiling fearfully.

"Will you proclaim yourself, then?" said Ingulph, sternly.

"Dethewarre, I have told you, and I tell you again, I love him still dearer than all that I have lost, else what hinders that I have not avenged myself already?" said Ramona, in a low melancholy tone. "The blood that flows in my veins is not of the faint colour of the women of this cold land, yet thrice as he slept when I held the dagger over his heart to strike, I could not. But if you discovered me to Marie, and publicly, it were but a noble act of justice due to yourself; and I were then, it is true, the partner of his shame and discomfiture, but not the cause."

"Why, there is semblance in this," said Ingulph, vividly struck. "But how is it to be accomplished."

"De la Pole returns to Oxford, to his marriage, as soon as your army is defeated or driven to the south," said Ramona, in a manner which showed she had well considered her project. "Hitherto I have raved and maddened whenever he mentioned it to me, but now I will feign an entire submission, and only beg for leave to accompany him to see him wedded, and then to bid him farewell for ever, if it

must be. He will consent, for villain as he is, he loves me, ay, and fears me; he dares not leave me to the workings of my despair alone. Were it impossible for you to join the wedding party, Master Dethewarre?"

"Swear to me but that you will fulfil your part," said Ingulph. "Swear to me by the oath wherewith I pledge me to mine, by the power of evil, which has wrought all hitherto."

"I swear by a name which is to me more fearful —by my husband, Stonehenge!" returned Ramona, and her complexion indeed became more ashy pale as she pronounced the name.

At this moment the sound of a distant trumpet was heard, and she started with a glance of terror.

"I must away! they are returning to the camp! Not for all the diamonds in the mines of my native land, would I my absence should be discovered!" she continued hurriedly.

"Wherefore did they go to York?" said Ingulph, breathlessly.

"To prevail on the leaders there to join in an attack upon your array, which else they may not hazard," returned Ramona.

"Promise me one thing, then," said Ingulph. "If they consent, promise me to fasten the branches of yonder willow on the opposite shore, together, and I will return hither at daybreak to learn."

She assented with a melancholy smile, imagining that his purpose was to warn his friends to continue their retreat.

"I know not," she said, as she unfastened the

bridle of her steed, "I know not, but you may fail me too; for all things have failed me in which I have trusted. But on that bridal day, if I am yet alive, I shall be present to await you, or to plunge a knife into my heart before them all."

She extended her hand to Ingulph, but almost as instantly plucked it back, with a wild laugh, sprang like a fairy upon her steed, and dashed nearly midway into the stream. The horse's hoofs clattered slipperily in the stony bed, and the water flew up in every direction; but she urged it on with mad velocity, and rather shrieking than calling "Remember," disappeared at a wild gallop up the opposite bank.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR.

Ingulph returned, in what mood may be imagined, to the scene he had left on this singular adventure. On his approach he distinguished an uproar of laughter, mingled with a scrambling noise and shouts. On a nearer survey the cause was apparent. The officers having finished their supper, Cromwell was amusing himself by suffering the soldiers of his guard to scramble for the fragments. To such buffooneries as these he owed much of the strong personal attachment which his soldiers bore to him, but in truth he seemed to enjoy them on his own account.

Ingulph glided quietly back to his place, and in answer to the numerous inquiries where he had been, carelessly replied that he had chased the morisco to the river, where he had disappeared. He therefore concluded that he was a spy. But Cromwell observed marks of deeper agitation than was thus accounted for; still he pretended to take no notice; and after a short interval, observed that he

would visit the outposts, desired Ingulph to go with him.

As soon as they were out of earshot, Cromwell checked his horse till the young volunteer's came abreast, and then mildly but authoritatively demanded to know what had detained him so long.

Ingulph had the most earnest desire to retrieve his character for morality in the eyes of his leader; and he made no scruple to confide the adventure to him, under promise of secrecy. But he suppressed all mention of the compact he had entered into with the morisco.

Cromwell was surprised, and perhaps somewhat incredulous; "Look that it be so," he said sternly, "for under no pretext will I suffer this woman in my camp; and I should be wroth with you, but that you have found a peculiar favour in my sight, standing before me as the image of my youth, which, sinful as it was, was not altogether without promise of better things, but showed like a neglected garden, as rank of weeds as flowers."

"But if by this means we forestal all other intelligence of Rupert's intents," said Ingulph, patiently, "were not this a field on which to decide whether you or the presbyters are to take to cabbage-growing?"

"Truly, yea," replied the general, musingly, and reining up his horse, he gazed with a far ken over the moonlit moor. He then slightly touched his horse with the spur, and Ingulph perceived with deep internal satisfaction that he extended his ride far beyond what was necessary to his original purpose.

They returned in silence, and as Cromwell alighted from his horse, he said, with a grave and thoughtful air, "Bring me thine intelligence the first, if the espial play not false, which I misdoubt."

Ingulph spent the night on his hard couch of heather as sleeplessly as any king on his bed of purple, almost envying his horse the repose in which its large limbs lay drenched. Daylight found him wandering towards the river; and stealing down the glen as quietly as a hare, the first object which he distinctly noticed was the garland formed by the twisted willows.

He returned to the bivouac with the intelligence, which he communicated in private to Cromwell. It was so obviously the interest of the cavaliers, having accomplished their object, to suffer their enemies to retire in peace and disgrace, that the general could not believe it.

"The wench, if Ramona it be, is employed to deceive us," he observed. "But yet, would they fight on this ground, 'tis as fair a field as the Lord can give us." Then, after another long and thoughtful gaze over the moor, he beckoned to Ireton.

"The earls will be out of bed now, for Leven's rheumatism is no remora when 'tis to run away, *ye ken*, Harry," he said, cloudily. "Go and tell them I have certain news, the prince and Newcastle are joined to attack us; and that 'twere ill to be set upon running away, the soldier being out at heart ever at that work; nor shall we meet with better ground to dispute between Humber and Ouse."

Ireton undertook the mission very readily; and Cromwell watched him until he disappeared with his

orderly's banderol and spear into the Scottish encampment. He then turned to some officers who were waiting about for orders, and drily desired them to marshal the troops, but not "to sweat themselves, as the Scots were to have the start in the race."

The whole camp was now in movement, and the Scots were observed swarming along the line of hills, whose barren slopes gleamed coldly in the light of dawn, as if nature herself gave a melancholy smile to hide some deep sorrow in her bosom. Gortray Forest was lost in mist, which veiled all the movements of the army within it.

Ireton returned, evidently unsuccessful, from the gloom on his countenance.

"Na, na," he said, mockingly. "The canny Scot will hear of nothing but keeping his sheep-skin whole; Manchester joins in with him; and we are ordered immediately to trudge at their tails."

Cromwell paused for several moments ere he made any reply; but the exasperated visages of his officers seemed to council him to moderate his own feeling.

"We must obey, we must obey," he said. "But if the Scots be so good travellers as to be ever afoot before breakfast, we English are not, and will take our own time, and so let the matter be ordered."

The officers were willing enough to interpret this order of their chief; for shortly after, Cromwell's whole division were dismounted and leisurely engaged in preparing their morning meal. Messenger after messenger arrived with peremptory orders to march, and messenger after messenger returned with apologies and delays.

Meanwhile the royalists began to appear in strength on the country between York and the forest, evidently mustering for the attack. But the unmoving aspect of the parliamentarians checked even Rupert's impetuosity. Time wore on, and at length the Scots seemed resolved to wait no longer for friend or foe. Gradually their masses disappeared from the ground they had occupied; but it was not until the last standard vanished, that Cromwell reluctantly gave orders to his squadrons to follow the example.

Still, under pretence of allowing the infantry a good start, Cromwell kept his ground for some time longer. The enemy's cavalry were rapidly crossing the river in front, and apparently drew up as if they expected a battle. Having retained his position long enough to confirm them in this idea, Cromwell suddenly directed the whole line to fall back on the rising ground lately occupied by the Scots. The movement was discerned by the royalists, and a corresponding one in their ranks was soon observable, the cavalry pouring freely out into the plain.

"We have not room enough on the moor now," said Cromwell, musingly, but half aloud. "We must have yonder rye-field—I think 'tis rye! Ireton, take your men and keep it, whatever falls."

The moor was skirted on the west by this field of rye, which covered the rising base of a bleak hill, growing in furrows so thin that the clay peeped through in every direction, and gave it a bald and wintry aspect, increased by the different colours of the crop, varying through many tints, from ripe yellow to springing green.

Ireton's advance on this spot was soon perceived by the royalists, and a party of their cavalry went rushing at a gallop to seize the point of vantage first. But Cromwell had calculated the distance too surely. Ireton was there, and had breathed and serried his horse ere the assailants arrived, scattered and in disorder. He charged them instantly, and the whole party was beaten back in confusion.

Cromwell watched this skirmish with some anxiety, until it was determined thus satisfactorily. He then turned to Ingulph, who was waiting beside him as uneasily as a deerhound in the leash, and said, with a peculiar smile—" Go and tell the generals what you have seen: we are attacked!—and Rupert presses so hard upon us we must needs stand or run; and so let them take their choice too, o' God's name."

Ingulph needed no more. He flew rather than galloped over the intervening ground, until he passed the hills in the rear of Cromwell's position. Covering the plain to a great distance, he beheld the retreating masses of the Scots, and of the English infantry. The generals were nearly five miles advanced; but as he came up with each corps, and communicated his news, certainly without diminishing the danger in which the rear was placed, the advance was stopped. By the English, the intelligence was received with hearty cheers; and many officers in their zeal, without waiting for orders, immediately put their troops in march for the scene of action. The Scots in general contented themselves with making a dead halt.

Continuing his gallop, Ingulph in a short time

reached the generals. The Lords Fairfax, Leven, Manchester, Sir Thomas Fairfax, Sir Harry Vane, and other commissioners of the parliament, were riding along in company, seemingly in deep consultation, from the respectful distance observed by their guard. Ingulph dashed his steed up with the disordered haste befitting his message, and communicated it with startling brevity.

" The Lieutenant-general and the rear-guard engaged with the whole malignant army!" exclaimed Manchester, in a tone of deep vexation. " I was but now bemusing that he would force the fight whether we would or no; and so it is!"

" And I was in secret prayer that the Lord would be pleased to give us a sign, whether this flying from the Canaanite be pleasing to him; and I hope this is an answer," said Vane, with a dark irradiation of visage which could not be called a smile, but was his nearest approach to one.

" We a' ken varra weel the lieutenant-general is no man to be trusted, hating as he doth the solemn league and covenant, whilk is the tabernacle wherein the Lord is with our host," said old Leven, peevishly. " If he be suffered to gang his ain gate, he will ruinate the whole cause, and set the twa kingdoms together by the lugs like unkent curs, to tear ilk ither to pieces, while the prelatic wolf devours the whole flock."

" But your lordships have not a moment to lose, unless you would that the rear-guard be utterly routed!" said Ingulph.

" We maun e'en tak our way back again," said

Leven. "But I wash my hands of this day's work; and if the Lord pleases, we will in proper time and place understand whether there may not be a way found with folk wha blow the coals of contention between twa godly and god-fearing nations."

The whole army now swept rapidly back in masses to the noble position which Cromwell's sagacity had appropriated. But long ere any other arrived with the news, Ingulph was amusing his general with an account of what had passed. Cromwell laughed aloud at Leven's vexation; and observing that Ingulph's horse was spent by its rapid transit, made him a present of one of his own.

If Rupert had intended to attack, he certainly committed a great error in waiting as he did until the whole army of his enemies had returned. Perhaps he was so sure of victory that he was desirous to have the whole in his grasp at once, for he was well aware of the divisions prevailing in the parliamentary host.

The generals arrived in a very bad humour, and Cromwell, surrounded by his officers, received them without affecting to disguise his own.

"So, sir, you, being only a subordinate in captaincy, are determined to bring on a battle whether your superiors will or no?" said Leven. "The like o' this, I trow, wad not have been suffered by Duke Wallenstein."

"I know not, my lord, for it was never my luck to serve under Wallenstein," replied the lieutenant-general. "But, in all humility, it appears to me that Wallenstein himself could not have chosen better

ground to fight a kingdom's battle on than this which *chance* has given us."

"You speak as one putting trust in the arm of flesh, Master Cromwell," said Manchester, sternly.

"How know we by what means it may please the Lord to work?" replied Cromwell, calmly. "Why should we distrust him? Hath he shown himself a backsliding, timorous, unwilling God, that the sinking of men's hearts should prevent the coming of his glory?"

"What mean you, sir?" said Manchester, still more testily.

"I mean that—speaking in all deference—and looking at the vantage of this field," said Cromwell, "truly, I see not why we should despair of the Lord's mercies in this matter, and indeed I can answer for my men!"

The dragoons of Cromwell's own regiment who were near, caught the word, and giving a deafening hurrah, waved their swords in glittering sheaves in the air.

"I would that some men of experience would speak, for indeed you are a better soldier than commander, Master Cromwell," said Leven, testily.

"In the ordering of a retreat, God's truth, I am a long way behind your lordship!" returned Cromwell, with sudden passion.

"Yet were we totally—let us even say totally—to defeat his majesty," said Manchester, interposing, "I doubt if peace were the nearer, for success begetteth insolence and pride and worldliness."

"Your excellency speaks as if the Lord might

overdo his work," said Cromwell, with a scornful smile. "But we have that assurance of the moderateness and justice of parliament, that we need not fear to make them too high, or the king too low."

"But there is a sort of men who would fain be the masters and dictators of both," said Manchester.

"And there is another which faints by the way, looks back from the plough, and is altogether unfit for the work, by reason of misgivings and carnal-minded failings of the spirit," said Cromwell, bitterly.

"Fight the fight then, but if we lose it!" said Manchester, with an emphatic pause.

"And if we win it!" replied Cromwell, with a similar one.

"And prithee, Master Cromwell, how do you intend our battalia to form on this ground, the like of whilk I never saw, for all I have been in ten pitched fields?" said Leven, disdainfully.

"They are fallen all naturally into it," replied Cromwell; and in truth the generals, looking round, beheld their host already marshalled. The English infantry were in the centre, the Scottish cavalry flanking the right, and Cromwell's the left of the whole position, the interstices being occupied by the ordnance and Scottish foot. By this arrangement the cavaliers' direct communication with York was cut off, so that in case of a defeat they could not fall back on the city for protection, while Cromwell's retreat was secured.

The day wore on, and neither party seemed ready

or willing to engage; but as neither could now quit the ground without affording the other a great advantage, battle was inevitable. The ordnance continued playing, but without much effect. Finding the inutility of such distant warfare, the cannonade on both sides ceased; and a long and deep silence followed, the two hosts watching each other, and awaiting which should begin the work of death.

At the bottom of the rye-field occupied by Ireton, ran a bright pebbly mountain stream. The bank on the opposite side was steep and irregular, and troops attempting to pass it were likely to be thrown into disorder. Confiding in its natural strength, the royalists occupied the summit with only a few skirmishers. Ingulph had repeatedly begged to be entrusted with a forlorn hope in an attempt to break into the enemy's position on that side. But Cromwell as frequently refused permission, for he was unwilling to abandon the advantages of the strong position he had selected. But the taunts of his superiors in command, and the long delay, at last irritated him into compliance. He sent word to the generals that he discerned an advantage, if the onset were given by the whole line at once.

Although both Leven and Manchester held Cromwell in great dislike, they were well aware of his military talents and judgment. Moreover, his manœuvre had brought them to a pass from which there was evidently no extrication but in victory or flight. To delay would be certain ruin, for it was known that great reinforcements were marching to the prince's aid. It was nearly sunset, nevertheless, ere it was

finally resolved to fall on; and just as the tired soldiery were expecting night and rest, the battle commenced.

The signal was given by a general discharge of artillery and a flourish of trumpets; and then Manchester's infantry at push of pike, and the Scots, claymore in hand, rushed down the side of the hill, and charged briskly into the plain. Leaving the great mass of his cavalry in possession of the slopes, Cromwell headed his cuirassiers in a desperate rush across the little stream, and up the opposite banks. Ingulph was with the foremost of these, in a mood of stormy joy which only men so injured and so valiant feel when the moment of vengeance is nigh.

The steep bank itself was the principal difficulty they encountered, and many saddles were emptied ere the cuirassiers reached their enemies. A short but desperate hand to hand conflict took place, the skirmishers were quickly dispersed, and charging furiously on the wing of the enemy opposed to them, it was soon thrown into confusion and gave way on every side. Cromwell's cavalry now followed in masses; but with the foresight which great commanders only possess, he ordered it to take up a position to cover any disaster which the main body might sustain, while he himself continued his career of victory.

The necessity of this precaution soon appeared. While Cromwell continued his route, the cavaliers came pouring like a hurricane on the Scots and on the English infantry commanded by Fairfax. After a very short resistance these masses were broken

and put to the rout, and the prince with his victorious troops overthrowing everything in their way, Cromwell, returning from the dispersion of the right wing, imagining to complete his victory, found the enemy's cavalry between himself and his own.

Undismayed by this circumstance, Cromwell shouted orders to break through, and the enemy, numerous as they were, could not resist the one-minded shock of his cuirassiers. So perfect was the discipline of these men, that they obeyed as accurately as if on parade; and although charged at the same time in flank, broke their way through all obstacles.

This advantage seemed, however, to be of little use. Ingulph was close beside the general, and he observed him stare with amazement to find that the troops he had left on this spot were also routed and fled. Glancing over the plain, no hope appeared on any side, not one unbroken body kept the field. The whole right wing, commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, was in disorder and flight; the Scots had as it were disappeared from the field; and Rupert's cavalry galloped in every direction, hewing down the flying foe and plundering at pleasure. The three generals were themselves fled, and in fact were not heard of for two days after. So utter was the rout, that the very ground occupied by the parliament's army in the morning was now covered with their enemies.

Cromwell glanced over the field with a rapid but perfectly calm and collected eye, and a sudden

sparkling lighted it up as he exclaimed, "They are scattered as stubble before the wind; smite the Midianites once again, and the Lord will remember his promises to Israel. At them again, lads."

The cuirassiers shouted assent, and at this moment, Ingulph, whose wild gaze was seeking that alone, discerned the well-known banner of De la Pole flaunting richly in the setting sun, amidst a mass of horsemen engaged in a merciless slaughter of the cannoneers and guard of the Scottish ordnance. Waving his sword aloft, and clapping spurs to his horse, he yelled aloud—"God is with us!—charge again!" and swept down towards the spoilers. For a moment he was solitary, but the next the cuirassiers came pouring after him.

Disordered and scattered, and certain of victory, the cavaliers were taken by surprise, and overpowered, they fled in every direction, leaving their infantry uncovered, which from the same causes were as rapidly broken by Cromwell's furious charge. The face of affairs instantly changed. A great body of troops which had just laid down their arms, instantly resumed them with yells of triumph; the scattered cavalry rallied; Sir Thomas Fairfax stopped the flight of a part of his beaten troops, and returned to the field. The battle was renewed in a singular manner, the two armies having absolutely exchanged positions.

"God of Joshua! give us but light enough!" exclaimed Cromwell, in a transport of military and religious enthusiasm, as Ingulph, leading a furious

charge, broke through the enemies' retrieved line; and with one resistless shock the whole army followed, literally overwhelming their enemies.

But Ingulph did not witness the crowning victory which followed. Recognising De la Pole in the very thickest of the enemy, he had charged up to him—was near enough to shout his name with no very complimentary addition—when a pistol shot laid him on his horse's neck, whether fired by De la Pole or not is a matter of doubt.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Is this a marriage or a funeral?"

THE BRIDE.

INGULPH's first perceptions after the grievous wound he had received, found him stretched in a comfortable cottage in Long Marston, attended by a young man whom he immediately recognised as Joyce, one of the ex-officers of his never-matured regiment. This good fellow, it seemed, was in the army as a volunteer also, and for his conduct on the field of Marston was made a cornet by Cromwell himself, and at his desire had taken charge of Ingulph.

The latter found that he owed his life to his commander's care, who had not only rescued him when he fell, but had since watched over him with the kindest solicitude. After gaining the great victory of Marston, the army had returned to the siege of York, which was daily expected to surrender.

The wound which Ingulph had received had deprived him of consciousness, he found, during nearly a week; but it was not otherwise dangerous. His first inquiries were directed to topics which made Joyce imagine he was still delirious; but the

replies to which did nevertheless inform him that De la Pole was at Oxford, and that the queen, in the consternation of this great defeat, was about to leave that city for some of the strong places on the western coast.

Ingulph's passions, perhaps heightened by the dreamy and delirious state in which his imagination remained, were all rekindled at the news. Aware that it would be impossible to obtain the sanction of his friends to the enterprise he meditated, he hit on a somewhat singular device to elude their care. He sent to Cromwell a request to obtain from the governor of York a passport to Oxford, for a prisoner who desired to go thither, and who would be useful to himself in transmitting certain valuables which he had left there.

This request was readily granted by the indulgent commander, who returned the passport with the assurance that, the moment he had it in his power to confer any rank, he should have a captaincy in his own regiment. Ingulph understood by this that, victorious as he was, Cromwell had not yet sufficiently gained the ascendancy to hazard offending the presbyterian scruples by the appointment of an excommunicated man.

The daring and faithfulness of Joyce he knew made him apt to any service requiring either; but he was unwilling to expose him to the dangers which he was likely to incur. Under pretext of returning to the camp, he caused Joyce to procure him a horse; and as his weakness disabled him from wearing armour, he procured the plain garb of one

of the Marston yeomen. When these preparations were complete, he one morning dispatched Joyce with orders to procure him a lodging in the camp, and almost immediately after set forth on his own rash adventure.

Cromwell had taken care to leave a supply of money to provide him what necessaries he might require; and as the war was now principally confined to the north, Ingulph made his way without much difficulty over the country to Oxford. Bodily exhaustion was well combated by mental anxiety, and with the aid of his passport he entered the city in safety on the morning of the third day from leaving Marston.

Hitherto such intelligence as he had received was consolatory. The court was generally reported to be in so great consternation, that the joyous solemnities of a marriage were not likely to be in contemplation. The queen was hastening her departure to Bristol; and the danger seemed likely to be averted for some time; perhaps for ever, if it were possible to show to Marie how her credulity had been abused.

Ingulph carefully contrived that it should be early when he entered the gates, that he might run less risk of recognition. But such was the jealousy inspired by the recent defeat, that he was detained in the guard-house at the gates, until his passport had been duly transmitted to the governor, to be approved.

The lapse of time is so gradual and imperceptibly linked by events, that it is only by strong revulsions

of association that we notice the chasms which separate the stages of existence. Men feel the weight of their years most heavily when they return to the spots where they were children. Ingulph felt almost shaken in the belief of his own identity when he recollected what he had been, and what so short a period had made him. An ardent, enthusiastic, dreamy student!—and now a desperate soldier full of projects of vengeance and death!—then a passionate and timid worshipper—now an exasperated and furious rival!

He remained in the guard-house for some time lost in these feverish ruminations; and finally to escape from their fangs, rather than from a hope of extracting any useful information, he entered into conversation with the soldiers, ordering some wine for them to drink. The vintner, who brought it himself, proved to be mine host of the Pot of Frankincense, and Ingulph was convinced that time, suffering, and his altered garb, must have made great changes in him; for although he stared with great curiosity at him, mine host did not apparently believe his own eyes.

The bells of Christ Church began ringing with a merry jingle; and taking occasion from that, Ingulph carelessly observed that he supposed the Lord De la Pole's wedding was to take place shortly; and adding that he had business with one of his attendants, a morisco singer, inquired whether any one had noticed such a person in his train.

"A morisco?" repeated the host, thoughtfully. "More shame to our nobles who encourage the

foreign vermin, and leave our own to starve! But I do think I saw some such a fellow going up High-street, as sad and stately as a funeral; I noticed him for his fiery black eyes, and said to myself—if you are not mad, may I never chalk another pint! It was wicked of me to say so, but I could not help it. However, I suppose he was going to Christ Church, to see his lord married."

"What say you!—married?" exclaimed Ingulph, starting up, his pale features flushing darkly, and with an expression which caused Boniface such alarm that he leaped back like a frog.

"Truly, gentlefolk do worse at times!" he said, after a slight pause. "But what for else do ye think the bells are ringing, and Great Tom at work with his clapper-claw? But what afiend ails you, man? Have your friends sent you hither to 'scape funeral expenses?"

"The wine is sour—I have been grievously wounded of late!" said Ingulph, incoherently, and smiling wildly he drained the goblet to the dregs.

"The wine sour!—but thou hast fairly given thyself the lie," said mine host, spitefully snatching the cup. "Sour!—at a groat the gill!—no, no, that cannot be."

"Too sweet, then—anything you will," replied Ingulph. "But are you sure this marriage—the Lord De la Pole?"

"Am I sure that I saw the wedding feast spread in Christ Church Hall, save the dishes, last night?" said the landlord. "Why, Joe Carlton that set it out is a special friend of mine, being that we were

both 'prentices together to the Italian cookery in London!"

Ingulph heard him not; he mused intensely within himself, but only for the brief moments which the host's speech occupied.

"I should like well to see this wedding—it must needs be a fair spectacle," he said, in a voice which belied the anguish of his mind.

"It must now nearly be over," said Boniface composedly.

"The governor is in the wedding-party, and cannot be interrupted to look at passports now," said a soldier, who had just re-entered the guard-house.

The bells rung out still more merrily.

"Mine host, if you will be my security, these golden crowns are yours; and these for you to drink to the bride's health, comrades," said Ingulph, with perfect calmness of manner.

"Good faith, an' I may go with you," replied the host, and the soldiers, conceiving that it was a matter of little consequence, readily assented to their part of the agreement.

With a rapidity which almost instantly distanced the host, who yet kept him pantingly in sight, Ingulph hastened to the cathedral. He pushed his way with much difficulty into it, for it was crowded with a great concourse of persons. What his intentions were, Ingulph himself could not have said; his last wild hope had disappeared, but still he desired to see, to know, to feel the worst.

The guard allowed no one to pass the cross-aisles; but when he arrived at the barrier there, Ingulph

saw enough to show him that he was too late. The bells were still ringing out with a stunning peal that filled the ancient precincts, and seemed to shake the roof and stained windows, which told in a glory of colours the history of the royal virgin who founded the pile nearly a thousand years before. A guard in glistening armour lined the nave at intervals, and formed a semicircle around the grand altar at the extremity. This was decorated with a splendour which would have delighted the manes of Laud, being hung with cloth of gold which blazed like sheeted light.

The ceremony was over; and there, kneeling on the steps of the altar, with her bridegroom, was Marie, in the act of receiving the nuptial benediction from Bishop Juxon.

She was splendidly arrayed in white and silver lace, glistening with pearls; but the pale roses which they had wreathed upon her brow were not so pale as the tints of her once glorious complexion. Her eyes were cast on the ground, and so fixed and unchanging was the aspect of her sculptured features, that but for a slight quiver which at times passed over it, she might have been taken for a marble figure stepped from its pedestal. The very bridemaids looked pale and sorrowful, as if they were rather at a funeral than a festival, and forgot to strew the flowers, of which each carried a gilded basket. The bridegroom, arrayed in white velvet, wrought with a profusion of precious stones, looked beaming with gaiety and triumph.

The queen was on one side of the bridal pair, the

king on the other. Charles's countenance was even unusually melancholy and stern, but Henriette-Marie was evidently in her element, in the enjoyment of the pomp and festivity of the scene.

It seemed to Ingulph as if the whole weight of the edifice were crushing in upon him, and the air seemed as hard to breathe as if it had been stone. Years of anguish were concentrated in that short space; and all the time the cathedral resounded with a triumphal burst of music and voices chanting an hosanna on the completion of the sacrifice. The gorgeous ocean-like melody still rolled through the edifice when the bridal party began to form in procession to leave it. The guards instantly cleared a way down the aisle, and among the rest, wandering in a waking dream, Ingulph went with the stream into the portal of the cathedral.

But he was suddenly awakened from this trance of anguish by a spectacle which awaited him there. Leaning against one of the carved projections of the vestibule, lost in a reverie so profound, that all jostling and clamour seemed not to make the slightest impression on his senses, was the morisco.

The entrance of the guard seemed, however, to awaken the unfortunate Mexican from her dream. She started forward, with a wild gleam in the eye, and put her hand with a strange gesture on a poniard which hung at her girdle.

"Clear the way, their majesties are coming!" shouted an authoritative voice.

The morisco shrunk back, closed her eyes with a strong shudder, but still grasped the hilt of her poniard.

"Make way!" shouted voices again in the interior of the cathedral.

"Ramona!" said Ingulph, in a low stifled whisper, but she started as if a pistol had been suddenly discharged at her ear, turned, and without uttering a word nodded to him with a kind of mad gaiety.

"Wait my summons," he murmured, and instantly leaving her, crossed to the other side of the portal.

A flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the bridal procession. A guard cleared the way, and the sovereigns came first, followed at a very short distance by De la Pole and his bride. The latter came now with a firm but hurried step, covered by a long veil of silvery lace, and De la Pole was whispering to her with his face beaming over in triumph, and yet she seemed not to notice, or perhaps hear, what he was saying.

The king walked faster than his wont, but as he entered the portal—how or whence it was scarcely possible to discern—Ingulph had pushed his way through the guard and knelt at the monarch's feet.

"O' God's name, what matter is this?" said Charles, starting back, and nearly a hundred swords were bared as he spoke.

"A humble petitioner to your majesty," replied Ingulph, in a calm resolved tone. "One whom perchance you may remember, but who trusts not the less to your royal justice."

De la Pole made a fierce movement forward, but Charles by a gesture restrained him.

"What is your business here, who we think are the traitor and homicide, Dethewarre?" said the king, with sedate austerity.

"I am here, sire, thus publicly, and in the presence of those by whom the calumny has been believed," said Ingulph, rising and gazing with flashing eyes around; "to give the lie to all my Lord De la Pole's assertions relating to Mistress Stonehenge, by proving that she is even now in his train, disguised as a morisco musician!"

De la Pole stared in wild amazement and alarm at these words, but the king exclaiming, "Remove the madman, by force, if not otherwise," the attendants made a movement to seize on Ingulph, but shaking off all their holds, he rushed towards the morisco, and dragged her forcibly to the presence of the amazed sovereigns.

"Do you not know her, Lady De la Pole?" said Ingulph, in a tone of indescribable bitterness, and removing Ramona's large hat, as she sunk on her knees seemingly in all the terrors of detection.

The bride started and looked at her with a strangely bewildered expression; but De la Pole, exasperated and alarmed to the highest degree, rushed forward, and exclaiming, "It is a false conspiracy!" dashed the morisco aside with such violence, that with the emotion she had doubtless suffered she lay senseless on the pavement.

De la Pole then endeavoured to drag his bride on, but she drew back, and with a mingled shriek and laugh, turned to the sovereigns, and gasped, "'Tis true, 'tis true! Did I not ever dream so? The wife of Stonehenge is here!"

"And now plunge all your swords into me at once!" said Ingulph, folding his arms composedly.

The confusion and uproar was extreme; the king alone seemed to preserve his presence of mind.

"Remove the boy, and take Master Dethewarre to custody in the castle," he said, with outward calmness. "I will myself make such examination as is necessary, for unless he hath a very plain passport, I know of no rule of war to protect a traitor and a spy in my garrisons."

"The presence of so insolent a rebel is surely condemnation enough!" said the queen, taking her husband's arm with an air at once of confidence and fear.

"Away with him!" said Charles, much irritated, and Ingulph was grasped in almost every tangible part of his vestments.

"Lead on, if it is to death, I care not," said he, with a bitter laugh. "Farewell, Marie—farewell, my Lady De la Pole. Yours is an adultery of the soul, for your heart is mine—mine, and you have sworn it! Farewell, for ever."

The white lips of the bride moved as if attempting to speak, but whatever she said was inaudible, and the guards, obeying the king's gesture, hurried their prisoner away. But as they crossed the quadrangle, the full tide of the "Te Deum" rolled past in its ocean-like melody, and the procession appeared pouring from the cathedral, in bright and splendid masses.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"With oft-repeated blows like these,
In fires that melt, and waves that freeze,
Vulcan shapes the thunderbolt."

LASCELLES.

INGULPH was immediately conveyed to the castle, where his old friend, the provost, received him with unfeigned delight. But it seemed as if he could place no confidence even in the strong bolts and bars of the chamber in which he confined him, and considering the famous escape, he had little reason. Two soldiers were appointed to be with him continually, and thus he remained for nearly a week.

Still as there are few evils without some tinge of good in them, the reproaches of his insolent jailer instructed Ingulph in the events passing without. De la Pole denounced the discovery of Ramona as the result of a conspiracy between her and Ingulph; and in a pretended fit of compassion, and as a proof of innocence, desired that she might be restored to her husband. Whether the court believed this legend or not, they acted on it; Ramona was taken to the parliament quarters, and there delivered to messengers sent by her husband.

A few days after the marriage, the queen left Oxford for the west, escorted by the king and a numerous court, including the newly-married pair. Ingulph knew not what his own fate was intended to be, and scarcely cared; but immediately after this event, he was informed that if *he desired to continue his studies* in Oxford, and would give his parole, he might return to his former lodgings in Merton College. His reply was a scornful refusal and defiance.

After this evidence of unsubmission, he was detained for many months a close prisoner, only breathing the air at stated intervals, apparently with the intention of subduing the refractiveness of his nature. But he was made of different stuff to what his capturers imagined. Love and hope were indeed consumed to ashes in his bosom, but ashes of fire which gradually calcined the pure diamond of his nature. All was lost—but the vengeance for all. Life became once more dear to him, for life was the means of vengeance—the cup by which alone he could reach the fountains to allay that fiery thirst.

The irritation of the long captivity which he endured was heightened by the stirring events which occurred in the bustling world without. The fruits of the victory at Marston were lost by the altercations of the generals, which after awhile broke out into an open rupture. The independents now placed their hopes in their beloved self-denying ordinance, but it was not until a series of defeats were sustained in all their armies, and Montrose made his meteor-

campaigns in Scotland, that they succeeded in their projects.

The campaign in the west produced one event of special interest to Ingulph. The approach of Essex's great army frightened the queen into immediate flight to France, whither Lady De la Pole, it was known, accompanied her. Her husband remained in England, distinguishing himself not less by his valour than by his cruelty. But in truth, as the stakes deepened, the passions of the players became more excited; and as the war lengthened, it increased in ferocity and determination.

The self-denying ordinance passed at length into a law; the old commanders were all dismissed, excepting Cromwell, whom a skilful manœuvre of his party retained. The army was now remodelled, and altogether on principles favourable to the independents; for although Fairfax was, in name, the general, Cromwell was in fact.

Time, however, was necessary to effect this great revolution in the army, and the cavaliers seemed to have the field to themselves. Murmurs arose on all sides, and the old commanders returned suddenly into popular favour. The hopes and presumption of the royalists returned in full tide; the new levies were held in such contempt, that, as if no such army existed, the king left Oxford to its own protection and went northward to attack the Scots.

The army was not yet properly welded, but the triumphs of the royalists, and the murmurs of the parliament, compelled an immediate movement. Leaving Cromwell in the west, Fairfax advanced on

Oxford with the intention, by forming the siege, to compel the king to retrace his steps. He sustained, however, some rebuffs not included in his plan; and the loud murmurs which arose in consequence, compelled him to advance and offer battle.

This was the latest news in Oxford, when late one night the provost came to Ingulph, in a very bad humour, and informed him that he was instantly to accompany a body of troops on their march to join the king. For what purpose he did not deign to explain, and perhaps did not know; but leaving Oxford with the provost and a considerable body of cavalry, they reached the royal camp, which was pitched near the fated field of Naseby.

The army, from the great multitude of horses, consisted chiefly of cavalry; and for the first time Ingulph beheld the Irish infantry levied by the king at so great a loss of popular esteem, and which were yet little better than a horde of savages. The cavaliers were in the highest spirits, as was usual with them on any success; flushed with the plunder of Leicester, and only apprehensive that the new-modelled army would escape from their clutches.

Somewhat to Ingulph's surprise, on entering the camp he was immediately huddled into the Irish quarters, and detained there the whole day, listening to their wild gibberish, and watching a haggard old Hecate of a suttler who continued cooking, quarrelling, fighting, and yelling songs till sunset, when she got drunk and fell asleep, nodding over her vast fire.

Darkness gradually sunk over the camp, and after

spending many hours in melancholy ruminations on the past, and conjectures relating to the purpose for which he had been brought from his prison, Ingulph himself yielded to short and unrefreshing snatches of sleep. The rude soldiery who surrounded him, however, did the honours of their wild encampment with the greatest kindness and hospitality. His supper was brought apparently from some more civilized part of the camp, for it was delicately cooked and served with some elegance. A bed of rushes, which he was compelled to share with his guard, was spread for his repose; and frequently starting at the snort of some restless steed, or the challenge of remote sentinels, the bright stars of a clear midsummer sky showed him that his only canopy was the blue vault of heaven.

Whether these radiant lookers-on reminded him of the astrologer, Stonehenge, or some other of the multiplied chains of association was struck, all night his dreams were haunted with the form of the grief-blasted sage, and that of his unhappy wife. His fancy continually shaped him inflicting some vast but indefinite cruelty on the betrayed victim; and a burning thirst for vengeance preyed on his soul more intensely than formerly the drought in Huncks's tower on his body, when he remembered by whom that irremediable injury and insult had been inflicted.

The dawn of a lovely day brought no refreshment to this perturbed spirit; but it did bring a somewhat unexpected apparition in the person of Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf. The little man was

much altered for the worse in his apparel, but his cheerfulness and courtly urbanity remained unimpaired. He brought some private instructions to Huncks, but he informed Ingulph—and apparently officially—that he was to go before his majesty, who had graciously taken compassion on his long sufferings, and who would restore him to his liberty, if he had the wisdom to offer such submissions as none but a madman, in his circumstances, could refuse. The dwarf added weight to this intimation by an exulting account of the flourishing state of the royal affairs, and by information that Fairfax and his army were retreating in a disordered manner before the king's advance. The only notice Ingulph took of these tidings, was to inquire if the Lieutenant-general Cromwell was with the array of the parliament; and he learned that he was still supposed to be at a distance in the west.

Satisfied that he had made the requisite impressions, the kind but pompous little courtier shortly afterwards took his departure. The provost wanted Ingulph to put himself in trim for the royal presence, but he utterly refused to make any alterations in his garb, or even to allow his hair to be cut, which had grown so long as to give him a singularly wild and haggard appearance.

A second intimation seemed shortly after to arrive; for after conversing with a dragoon who came apparently on no other business to the camp, Huncks desired his prisoner to accompany him.

The royalists occupied a strong position on the rising grounds, about a mile south of Harborough,

and passing through the masses of the army, Ingulph discerned that it chiefly consisted of cavalry, numerous, well-appointed, and in the highest flush of military spirit. So secure were the king and his officers of their superiority to the enemy, that although it was known they were distant only a few miles, they seemed so little to apprehend an attack, that Ingulph found the king attended by a large retinue, mounted, and with hawks on their wrists, intending to divert themselves with the birds in the neighbouring champaign.

Among the nobles immediately accompanying the king, Ingulph rapidly recognized Prince Rupert, and, with a dagger-like pang at the heart, the Lord De la Pole. His father, he learned from Huncks, was still with the queen and his daughter-in-law in France.

Raging within like a furnace, but outwardly as calm, Ingulph approached the sovereign, who surveyed him with a long and earnest gaze as he came, and perhaps scarcely recognised in the haggard prisoner the once gallant and handsome soldier. De la Pole looked at him with a dark and troubled expression, which yet partook in no degree of remorse or any more kindly feeling.

Rupert was speaking with his usual impetuosity, and for some minutes Ingulph was allowed to remain unnoticed. The general drift of his observations seemed to be to the effect that the king should order an advance of the whole army, for that he was convinced the enemy were escaping.

"The scout-master sends word that he has been

four or five miles towards them, and cannot even hear of them; so 'tis plain they are showing us a clean pair of heels," he said. "If your majesty will but allow me to take my own fellows?"

"Thou hast few of them, nephew," interrupted the king, with a grave smile. "But we are so well posted here, that I will know for certainty they are in retreat ere I stir a foot. There are wily heads among them, though Cromwell is away, and perchance they hope to lure us from our strength here into the plain."

"So be't! and if I bring not a good account of the crop-eared knaves—"

"Peace, peace; I say we will wait at least till noonday! 'Tis the opinion of all but you young Amadises, who forget that there is more than your own lives in the bargain! And now, Master Dethewarre, let me speak with you. It seems we are sooner tired of being your jailers than you are of being our prisoner. Moreover, your brother is a powerful intercessor with us, and says he enjoys not his own liberty while you languish in captivity, a brotherly and Christian word, considering the wrongs in reputation and other interests you have endeavoured to do him. But we will not have this unnatural war further deformed with two known brothers being in arms against each other, on contrary parties, and inflamed with private hates. Therefore you must needs take the protestation, and then you may depart in peace, ever as I hope remembering to whose generosity you owe your redemption."

"I have already taken one—which is your majesty's

and the parliament's," replied Ingulph, in a tone of rocky firmness. "I have sworn to the solemn league and covenant between the nations, and I will maintain it to the last drop of my blood—although the hot air of your dungeons has drunk my veins so nearly dry that I have but little left to shed!"

"By the soul of my father, thou malapert bastard, thou shouldst perish a dry death, and on this instant, had I any say in the matter!" exclaimed Rupert, fiercely; and his black war-horse, conscious of its rider's passionate stir, snorted, reared, and pawed as if impatient to rush into battle.

"Give me a sword—keep your advantage of every other weapon—and I will answer you, sometime prince of Bohemia!" replied Ingulph.

"Peace, sirs, peace, nephew, I command you!" exclaimed Charles, angrily. "Could you argue the case on any rational principle, Master Dethewarre, I were content to hear you. I do but ask you to take a simple protestation that you will not serve against me; if you would serve for me, I have yet that remains of kindness for one whose youth I cherished, that I should be content to overlook much that is gone, in hope of a better to come."

"Your majesty may reasonably forgive and forget the injuries you have—inflicted," replied Ingulph, bitterly.

"Then there is nothing for it, but the court-martial, to deal with this incorrigible fellow!" said Rupert.

"I am in your hands, sire; but if you deal thus summarily with me, I have perchance some friends

who will remember that the prisons of London are full of yours," said Ingulph, with perfect calmness.

"Truly, my brother is bosom friend with Master Cromwell; but I trust your majesty will be in London as soon as he!" said De la Pole, in a manner certainly not calculated for Ingulph's benefit, notwithstanding its mild and moderate tone.

"Then murther me, an' it likes ye!" said Ingulph, folding his arms.

"Every process of justice is called murther among these men, save when they wrest it to their own purposes, as when my poor wife's father—" said De la Pole, interrupting himself suddenly; but the black recollection was well thrown in.

"Ay, truly, that innocent blood calls out continually in my heart!" began the king, vehemently; but at the moment the captain of his guard, Lord Bernard Stuart, came galloping up with intelligence that a party of his men had fallen in with one of the enemy's, and had cut all to pieces but one man, whom they had captured.

As he spoke, the prisoner came hurried up to the royal presence between two dragoons, scarcely recovered from a severe blow on the temple, which had probably stunned him, and thus saved him from provoking by resistance the fate of his comrades. Ingulph was grieved to recognise in the prisoner his old friend, Joyce.

"The rogue has a thick skull of his own, to stand such a bulge," said Rupert, laughing. "Now, fellow, how far from your comrades were you, and are they not running away?"

"Too far, I think," replied Joyce, with an undaunted stare around. "But they say the abbot chants before the clerk, and I think your honour's betters are here, whoever you be."

"Speak with more reverence, sirrah, and on your knee, to his majesty!" exclaimed Huncks, in a bullying voice.

"Kneel yourself, if you want clarty hose!" replied Joyce. "My limbs are free-born, and you may break, but you shall not bend them."

"Begin with his neck then!" said Rupert.

"Prince, you are ever too zealous!" interrupted the king, sharply.

"Only the gibbet can reason with these rank rebels, rogues, and rascals!" said Rupert.

"Please your majesty, there is not one of them all does belong to salvation, or would not rather stab you behind than fight for you in front!" said Huncks.

"Peace, marshal! we have not desired your interference!" said Charles, sternly. "Good fellow, you see what they would do with you, but you are safe if you answer me fairly. What number may you be about, and at what distance from the place where you were taken?"

"'Tis nearly an hour agone, and they must be a long way farther off now," replied Joyce, in a clownish manner, which Ingulph knew was affected.

"Then they are running away!—eh, Lubin, are your friends retreating on Oxford?" said De la Pole, impatiently.

"My name is'nt Lubin—it's Toomas!" returned Joyce.

"My liege—!" exclaimed Rupert.

"And your number, what number?" interrupted the king, anxiously. "Has Cromwell joined?"

"Lord love him! he came in last night, but horse and man were all so footsore, that I misgive they 'll not get very far to-day," replied Joyce.

"And retreating?" said Charles, musingly.

"Shall I give orders to advance, sire?" exclaimed Rupert.

"Cromwell, and retreating!" continued the King. "Nay, take a party of horse, and learn the truth, but the army must keep its ground here till we have certainties."

With an exclamation of delight, and beckoning with his sword to his favourite comrade, De la Pole, the prince dashed forward on his mettled charger; but he paused an instant, observing that De la Pole did not follow.

"Concerning my brother—I await his majesty's pleasure—but I would fain not find him among our adversaries!" he said, bending deeply to the king, as if in supplication.

"Since he is thus obstinate in his blasphemous rebellion," said Charles, sternly, "we will make short work with his friends, and then if he likes to share their gibbets, we will make no further effort to hinder him."

Then motioning to the provost to resume the care

of his charge, the monarch impatiently tossed his hawk to one of his attendants, and rode forward with the chief of his officers and suite.

"Now, by'r lady, I should say you have as fairly sold yourself as Doctor Faustus, to the devil!" said the provost. "They must be rid of you one way or another; and let me tell you I do not think it was altogether for love that you had the offer of your liberty, for I do hear my Lord De la Pole's wife is so justly enraged at your insolent pretensions to her that she refuses to return to England, to her husband, until she hears that you are fairly disposed of!"

This assertion powerfully excited Ingulph's attention, coupled with the fact of his intended liberation; and the thought faintly crossed his heart that perhaps she had interested herself to procure it. He was about to question the provost on the subject, though there was little probability that he knew aught but the common gossip, when one of Rupert's officers suddenly galloped up, inquiring eagerly for the king.

"I think I know his business!" said Joyce, in a whisper to Ingulph, with a quiet chuckle; "for there never was a perfecter lie than for me to tell the cavaliers, as I did, that brave old Noll had moved an inch any way but after his nose, souse upon them!"

"They are not retreating, Joyce?" exclaimed Ingulph.

"God love you!—if they retreat much further, we shall catch sight of them soon!" said Joyce,

jocosely. "Retreat!—ay, as crabs go backward."

But the provost, who had gone in advance to learn the news, now returned with contrary intelligence. "It will be worth my while after all to have come hither!" he said, rubbing his hands. "The prince has sent word for the whole army to march up to him, and in haste, for the rebels your brothers are running away in masses, and tumbling over one another in their hurry-scurry."

"That will be a sight worth seeing," said Joyce, but considerably aghast at the information.

"Use your stumps then, and come and see it," replied the provost. "I'll warrant, there 'll be fine pickings for those who are not too greedy after the glory and hard knocks."

The prisoners willingly put themselves to speed, and the provost hastened with them and his guardsmen to join the advance, which was now general, the whole army moving from its advantageous position, and rushing forward in disorderly haste, as if fearful that their enemies would escape them.

But it soon appeared that there was no great occasion for this haste, for arriving on the verge of an undulation in the land, the heights of Naseby suddenly arose in front crowned with glittering lines of spears and banners and steeds and ordnance, giving undoubted assurance that the whole army of the parliament were awaiting their enemies there. Joyce could scarcely forbear giving vent to his exultation in the deceit he had practised, aloud.

"If they be running away," he said to the provost,

"methinks they should show their backs, and yet I could almost swear yonder is brave Old Noll riding along the line! By God, I think I hear the fellows shout!—Noll for ever! What a nose he has, I should know it a league off, glittering like a weather-cock!"

Huncks was too busy preparing his pockets for the plunder he expected, and examining the sharpness of a dagger which he wore, to take much heed of this observation. He had very wisely halted his prisoners out of all danger of the expected conflict, on the brow of an eminence crowned by some graceful trees. Around these was posted the king's reserve, consisting of chosen body of horse, in the rear of which gradually assembled a great mass of carts and baggage, and women belonging to the camp. The troops were meanwhile rapidly rushing into position in a grassy plain below, which intervened between the trees and the heights of Naseby. Rupert and a great mass of cavalry were a long way in advance of the line of battle, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the main body to commence the attack.

With inexpressible bitterness did Ingulph find himself compelled to remain a spectator of a conflict which would probably decide the event of the war. It was the first time since the promulgation of the self-denying ordinance that the newly-modelled army faced an enemy, and he knew not therefore on what he had to depend; but his knowledge that Cromwell was with them was a great source of hope.

It was now about ten o'clock, a bright and serenely

warm morning, with a fresh and vigorous breeze stirring the whole landscape. Ingulph observed the king in bright armour and with a truncheon in his hand actively engaged in serrying and forming the line of battle; but before his preparations could be completed, the impetuous Rupert began the attack. His cavalry were observed rushing on the parliament's left wing, which Joyce knew to be commanded by Ireton, and the king against his will was obliged to give the signal for a general attack. He gave the battle-word "Queen Mary," as he usually called his wife, in his persevering attempts to naturalize her; and "Queen Mary!" rang in a deafening cry along the charging masses.

"God our strength!" was answered in a deep, calm, and concentrated shout along the heights of Naseby.

Disregarding the difficulties of the ground, Rupert's cavaliers rushed up the heights, and as their shining masses vanished over the crest of the eminences, the issue of the charge could not be discerned. The intense anxiety and absorption of Ingulph's mind scarcely enabled him to notice in what manner the king's infantry had passed the intervening ground, but he beheld a great mass assembling at the base of the heights, while the artillery and musketry of their possessors, from the elevation of the ground, overswept without doing them damage. Firing but one volley, with a renewed shout which rent the welkin, the king's infantry charged up the heights with swords, pikes, and the butt-ends of their musketoons. A crowd of banners rushed down to

meet them—they were mingled for a few minutes in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict—and then Ingulph beheld, in an agony of vain rage, that the royalists carried the heights by main force of blows, and the royal standards waved on their crests.

The battle seemed to be lost; prisoners were brought continually in, and from them Ingulph learned that Rupert had utterly routed the troops opposed to him. Sad confirmation of this report soon appeared. It was Ireton, covered with blood and wounds—a prisoner—raving and maddening at the desertion of his troops, and hindered only by the violence of his mental anguish from yielding to that of his body. He sunk from his horse as he arrived with exhaustion, and in the general confusion and hurry would probably have bled to death on the turf, whither he was thrown by his capturers, but for Ingulph. He tore all the remnants of linen from his own person to bandage the deep gashes of the unfortunate leader, and, assisted by Joyce, endeavoured to recall him to sensibility. Engaged in this humane task, and apprehending that the field was lost, Ingulph's attention was scarcely moved for some time by the continually nearing uproar of conflict to the left of the royalist line. But suddenly the rear and baggage became flooded with a tumultuous crowd of fugitives, and the prisoners beheld with unspeakable amazement and delight that the whole of the king's left wing was in extreme disorder, and flying before the furious onset of the parliament's horse. The defeated troops fled in such

total rout that for some time Ingulph's main fear was, that Ireton and his fellow-prisoners would be overwhelmed by the rush of their flight. But luckily the ground they occupied was defended by the king's reserve, which seemed to keep a steady and unbroken attitude.

As if aware that there was no necessity of continuing the pursuit, the parliamentary cavalry suddenly stopped short, wheeled, and charged the masses of the royalist infantry, which were hurrying on to complete the victory apparently gained on their right by Rupert.

The royalist infantry, disordered by the suddenness and fury of the charge, began to give way in all directions, when the king surrounded by a numerous staff came riding up to his reserve, and ordered them to charge the victorious cavalry. In the fury and disorder of the onset this counter-attack might have proved dangerous; and in his desire to warn his friends against it by attracting their attention, and regardless of any personal consequences, Ingulph shouted aloud, "God our strength!" and Joyce, and the other prisoners, even the wounded Ireton—the provost-marshal himself in his terror—echoed the shout. Perhaps imagining that they were attacked in the rear, the Earl of Carnewarth, a Scottish nobleman, who rode by the king, instantly seized the bridle of his horse, and exclaiming, "God's life and death, mon, you would not rush on your certain death?" turned the animal's head. A cry instantly arose of "March to the right!" and at the same

instant a great body of the enemy's cavalry approaching, king, lords, and soldiers clapped spurs to their horses, and fled!

Their object, if any they had, seemed to be to join Rupert, but meanwhile a nearer conflict all around the waggons engaged Ingulph's attention. The guard left on the baggage manfully resisted, and a pell-mell conflict raged for some time around it. One of the leaders of the parliamentarians, who had been all along distinguished by the havock which he made around him, was the first to rush into the defences, by forcing his horse to leap some hurdles placed to obstruct the charge. For some moments this valiant combatant was nearly alone; but he hewed down all in his way till he approached the clump of trees where Ingulph and his fellow-prisoners were posted. The chance blow of some dragoon struck off his helmet, at this point—it rolled to Ingulph's feet, and the warrior's head must have remained bare amidst the hurricane of blows, but that the youth dashed forward, seizing the helmet, and threw it up to the gallant leader; a lightning glance of recognition told him that the latter was Cromwell himself; but in his hurry the general put his helmet on again the wrong way. By this time his dragoons came sweeping on after him, and all resistance in this quarter was over.

Ireton had now regained his faculties, but he had no occasion to point out what had happened to his victorious father-in-law. "It is Marston Field over again!" he said, "and so they shall find it; now

lads, another charge, and the field is ours, in spite of the devil and all his works!"

With shouts of enthusiasm the victorious cavalry followed their beloved chieftain almost over the very ground which Rupert had taken in his charge of their own routed left and centre. Ireton himself, nearly spent with wounds as he was, assisted by Ingulph, got on horseback, and followed the charging masses in the hope to rally some of his dispersed troops. The provost had fled, indeed he was first to carry the news of a defeat to Oxford; Joyce had seized a pike, and outran the horse in his enthusiasm; and Ingulph himself was one of the first to rush up the heights in the terrible movement now executed.

By this time the king with a bewildered multitude of his followers had joined Rupert, whose victorious troops were scattered in every direction in pursuit of their vanquished opponents. But in vain the trumpets resounded on all sides to recall them to the conflict; all was confusion, disorder, and amazement at the summons, and but few seemed to hear or to obey the signals, when suddenly the rush of Cromwell's masses on their rear spread a panic which the royalist leaders found it vain to attempt dispelling. The scattered troops fled in every direction, almost without attempting resistance; and finding the diversion made in their favour, the flying troops of the parliament regained courage, rallied, and were brought back in considerable bodies to the field by Fairfax, who still kept possession of Naseby.

Thrown thus between two charges, the royalists no longer made any show of resistance. The king, Rupert, and his chief officers disappeared from the field, and the rout soon become universal.

"Smite on and spare not!" was the incessant cry in the charging host, and the carnage which strewed the ground far and near bore testimony that the advice was not thrown away.

Pausing through mere lack of any thing to slay, Cromwell reined up his exhausted charger, which was bleeding from several deep wounds, and gazed about the field with a supreme expression of satisfaction; and perhaps imagining himself alone, he exclaimed, "Methinks I am the farthest of them all; yet not a hand is lifted to withstand the Lord!" when he perceived Ingulph leaning on a gory spear, not wounded, but apparently utterly spent.

"Come, we will use this helmet in thy service that so bravely gave it back to me," he said, vaulting from his horse, and hastening to a little brook which murmured as musically as if no sound disturbed the usual pastoral silence but the whistle of blackbirds, he returned with a copious draught just in time to preserve Ingulph from sinking insensible with fatigue and weakness.

"Thou wert a silly youth ever to leave me, and on an errand as mad as all put together that ever were devised on April day!" he said, swallowing with hearty relish what Ingulph left of the water. "But we meet well; and I hope to live to see thee stand by my side in some such brave field struck in France!"

Ingulph smiled faintly, but the words even then struck him as of strange significance.

"'Tis horrible indeed to shed the blood of our fellow-countrymen," he replied, with a ghastly glance at his spear; but his eye quickened fiercely as he added—"and yet, God knows, I fear that it only grieves me this blood is not a brother's!"

At this instant, Fairfax, attended by his staff, flushed with triumph and generous enthusiasm, came galloping up. "You have won the day, and you only, lieutenant!" he exclaimed. "But let the carnage cease."

"Sir, this is none other but the hand of God; and to him alone belongs the glory—wherein none are to share with him," replied Cromwell, demurely. "As to the carnage—we must not let them rally again."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Darker and darker the shadows fall
In cottage and bower and bannered hall."
THE LOATHLY LADY.

THE battle of Naseby decided the event of the war; and thenceforth the contest was among the victors themselves. The tide of success swept over the kingdom in a resistless flood. Faction worked as powerfully among the royalists as the sword of their enemies; but among those leaders who still protracted the contest with desperate fury, De la Pole was conspicuous. Wherever he appeared, his name became a terror; his cruelties and exactions prompted reprisals of all kinds; for the close of the war darkened into all the stormiest and most terrible characteristics of civil strife. But on the surrender of the king's person by the Scots, he too was obliged to yield, and fled to France, where his father and young wife were with the queen.

The knowledge that, though in exile and defeat, his rival thus triumphed, was a perpetual goad to Ingulph's passions, and urged him on to enterprises of a reckless daring which amply supported the

reputation he had acquired. Cromwell's affection and trust in him seemed now without a shadow, for whatever the court affected to believe in the matter, Ingulph's vindication with regard to Mistress Stonehenge was considered complete in the parliament army.

The intelligence which Ingulph learned as to the fate of Ramona was in part satisfactory. Her husband had apparently received her more gently than she had reason to anticipate, on her forced return. She resided under his roof in the old palace, in great seclusion, perhaps imprisonment; a measure not unjustified, even if truly reported: and after what had happened, liberty could have been of little benefit to her in the formal and religious city. There were reports, however, concerning Stonehenge, which filled Ingulph with vague fears lest his uncle's mind had suffered in the shocks it had sustained.

"I do learn," said Ireton, who told the story, "how he hath started a new, dark, and hideous sect among the fanatics, which shunneth the light; and is by some said to be a revival of the accursed Manichean doctrine of the equal and co-godhead of evil and good; yea, that he adoreth the fiend with supernatural and blasphemous rites! Good troth, but this is a religious age, in which madness itself heweth its darkness out of the light!"

The contest of the two great parties among the victors became closer and more deadly when the prey was fairly run down at the termination of the campaign of Naseby. The presbyterians had by far

the majority in both houses of parliament; the general of the army was of their sect; the city was devoted to them; nearly two-thirds of the population which was not royalist; the whole Scottish people were ready to second them. They were led by men of consummate ability and courage; they possessed the person of the king; and against these formidable odds the independents had only a small minority in the houses to offer; the genius and glory of their leaders; and the power of the army, which was devoted to their cause.

The objects of the presbyterians were to restore the king to a crown the real power of which they intended to divide among themselves, and to establish their own system of intolerant bigotry on the ruins of that which they had destroyed. The independents, agitated by republican sentiments, in secret aspired to the destruction of a monarchy which stood in the way of all their projects;—at all events they were resolved to establish the widest principles of civil and religious liberty; and having achieved the victory, were determined not to be ousted out of their portion in the fruits.

The presbyterians now perceived the fatal error they had been cajoled into by their submission to the self-denying ordinance. To retrieve their position they attempted a counter-manœuvre, introducing a series of measures, the objects of all of which, however skilfully veiled, were to destroy the power of the army, by dividing or disbanding it.

To make head against these projects, and to comply in some measure with the great ordinance,

Cromwell returned to his seat in parliament as soon as the troops were established in their winter-quarters.

Ingulph had a great desire to accompany his commander thither, to ascertain more certainly the fate of Ramona. But he was restrained by the conviction that his interference could do no good, and might do harm, for he could not learn whether Stonehenge was even yet convinced of his innocence. To his own projects of vengeance and destruction continual residence among those who only could accomplish them was necessary. But all doubts on the subject were resolved by Cromwell himself.

According to his custom with his favourite officers, or those in whom he wished to instil some particular ideas, Ingulph frequently slept in his commander's tent. He determined to use one of these occasions, before Cromwell's departure, to ascertain whether he approved of his desire to revisit the capital. The quarters of his own regiment, to which Ingulph was attached, were those which the general last inspected; these were in the villages about Cambridge; and on his arrival, as Ingulph expected, he received the usual distinction.

But he found himself anticipated. Cromwell began by asking him with a smile, whether he was not weary of remaining a plain volunteer, and did not desire to go to London to push his fortunes with their masters in the parliament.

Ingulph replied in the affirmative, with the same derisive gravity. "Then mark what chance you have of success with these Sauls," replied the general,

and opening a letter which he carried in his doublet, he read a reply of the War Committee to a request which it seemed he had addressed to them, to restore Ingulph to his former commission, enumerating his gallant services. The Committee, it seemed, could not conscientiously permit such a measure, Master Dethewarre being under excommunication; and, moreover, being reported to hold doctrines directly opposed to the covenant, by which all men were bound to maintain his majesty in his lawful rights.

This discovery sufficiently irritated Ingulph; and Cromwell, observing his emotion, intimated that as nearly all the chief independent officers were to attend in parliament, it was of the highest consequence that he should have some one on whom he could depend constantly with the army. He expounded that at such a distance correspondence would be dangerous; he therefore needed one whose intelligence and courage would suggest to him the proper measures to be taken, without direct instructions. The presbyterians evidently calculated on the destruction of their adversaries' power by their project of sending the army to Ireland, under pretext of crushing the rebellion there. If no other means could avert it, a general petition of the army might be of efficacy.

To execute this purpose, Cromwell suggested that his young volunteer should use his influence in the inferior grades of the army to form a combination which it should not seem to be in the power of the superior either to cause or suppress. The soldiery of each regiment might elect two or three

to represent the whole body, and in case of any emergency to act for all. These persons were to be called adjutators, or assisters, and could meet, with as little parade as possible, at Ingulph's quarters. In case it should be necessary to assemble the army suddenly, (which it would be if parliament persisted in its unjust measures,) Triplo Heath was close on Cambridge, and well adapted to the purpose. The forces were so arranged that they could easily be brought to mass on this point, which the general proved by handing a plan of their quarters, carefully noted, which he gave to Ingulph.

Finding that he had an exceedingly apt and eager scholar, the general proceeded to point out remoter advantages to his plan. If men's injustice and backsliding should unhappily make the rendezvous necessary, the possession of the king's person was an object of the highest importance. Holdenby, where he was confined, was at no immense distance from Triplo; it would be of advantage to him to be in the hands of soldiers rather than of mean and chaffering bigots. The troops who guarded him were as devoted to the cause as any men; but their deputies ought to be chosen more secretly.

A project so daring had not yet entered into any bosom to conceive; but Cromwell knew his man. Without once quitting the mysterious vagueness of his words, his meaning was as firmly and clearly infused as if he had used the most direct expressions. Even the obscure terms to be employed in the correspondence which they were to carry on, were tacitly settled; and the results were the organization of the

machinery by which the great and scattered host were moved with the unanimity of one man.

The superior officers who remained with the army affected to take no notice of Ingulph's progress, or not to be able to restrain it. The congress of adjutators met, all firm, resolved, and able men, but mostly fanatics of the deepest dye. The name soon changed to agitators, which their enemies bestowed on them, but which they readily adopted. Meantime the game deepened, and the measures of the presbyterians tended to precipitate those of their rivals. They denied the army's pretended grievances, and ordained that the troops refusing to go on the expedition to Ireland should instantly be disbanded. Ingulph felt that the decisive moment had arrived, and he directed the famous rendezvous of the army on Triplo Heath, by means of the agitators, who not only respected his commands as his own, but as secretly those of Cromwell.

But meantime the general himself almost overplayed his part, by the vehemence with which in London he condemned the proceedings of the mutinous host. Despite the assurances of Ingulph, the soldiery began to conceive suspicions of his real intentions, while the parliament were not so much deceived but that they manifested doubts, and even projected his seizure. Apprehending some such project, Cromwell warned his allies to prepare for his immediate arrival among them.

Ingulph understood that the time was come to execute the main project of seizing the king's person; a project which, from its very audacity, was in

no manner provided against by the parliament. The king was retained in an open country-house, and the troops surrounding him were as zealous in the army's cause as the most violent. No open support could be hoped from the chiefs of the army; but so essential was the seizure to the success of their measures of self-preservation, that it was certain all would countenance it when it was done.

To blind suspicion, as his absence would certainly be observed, and with a generous dislike to triumph over his fallen oppressor, Ingulph decided not to go on the enterprise himself. He selected the valiant cornet, Joyce, whose great contempt for royalty, and at the same time good-nature and sagacity, rendered him very suitable to the purpose. Ingulph's chief instructions were that no personal violence should be offered to the prisoner; and with five hundred horse, secretly assembled on the service, Joyce departed for Holdenby.

Immediately on this decisive event, Ingulph dispatched an enigmatical request to Cromwell that he would join the army, as the great blow was about to be struck. Doubtless guessing its nature, and now aware of a plot formed to seize his own person in London, Cromwell immediately hastened to the army, under pretence of calming its effervescence.

It was not without a thorough conviction of the vast responsibility he had incurred, that Ingulph awaited the arrival of his commander. If the measure failed, or if it were found advisable to disavow it, his life was probably forfeit. But to him life had long ceased to be of more than the physical value

which all men attach to it, as preserving them from a state of which they know nothing, and fear much.

Cromwell arrived in the camp attended only by Hugh Peters and a single trooper, for his departure from London partook very much of the character of an escape. Very few recognised him, for it was dark night; and when the travellers drew up beside a smouldering fire in a sheepcote where Ingulph had established his quarters, he started up in surprise and joy on perceiving that it was Cromwell himself dismounting from his besplashed steed.

"How now, master scholar; beating thy brains over some puzzle of Aristotle's?" said the commander, with a familiar slap on Ingulph's shoulder.

"I do rather hope the young gentleman is considering his soul's progress," said Peters, unclasping a knapsack from his horse's wearied haunches. "For verily I do think the Lord has looked in upon him in his good time; and we none of us know when we may be summoned, as worthy Mistress Bulstocke confessed to me she did verily believe she had her call one day as she was skimming a savoury stew; for thereupon she took such thought of hell-fire, and what a stew she might make for the devil to skim, that it is wonderful to hear her tell all her miseries! But praised be His name! here we are, safe and sound, from the hands of the Philistines!"

"We had a hard trot for it," said Cromwell, gravely. "But get me a cup of ale, Ingulph; and then for the news. But, harkye, let no man know I am here till I learn whether I might not be fitlier elsewhere."

The general then busied himself in stirring the fire into a lively blaze, while Peters sprawled his weary and ungainly limbs on the straw which was Ingulph's couch. Cromwell observed him for a moment with a sly expression, and lighting the stick with which he stirred the fire, playfully poked Peters with it until he removed to a greater distance. Meanwhile Ingulph returned with the beverage and a beef pasty, of which both travellers partook heartily.

"They brew good ale in these parts—I am not now to learn it," said Cromwell, quaffing the generous beverage with peculiar relish. "Methinks that was the chief knowledge I picked up when I was in yonder stink-pot of prelacy. But what, boy! do you grudge me my feed that you gaze on me so earnestly, as if you thought I should never be done?"

"Your honour asked the news," said Ingulph, with quivering calmness. "The chief I know is, that the king intends to grace the army with a visit, and we expect him very shortly."

"His majesty shall be welcome, provided he comes of his own free-will," said Cromwell, jocosely, as if he thought the intelligence was only a jest.

"And escorted by five hundred dragoons," continued Ingulph.

"Ay!—a commanded party?" returned Cromwell, with a deep draught of the ale.

"Commanded enough—for it is commanded by the army," said Ingulph.

"I never heard that commander's name before; but truly 'tis a wide word to be dealt with by the

provost-marshal," said Cromwell, with a hard smile. "But when my Lord Fairfax (for his father is dead —Essex, too, is dying!) asks for a man or two to hang, (which he will,) what names will they answer to?"

"The army," again replied Ingulph.

"Verily, Fairfax is not a fine-bolted sieve, but this will stick in him," said Cromwell, still in a bantering tone. "And prythee, what accommodation and welcome does—the *army*—intend to offer its royal guest?"

"Yonder, through the trees, is Childersley House; he will arrive there to night; 'tis well.enough aired," said Ingulph.

"I know the house as well as you can teach it me," said Cromwell. "In my younger days, I have oft caroused in it; and in the great hall I broke John Childersley's head, for swearing mine was as thin and as thick as an egg. But if mine old syllogisms be of any use, methinks—the army—truly, I do opine—that inasmuch as the army cannot stay on Triplo Heath for ever,—his majesty—(and I drink to his good health) I say, I conclude,—the army have decided where they shall lodge him next?"

"Anywhere out of—the Republic of England," replied Ingulph.

"Dutchman or Spaniard would willingly give him entertainment for man and horse, doubtless," said Cromwell, pettishly. "He were worth a perpetual standing army in England to either."

"But is the great Barabbas really given up to our choice?" said Peters, who had been listening with his mouth wide open.

"Nay, nay, Hugh; 'tis the learned air inspires us, and we are reasoning on an hypothesis," interrupted Cromwell. "Answer me that, Master Dethewarre."

"Did not the parliament intend you lodgings in the Tower, general?" said Ingulph. "Methinks as a dutiful subject you cannot do less than afford the same to his majesty, and as long as he needs them—or any man can—for surely we have proved he is but man!"

"The king's name is in itself a tower of strength!" returned Cromwell, musingly. "What! and are matters gone so far with—in the army—that men do take on them to be judges in such high concernment? How can any man think to justify—for indeed, say what you will, the army cannot deny that he is the king, the Lord's anointed,—and to go such lengths—are there many here whose opinions stretch so far?"

"We are but one man," replied Ingulph.

"You speak as one that believeth himself," said the general. "Ay, ay, the fifth-monarchy men do expect the sudden coming of Christ; but I doubt if we are yet in a fit state. There are some of another view—some that stumble over such snares as the old republics of Athens and Rome. But how to justify the matter to many; nay, the most part, that are of another judgment—tell me that!"

"The godly seek not to justify themselves in the

eyes of men; verily, they have their reward that do," said Peters.

"But the saints do not yet possess the earth," said Cromwell, thoughtfully stirring the blazing peat. "No, no, half-measures will never do; either we must make the king a great and glorious king, according to that superstitious covenant of the Scots, or—or—but indeed how to justify it except on some apparent necessity;—but being so faithless a man, how to trust him God only knows—unless his hands be well tied."

"To justify it!—what would he have done with us had he vanquished us, as we have him?" exclaimed Ingulph.

"What, how, the block!—the king of three mighty realms, and bring him to the block?" said Cromwell, gazing at the young republican with a very earnest and scrutinizing eye. "You are too early with your sickle; the corn is yet green."

"Shall we then return the king into the presbyterians' hands! 'Tis not too late," said Ingulph, vehemently.

"You cannot say so, you know nothing about it," replied Cromwell, composedly. "What is done for the general good, let the general avow; but no man in particular, or, I promise you, it will go hard with the best of us! I did leave word, praying Fairfax to follow, to aid appeasing discontents; and he will surely obey, for he hath that confidence in my poor judgment that of late he doth nothing without it, and all things with it. But we are but sucking babes yet! The majority of this people still lusteth

after the flesh-pots of Egypt, and loathe the manna; but let them have their fill of quails! But indeed whatever the army does in these times is not without the Lord in many things."

"Fairfax's commission is in the parliament's name; he will obey their orders," said Ingulph, significantly.

"Therefore we will treat his majesty so well, and give him such fair hopes, that he shall not desire to change our keeping for worse," replied Cromwell.

At this moment a horseman came galloping towards the bivouac, cheerily waving his hand as if in triumph; and before Ingulph could give him any warning he had vaulted from his horse, and exclaimed, "The army for ever—he is safe at Childersley!"

"What, Joyce, know you not this presence?" said Ingulph, as the cornet staggered out his excuses.

"Truly, Dethewarre, let him tell his comrades I have come to take my share in these troublesome times," said Cromwell, rising. "I 'll look me out some lodgings now; but come and see me ere you rest."

CHAPTER XXV.

——————— "thence
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environed, wins his way."

MILTON.

THE particulars of the extraordinary seizure of the royal person were soon communicated to Ingulph, and by him to the general. But when the news was spread, and Fairfax himself arrived, every one disavowed but no one punished nor inquired into the authors of the enterprise. It was so obviously to the advantage of the whole army, and so powerfully though secretly supported, that Fairfax was easily persuaded of the inexpediency of canvassing it too deeply.

Charles was received by the chiefs of the army with every mark of deference and royal honour; and whatever were their real intentions, they held out hopes to him, which, with his experience of the hard dealing of the presbyterians, made him refuse to return to his former custody, even when permitted and pressed to do so.

Ingulph was almost the only person of consequence in the army who refused to wait on the king, and he kept himself obstinately in his quarters during the three days in which he held what might almost be called his court, at Childersley.

The advance of the army on London, the struggles of the parliament, and its final submission, are events familiarly known. The great masses of the army were halted midway, and under pretence that his services were needed to control the operations of the agitators, Ingulph received strict orders to remain among them. Believing that the coalition of the grandees, as the chiefs of the army were called, with the king, was only momentary to obtain the aid of the royalists in the struggle, Ingulph, in common with his fellow-agitators, looked quietly on. But when the parliament was apparently submissive, London itself in quiet possession of the military, the negotiations still continuing began to excite suspicion.

Reports were soon current that Cromwell and the other generals intended to replace the king in his royalties, on considerations of a private nature. Ingulph could not for a long time credit these reports of his beloved general's treachery, but such strong circumstances occurred, that his very attachment to Cromwell prompted him to oppose his will; for he knew that he would find it impossible to bend the army to his purpose, and would in all probability be sacrificed between its rage and the king's Machiavellian intrigues.

These worst conjectures were confirmed by the

sudden and stringent orders which arrived to dissolve the council of agitators, as a disorderly and mutinous assembly. But the soldiers, strong in their unanimity, silently disobeyed; and, as it was suspected, for the purpose of suppressing their rebellious spirit, or to obtain their adherence to some plan of accommodation with the king, another great rendezvous was summoned at Ware.

Whether Cromwell apprehended another attempt of the machine which he could no longer control, on the king's person, and desired to have him completely in his own power, or that he really wished him to be in safety at a distance from the struggle, is doubtful. But the king's escape was generally known, though not precisely whither, when the army met at Ware.

Ingulph's zeal and resolution had breathed new fire into the agitators, and their measures were privately organized throughout the army long before the generals arrived from London. It was resolved to demand a republic openly, and all who were inclined to support the appeal were to assume a white ribbon as a badge, that their number and determination might be clearly known.

On the morning after this resolution was taken, the whole army were drawn out in array, expecting the approach of the generals. Ingulph remarked with great satisfaction that there was scarcely a helmet in which the white favour did not flutter; and as it was a beautifully clear and brilliant day the effect was very conspicuous. He himself quietly mingled in the ranks, exhorting his fellow-agitators

to firmness, for he much doubted the effect of their formidable general's presence.

With little display of military pomp, but surrounded by his chief officers and a chosen body of troopers, Cromwell at last appeared. He looked pale, and even anxious; but there was a stern and resolved expression in his countenance which caused misgivings in the boldest. Ingulph happened to be in the first body of soldiers decorated with the white favour which Cromwell encountered; he reined up his horse immediately before it, with all his suite.

Cromwell's eye wandered for a moment from the pikemen before him over the whole plain, covered with the silent legions which had been wont to receive him so enthusiastically. Far as the eye could discern, among horsemen and infantry fluttered the white ribbon, decorating even the spears of the standards.

"What great wedding is this?" he said at last, with such austerity that no one ventured a reply.

"It is not a wedding, sir, but a birthday," said Ingulph, at last stepping from the murmuring ranks. "The birth of true liberty; and all of us who wear this favour are the gossips who swear never to desert this badge until the government of the nation, by the nation, is established."

"You scarcely know well enough how to obey, to command, Master Dethewarre," said Cromwell, sternly. "But as long as you are an officer of mine, you shall understand who is master. Give me your sword."

And snatching it simultaneously, he threw the naked blade to one of his guards, and ordered Ingulph to surrender himself a prisoner. The sudden clash of the pikes to the ground which followed seemed to announce resistance; but Cromwell tore the badge from the helmet of one of the mutineers, and observing the fellow made a movement with his weapon, immediately drove his horse upon him, and knocked him down.

The recollection of all the benefits he had received from Cromwell scarcely controlled the rage which boiled in Ingulph's veins at the sight; he turned to the pikemen, to observe if they would support him, but at the same instant Cromwell shouted the word of command to ground their weapons—and they obeyed!

Cromwell directed the guard to remove Ingulph instantly to his quarters in Ware; and he was immediately escorted from the field amidst a low hollow murmur from the soldiery, which showed they needed but a word to break into open mutiny. But that word he now felt would be the ruin of all, since it must produce a schism which would rend the army to its own destruction. Still it was fortunate that he was at too great a distance to return, and too strongly guarded, when suddenly the ominous stillness which succeeded his departure was broken by the report of musketry; and looking back he beheld the soldier who had supported him fall beneath the fire of a platoon, in the centre of the plain.

The deep silence which again followed showed

that panic and not fury was struck into the military multitude by this example; and Cromwell was seen galloping from division to division, compelling them to throw away their snowy favours. No farther resistance was attempted, and by the time Ingulph reached the little inn where he was to be confined, the whole army was marching off the ground in gloomy and crest-fallen submission.

Ingulph learned with surprise that in this inn the general was to rest and dine; the best room in it was a large uneven drinking-parlour, furnished only with a few benches and a ricketty round table in the middle. To do justice to the extraordinary honour conferred on her dwelling, the hostess was busily engaged in scouring the stone floor, and whitening it with marl. A great fire blazing up the chimney supplied the place of every other comfort; the scraggy old woman averring, that although it was a fine day his honour's worship's excellency had declared he loved ever to see a good fire. The blue sunshine on the exterior and the red glare within mingled in a quaint contrast, which, strange as it may appear in a man placed in so alarming a position, engaged Ingulph's notice as he watched the long succession of helmets, and horses, and pikes of his returning friends passing at the window.

Without making the least inquiry as to what was to be done with him, perhaps nearly reckless, Ingulph sat on a low bench in the chimney corner, between two of his guards, until the tramp of heavy boots announced the approach of some addition to the party. Cromwell and Ireton entered, both

flushed and excited from their arduous achievement.

"Get ye to your ale in the kitchen, and leave the prisoner to us," said Cromwell to the troopers, who obeyed like machines as they were. "Thou art a pretty fellow, of a truth!" he continued. "Not a pie is baked, but thou must have a finger in it. What the fiend (the Lord forgive me!) this spirit must indeed be black among you, when even thou betrayest thine old general too!"

"You have betrayed yourself, not I, general," said Ingulph, doggedly.

"And for a plainly rejected man, so notorious a dissembler!" said Ireton, in a tone of discontent and reproach.

"I have taught the proudest of ye a lesson ye will not soon forget to-day," replied Cromwell, as if not noticing the observation. "Deemed you that with mine own hand I had fashioned me a god? But such a show of white ribbons; I did not know we had so many ells of it in all London city! But yet, verily, they showed the white feather still more unanimously."

"You are our general that disarmed us; none other should have taken my sword, and not my life," said Ingulph.

"Truly, I have known thee for a lad of metal," said Cromwell, gloomily. "You say I would save this man—and how is it possible when we see how this army do so hate him that they forget how they loved me! Surely, he trusts in me, and would at last deal fairly, since I hear now—and all men will shortly hear of it, God knows with what thoughts!

—that he is safely fled to my kinsman, Hammond's, in Carisbrook Castle; out of reach of such mad fellows as thou and the rest, Ingulph!"

"'Tis plain the Lord will have his work wholly done, since he is so bewildered in judgment as not to use his liberty when he had it, and get to France!" said Ireton.

"Alack-a-day! there may be human suggestion in it," said Cromwell, in a troubled tone. "But I have wrestled in vain for an answer in the matter! No man is to be pleased with anything we do! the army, the cavaliers, the presbyters, friends and enemies, 'tis all a chaos! Oh, that light were vouchsafed to the prayers of godly men, that we might see our way clearly!"

"'Tis as clear as the path of the sun!—proclaim a republic," exclaimed Ingulph.

"In which all men shall be sovereign, and do what liketh them best. A pretty kettle of fish we shall make of it," returned Cromwell. "We are encompassed all round with bulls of Bashan; do but hear how they roar! Proclaim a republic!—and presbyters and royalists fall on us together;—restore the king! and the army goes mad and tears out its own bowels! But were he now restored to, as it were, a toy royalty ——"

"And yourself Earl of Essex, and Master Ireton Lieutenant of Ireland,—until they can get the blocks prepared behind your crimson velvet canopies of state!" said Ingulph bitterly.

"I shall care for that, for I will keep the sword in my hand!" said Cromwell hastily.

"It will soon rust in the scabbard," said Ingulph.

"Men will not long remember how your armour became so hacked, when they see cloth of gold shimmering on a king beside it."

"But I am to have the outward gauds, too; the Garter, is't not, Ireton?" said Cromwell, with a somewhat bantering smile.

"Look you there; hath he not a proper slim leg for the Garter?" said Ireton, with a grim smile at Cromwell's boots, which indeed enclosed a limb more stalwart than graceful. "I marvel whether her popish majesty will tie it on for you with a loving pinch as she did velvetty Buckingham's!"

"Nay, for that matter, I have worn a royal mantle ere now, and was thought to become it," said Cromwell, in a manner which seemed scarcely to relish this jeer. Then laughing aloud at the surprised look of his hearers, he added, carelessly, "'Twas when I was a schoolboy, at Huntingdon, and we acted a play of the 'Five Senses;' and so clerkly written too, that 'twas a pity the poor man who penned it wasted his good wit on so vacant an allegory. But in it I enacted one Tactus, that did by chance stumble over a royal crown and mantle; and I do remember me, the struggle was for the crown, and when all came to all, methinks only the mantle was adjudged me."

"This ranks with your good old mother's tale, of how, being a child, you dreamed a giant drew your curtains, and saluted you a king," said Ireton, with a keen glance at the general.

"Dream! nay, it was no dream—a phantasy, perchance; but I do remember the infinite formless form with a perfect distinctness, albeit nothing else

of that time," said Cromwell, gravely; but he continued, in a more indifferent tone, "yet granny mistakes if she reports it said king,—it was not that, but something vast and indistinct—no word that ever I could remember; but it meant power, of some sort; as it were, to ride in a chariot and guide the winds. I would I could meet with the word in any language. When I was a boy, I thought to find it in such stately noise as Latin and Greek make, and so I learned what little of either I know; but I found it not, and so I took to roystering and the cudgels."

"And thence to the sword," said Ireton, with a stern and prolonged gaze at his father-in-law's musing countenance.

"But these visions trouble me little, it seems," said Cromwell, with sudden vivacity; "for I do believe I am the only man among you who sincerely wishes the matter were but resolved—the king restored. I alone would shut the door on this chaos—this infinite unknown from which all of you hope to shape some wild creation of your own. And surely 'tis terrible to imagine an utter change of earth's history; yea, to do things which man hath never yet done, and yet to hear the blood of the saints calling so loudly for vengeance! Deem you, Ingulph, that your fellows in the white ribbon would stand more stoutly with me than they did against me?"

"Let my life answer for the faith of the meanest camp-boy," said Ingulph, passionately.

"Why then, nothing is as yet resolved," said Ireton, looking anxiously at the general.

"Nor shall be, without the general consent and

for the general good, and so I would have you assure men, Ingulph," said Cromwell, somewhat irresolutely. "I will be certain before I mistake a hempen rope for the dragon-chain, and for this purpose you shall remain in the camp, a prisoner at large, under some displeasure, so as not to leave the cantonments without permission."

Indefinite as this command or rather permission was, Ingulph readily assented. He thought he perceived an indecision in the general's mind, which the force of circumstances might guide; and he had little doubt to produce a state of things in the army which should have an effect on his deliberations. These hopes increased in a conversation which he subsequently held with Ireton, whose republican sentiments were as strong, though not so passionate as his own. In common with other officers, Ireton was subjected by the ascendancy of Cromwell's genius and the pressure of circumstances, but nearly all were averse to the projected treaty with the king.

END OF VOL. II.

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